

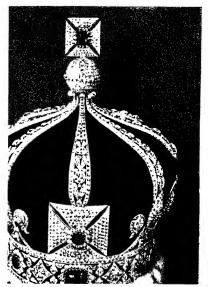
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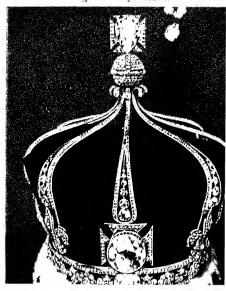
Imperial Crown of State assumed by the King alt the Coronation determony.

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Queen Mary's Crown.



CROWNING THE KING

An account of the Coronation Ceremonies, of George VI's life, his homes and palaces

bу

LEWIS BROAD CHECKED .

By the same author:
"The Way of the Distritors"
"Bernard Shaw Distionary", et.

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THIS BOOK

THERE is one fact about this book which makes it different from almost any other in the world today. It was written for the coronation of one king—it is published for the coronation of his successor.

It was actually on the verge of publication when the constitutional crisis developed. Had the storm been delayed by a week, the book would have appeared to be no more than a pathetic memorial to the first reign for five hundred years that was not marked by a coronation.

It so fell that publication could be deferred, and the book of King Edward's coronation now appears for King George's. The change has involved re-writing on a considerable scale. It is not merely that the central person in the ceremonial is different. The entire circumstances are altered. There was to have been the first coronation since Charles II's of an unmarried king. Now Queen Elizabeth will be present with King George to be anointed and crowned.

Because of the changes, I must ask for the reader's indulgence. Time for the re-writing involved has been short. It is almost too much to hope that the 75,000 words of this book which have survived from its non-published predecessor, can have emerged from revision without somewhere showing a fault to betray their origin.

I have sought to give an account of the coronation ceremonies which shall be clear, accurate, and readable. I make not the least claim to originality. For this, at so late a date, there is little enough scope, so many are the works of authoritative historians. It has been my aim to present their knowledge in a form which young people can read and follow, but I have made no attempt to "write down" unduly.

My sense of deep indebtedness to the compilers of the past must be acknowledged. Foremost among them are William Jones, the antiquarian, whose Crowns and Coronations has been a standard work for the past half-century, and Dean Stanley, to whom every author who writes of the Abbey is under a deep debt of gratitude. For a concise guide to the Regalia, E. F. Twining's small book is a model of what such a work should be. In addition I have drawn upon the histories of Froude, Macaulay, and Freeman; upon Hook's monumental Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury; upon Hallam's Middle Ages; upon the learned Blackstone's Commentaries; upon Dicey's monograph on the Privy Council; and upon Sir Sidney Lee's Life of King Edward the Seventh. William Jones's Finger Ring Lore and the Rev. J. H. Pemberton's analysis of the Coronation service must also be mentioned. Taylor Darbyshire's biographical study, The Duke of York, and Lady Cynthia Asquith's The Duchess of York, gave valuable assistance in the preparation of the pages which sketch the life-story of King George VI and his consort.

I have to acknowledge the gracious permission of His Majesty the King to reproduce the extract from the Journal of Queen Victoria which forms an entire chapter of my book. This remarkable account of a coronation, unique in that it was written by the principal participant in the ceremonies, deserves to be better known. Its reproduction here may perhaps send the reader to that treasure-house of very human and historic documents—the Letters of Queen Victoria.

Finally, I have to thank my father for his assistance in collecting and checking the mass of detail which forms the basis of these pages.

I A MODERN SOVEREIGN

A MODERN SOVEREIGN

Back to the days of chivalry—and ancient Egypt. Antiquity of the idea of crownings and kingship. The Crown as link between Mother Country and Dominions. When England became a democratic State.

CORONATION DAY is going to be a day to be remembered for a lifetime.

For on that day King George the Sixth will, with Queen Elizabeth, ride in state to Westminster Abbey to be crowned the undoubted King of this realm.

And all the people in the Abbey will raise a mighty shout, the trumpets will sound a fanfare, the people will sing "God save the King".

There will be a mighty gathering of people in the streets. From every part of his Dominions beyond the far seas some of His Majesty's subjects will come to London that day to show the loyalty and affection in which our new King is held in all his realms.

As he drives to and from the Abbey the King will look upon the greatest assembly of his people ever to be seen in his capital city. And the people will see the most magnificent royal pageant which can be produced anywhere in the world today.

Coronation Day will put back the colour of the good old days into the drab life of the twentieth century. If one of our ancestors of Plantagenet England were to return to life that day and look upon the crowds, he would say: "How odd these people look!" But if he looked on some of the gorgeously dressed figures in the royal procession, some of the holders of the ancient offices

of state, some of the heralds in their sumptuous attire, he might mistake them for old familiar friends.

Coronation Day gives us a glimpse or two of what Court life used to be in the days of chivalry. As we look upon the heralds in their tabards we can imagine something of the spectacle that the Field of Cloth of Gold provided. When we see the Earl Marshal ride by we can imagine how five hundred years ago one of his predecessors rode over the same streets to give directions for the holding of some joust. The King's Champion may not be there to throw down the gauntlet, but the Standard-bearer of Scotland will still be bearing the flag as did his predecessors before the two kingdoms were merged into one.

There will be the same ancient symbols of royalty: the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Orb. There will be the same ritual, which in essentials has not varied for a thousand years. There will be the same Abbey, which has seen the crowning of a long line of kings and queens.

In this age of change, the Coronation comes as a reminder of the antiquity of our kingdom, of the antiquity of the idea of crownings and kingship.

The idea of placing a crown upon the head of the ruler of a race, in token of his sovereignty, is one which goes back far beyond the history of our own island—back, indeed, beyond the times in which history was first written.

The records of the ancient Egyptians take us back six thousand years and more. And the first accounts we have of life on the banks of the Nile all those hundreds of years ago show us a people who already had a king to rule over them.

In this early Egypt there were two kingdoms, one ruled over by a sovereign who had a white crown, and the other by a monarch whose crown was red. The two kingdoms combined into one, and then the king of All Egypt had two crowns, of red and white. Cleopatra, who restored the custom of Egyptian coronation at Memphis, was crowned, we are told, with the white conical cap of the kingdom of the South and the red crown of the kingdom of the North. Right through the course of history ever since there are unbroken records of kings and crownings in every age and among every people.

The circlet of gold that will be placed upon the head of King George VI will link him with his great predecessor, King Alfred. The crown is not the same, but it is a replica of one which had been used since the time of Edward the Confessor, and which tradition associated with the great Saxon king.

But while the crown is the token of an idea that has survived the chances and changes of so many centuries, the coronation of King George will show how the institutions of other times can be adapted to the needs of the modern world.

Look, for instance, at the time that has passed between King George's accession and the day of his crowning. There has been an interval of exactly five months. Contrast this with the almost unseemly haste with which King George's predecessors of eight hundred years ago assumed the crown.

Within four days of the death of William Rufus in the New Forest, his brother, Henry I, was in Westminster Abbey claiming the election of the nobles and the consecration of the bishops. Henry I died from his surfeit of lampreys on December 1, 1135. On December 26 Stephen was crowned.

In those times the succession to the throne was not as certain as it is today, and the heir to the throne made haste to seat himself upon it, lest he should be forestalled by a rival. The sovereign in possession who had had the crown placed upon his head, and who had been consecrated with the Holy Oil, had gained an immense advantage over any rival.

Now in our more peaceful days the King may provide for a period of mourning for his predecessor before he invites his subjects to a joyous celebration of his own accession.

The formalities of the accession, rather than the act of crowning, constitute a king today. The coronation has become a ceremonial token, but it is a token of wider significance.

Alfred was crowned King of the Saxon Kingdom. The first Edward added the Principality of Wales. Our first Stuart king united the thrones of England and Scotland, and so it has continued in an ever-widening circle.

Our King today is the sovereign under whom are united the peoples of our Empire. He is the connecting link between the Mother Country, the Dominions, the Colonies, the great Empire of India, and all our possessions beyond the seas. He represents all the ideas which make us one great family.

Without him the unifying element would be absent. The great Dominions would be no more than States which have in common the English tongue and tradition.

Each Dominion today is a self-governing State, its affairs run by ministers of its own choice. It is in the person of the King that all are knit together as one beneath his sovereignty. It is the recognition of the changed relations between the Mother Country and the Dominions which distinguishes this coronation from any that has gone before. In the ancient ceremonial a new note has now been introduced.

Hitherto, the crowning of our sovereign has been a matter for the officials of the household and the immediate advisers of the Crown. But for King George's coronation the circle has been enlarged so that the voices of the King's subjects overseas may be heard.

The change was made manifest immediately on King George's accession to the throne. The first act of the new reign was the summoning of the Accession Council, which proclaimed him King. This meeting of "the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the Realm, being here assisted with these of his late Majesty's Privy Council, with Numbers of other Principal Gentlemen of Quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of London", was attended by representatives of the Dominions.

An entirely new body was set up in order that the views of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa might be made known in drawing up the arrangements for the Coronation. The announcement of the establishment of this Coronation Commission under the Chairmanship of the Duke of Gloucester explained that it was felt that the traditional procedure needed

to be supplemented "in view of the present constitutional position".

"In order to recognize the equal interest of the Dominions with the United Kingdom in those aspects of the Coronation which are of general concern, and with the object of harmonizing ancient tradition with modern constitutional requirements, the King", the announcement stated, "has appointed this special Coronation Commission to consider these aspects."

Thus are the traditions which link us with the days of Edward the Confessor and Alfred the Great connected with the new peoples across the seas, who are proud to owe allegiance to the English throne. It was a happy choice to bestow the name of the Statute of Westminster upon the constitutional enactment which records the new conditions that govern the Mother Country in her relations with the Dominions.

Once again, by a few slight variations, the ancient ritual of the King's crowning will be made to reflect the progress in our ideas. Always this has been so. Through the centuries you can mark the indication.

Kingship is one of the oldest of human institutions and has continued through many centuries; it has not remained unchanged, however, but has been altered to meet varying needs.

First we had warrior kings; then, as the times became more peaceful, the statesman succeeded the warrior. For a space the relations of King, Church, and People gave rise to disturbances in which there could be no happy harmony. It came about that the Stuarts had to declare their insistence on the Divine Right of Kings, which critics of the Stuarts unkindly translated into "the Right Divine of Kings to Govern Wrong".

It was a time of turmoil and strife, and a king was executed.

For a space there was no king, but the idea of kingship triumphed and the ancient line was restored. Then followed new strife and the king was deposed. We brought over a prince from Holland. We found a new king in Hanover, but still the blood of the ancient line flowed in the new dynasty.

Under a king who could speak no English, our Cabinet system

of government began to be evolved. For the last time an English king, in the person of George III, strove to play the despot. Then began the final transformation, which changed England into a democratic State, and which placed the responsibility of ruling in the King's name upon the King's ministers chosen by the people.

Before the reign of King George V, the last of the Hanoverian line,* these ideas had worked themselves out. The new relations of Crown and People had been established, but still change proceeded.

Under the first sovereign of the House of Windsor a new revolution, tranquil and almost unnoticed, was accomplished. The Dominions, which once had been governed by British Ministers from Whitehall, had more and more been ordering their own affairs. By the Statute of Westminster their complete independence was recognized.

So King George VI, first of our sovereigns of the House of Windsor to be crowned, enters upon his heritage, which is the same and yet different. The legal bonds between Motherland and Dominions have become slighter, and as the legal bonds are relaxed so the bonds of the spirit become the more important.

It is the demonstration of unity, under the head of the family who is our King, that is the matter of supreme importance on Coronation Day.

For each sovereign who has worthily fulfilled his responsibility on the throne of England, there has been some particular task, some special achievement, to his credit. Some of our sovereigns

* By proclamation issued in the middle of the War (July 17, 1917), King George announced that he had relinquished the use of all German titles and dignities, and that the name of Windsor was to be borne by his House.

Now, therefore [ran the proclamation], We, out of Our Royal Will and Authority, do hereby declare and announce that as from the date of this Our Royal Proclamation Our House and Family shall be styled and known as the House and Family of Windsor, and that all the descendants in the male line of Our said Grandmother Queen Victoria who are subjects of these Realms, other than female descendants who may marry or may have married, shall bear the said Name of Windsor:

And do hereby further declare and announce that We for Ourselves and for and on

And do hereby further declare and announce that We for Ourselves and for and on behalf of Our descendants and all other the descendants of Our said Grandmother Queen Victoria who are subjects of these Realms, relinquish and enjoin the discontinuance of the use of the Degrees, Styles, Dignities, Titles, and Honours of Dukes and Duckesses of Saxony and Princes and Princesses of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and all other German Degrees, Styles, Dignities, Titles, Honours, and Appellations to Us or to them heretofore belonging or appertaining.

fought for England; some gave her good laws. Under Queen Victoria we advanced to a new prosperity. King Edward VII won the name of Peacemaker. Under King George's guidance difficult constitutional problems were faced and wisely solved.

What will be the special contribution to England's history of George VI?

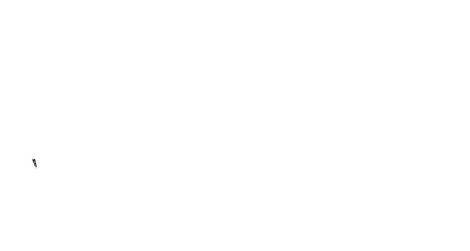
From his career as Duke of York we have some indication, some assurance, that a new achievement will be his. King George VI by the circumstances of his upbringing and his early career, must inevitably be a king of a different mould from his father and his grandfather. More than they did in the generation, he has learned to share the common task. He strove and fought by the side of his subjects in the Great War. He has joined in the work, he has joined in the sport of the people. These things make him nearer to his subjects today.

There is one special qualification which His Majesty has to assist in the solution of the problems of his reign. More closely, perhaps, than any of his predecessors he has been brought into touch with modern industrial life. For the last fifteen years he has lost no opportunity of studying at first hand the conditions in mine, mill and workshop, and in a variety of other centres of production. He has given public expression of his conviction that it is the "personal touch which counts in creating the mutual understanding between employer and employed which means so much in the world of industry." To assist in the promotion of this understanding he became the first President of the Industrial Welfare Society, and has continued to hold this office ever since.

The younger generation, too, has made a strong and lasting appeal to his imagination. In the year after the War he became President of the Boys' Welfare Society. The "Duke of York's Camp" which he founded has established itself as a national institution.

We have every reason for believing that as a sovereign who has these keen interests in two of the major problems of today, King George VI will make his special contribution to the progress of his people during his reign.

II WHAT MAKES A KING



III

WHAT MAKES A KING

"Crowned heads of Europe" no longer. The succession of the heir makes the king. Rules of succession explained. Parliament's authority to confirm or invalidate a succession. The Accession Council

If the phrase which stands as the heading for this chapter were presented to you as a question, how would you answer it? Would you reply that it is the act of coronation which makes the king?

Probably, before replying, there would flash through your mind the phrase, "The King is dead. Long live the King", that epitomizes, as nothing else can so succinctly, the unbroken continuity of kingship.

Certainly the act of crowning is not required to complete the legalities of accession. Indeed, did not one of our kings, wishing to win popular favour at a time when economy was the cry, go so far as to discuss with his ministers the total abandonment of the ceremony? William the Fourth never persevered with the suggestion, but it is a conclusive indication that the act of crowning and anointing could be omitted without invalidating the king's title to the throne.

Look at the Continent of Europe today, and you will be confirmed in that opinion. There are not so many kings as there were before the War, but there remain twelve kingdoms. Of these only one besides our own is ruled by a King who is crowned, and that is Norway. Holland's ruler, Queen Wilhelmina, succeeded to the throne in 1890 and on coming of age in 1898 was crowned.

The chances of time have now rendered almost meaningless the expression "The crowned heads of Europe", which once came so trippingly to the lips. So has been reversed the process which gradually enlarged the circle of medieval sovereigns privileged to receive from the Church the full and complete ceremony of crowning and consecration.

In early medieval times only five monarchs were thus privileged—the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, and the Kings of France, England, Jerusalem, and Sicily. Gradually the sacred circle was enlarged, until almost every one of the rulers of the older States of Europe was a crowned head and consecrated. Then with the growth of modern democratic and utilitarian ideas, the rite was abandoned by one State after another.

Kingdoms fell and were replaced by republics. There is no longer a King of Hungary to receive the Holy Crown of St. Stephen, which had been used since the eleventh century. There is no Romanov to inherit the fabulous hoards of the crown jewels of the Tsars of Russia. Thrones perished, and where new kingdoms have been established the ceremonies of coronation have not been adopted. When Gustav V succeeded to the Swedish throne in 1907 he decided not to be crowned, saying that coronation was an unnecessary ceremony and not in accordance with the spirit of the age.

Since the rite of coronation is not an essential, what then is it that makes a king? To this the general answer is: the succession of the heir. Edward the First was absent in the Holy Land when his father Henry III died, and there was a long interval before he arrived back in the country to occupy the vacant throne. None the less he was king from the time of his father's death. The interval was of over three years' duration—from July 1272 to August 1275. In the reign of this king was passed the law enacting "The king who is heir or successor may write or begin his reign from the day his predecessor died." Previously kings had dated their reigns from their crownings, but crownings had usually followed so hot upon succession that there was no

appreciable difference. Henry III was crowned on the ninth day after his predecessor's burial.

In our own day, though not in our own country, is the case of Alfonso, who was born King of Spain. His father died on November 25, 1885, and it was not until the seventeenth day of the May of the following year that Spain knew whether she was to have a king or whether the Princess of Asturias was to succeed to her father's crown. Had the posthumous child proved to be a daughter, the Princess would have reigned Queen for six months without being aware of it.

In England the succession to the crown proceeds on hereditary principles, but the people by Parliament have the right to alter the succession, as was demonstrated last December, on the abdication of Edward the Eighth. The succession of his brother was then effected by an Act of Parliament "to give effect to His Majesty's Declaration of Abdication and for purposes connected therewith".

The rules of succession are practically those which governed the descent of feudal estates. The inheritance is through the eldest living son and his children, first male and then female; then to the next son and his issue; and so on until, on the failure of sons and their issue, the throne would pass to the eldest daughter and her children, first male and then female; and so forth through the daughters.

This may appear to be involved, stated as a principle, but it becomes clear enough if you consider examples of its application.

The Heir to the Throne today is Princess Elizabeth. She would be succeeded by her sister, Princess Margaret Rose. If, however, the King were to have a son, then the son (and any children the son might have) would succeed before the Princesses, though they are older.

Following the children of the sovereign, the Duke of Gloucester would inherit; following him would come the Duke of Kent and Prince Edward, and the Prince's baby sister. After them the right would fall upon the Princess Royal, only daughter of

King George V, and her sons by the Earl of Harewood—Viscount Lascelles and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles.

The regulation of the succession upon these principles of inheritance is many centuries old, but in the times before the Conquest it was not observed with the strictness which has since developed. Our ancestors descended from Teuton tribes who were accustomed, so the Roman historian Tacitus informs us, to elect their chief or ruler. The choice, in a fighting age, would naturally fall upon the strongest man, the best warrior.

In the old Saxon kingdom the descent of the crown was affected by this practice. The House of Cerdic was considered to hold the exclusive rights to the throne, but our ancestors claimed to bestow the crown by choosing between the various members available according to their fitness. As Hallam, the constitutional historian, points out, "No free people would entrust their safety to blind chance and permit a uniform observance of hereditary succession to prevail against strong public expediency."

The eldest son of the last king was the probable successor if he was of full age at the time of his father's death, and not obviously incompetent. But if he was too young to lead his people in battle, or was in some way obviously unfitted to prove a good ruler in the days when the sword was far mightier than the law, then some other member of the House of Cerdic was elected to the throne. Thus it came about that Alfred the Great was chosen, though there were children of his elder brother, who, according to the modern doctrine of heredity rights, should have been preferred. A little later the sons of Edmund I were excluded in favour of their uncle Eldred, and on Eldred's death his own children were passed over in favour of Edmund's children.

It was some time after the Norman Conquest before the modern principles of succession were strictly applied. For an exception you may remember the case of King John. His brother, Richard the Lion Heart, died childless, and according to modern practice the crown would have devolved upon Arthur, son of Geoffrey, his next brother. Because John over-rode Arthur's claims, we are disposed to regard him as a usurper, but in his own

day John's claim to the crown was held to be satisfactory; he even seems to have been regarded as heir presumptive while Richard was alive. So perhaps we do John wrong when we add one more criticism to the many censures, which his character justly merits, for having robbed his nephew of the crown.

By about the year 1250, the doctrine of inheritance had been worked out in all its fullness. The rules were sometimes set aside where a usurper won the crown, or the people deposed an unjust sovereign. But this was always in conscious defiance of a rule acknowledged to be established; and wherever there has been a break in the line, the hereditary principle has been re-established in favour of the new monarch and his descendants.

It is amusing to note amidst the usurpations of the Wars of the Roses the shifts to which the various occupants of the throne were reduced in order to submit some semblance of hereditary claim to the crown they had won by force. As hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue, so these hypocritical pretensions testify to the recognition of a well-established rule of succession.

Each successive founder of a new line sought to have his position and his dynasty confirmed by Parliament. Thus when Henry IV succeeded to the deposed Richard II, Parliament passed a statute confirming him in the crown. It is patent from the words used that he had no legal title, for they make no mention at all of how he came to succeed, but declare merely that the inheritance of the crown "shall be set and remain in the person of our sovereign lord the King, and in the heirs of his body issuing". And again, when the crown of England was picked up for Henry VII at the Battle of Bosworth, Parliament made good his lack of legal title by establishing him in possession of the throne.

Nothing can attest more clearly the absolute sovereignty of Parliament in the matter of the crown itself. It is clear enough that if Parliament has the authority to confirm a succession, it must equally have the authority to invalidate one. Thus it came about in after times that Stuarts were deposed.

Succession to the crown today, has during the last two centuries

and more, been determined by an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of William III, and designed to ensure that none but a Protestant should hold the crown of which the Catholic James II had been dispossessed. Even here, in remodelling the succession, Parliament made as little deviation as possible from the hereditary line by appointing, as heir to Anne, Princess Sophia, grand-daughter of James I, "the nearest person of the ancient blood royal not incapacitated by professing the Popish religion". Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover, died, and the right to succeed devolved upon her son, who became George I, and through whose descendants the crown has now reached King George the Sixth.

Under the terms of the Act of Settlement, the succession is now so firmly settled that neither oath, nor coronation, nor anointing seems in any way essential to confirm a new heir to his throne.

If, however, there is any single act which may be said to make the king, it is his appearance before the Accession Council. Immediately upon the death of one sovereign this body meets to carry out the formalities for the proclaiming of his successor. In its existence is seen perpetuated the Common Council of the Norman kings, the Witenagemot of the Anglo-Saxons. Here again we are reminded of the ancient practice of electing the king, for it was by the Witan, or wise men of the Saxon Kingdom, that the election to the throne was made.

When Norman succeeded Saxon, the Witan was replaced by the Common Council, and it was this body through which the king carried out the government of the country in days before there was a Parliament and a Cabinet. It consisted of the principal officers of the royal household and the sovereign's chief advisers. It executed the king's commands, and administered justice. Its powers were the stronger as the personal position of the king was weaker, but always they were extensive.

It derived its existence from the king's pleasure. It acted, says the historian of the Privy Council, in the king's name with a scrupulosity which reaches the height of pedantic absurdity

when Henry VI at the age of seven years is made to assure the Chancellor that "if we are negligent in learning, or commit any fault, we give our cousin [the Earl of Warwick] full power, authority, licence and direction to chastise us from time to time according to his discretion without being impeded or molested by us or any other person in future for so doing".

You might have expected that it would be the two Houses of Parliament, constituting as they do with the king the supreme authority in the land, that would make the arrangements for the accession. It is only by looking back into historical origins that you can appreciate why the duty falls upon the Lords of the Council.

They existed before Parliament was brought into being. Parliament, when it developed, met intermittently, whereas the Council was a permanent executive body. Members of the Houses of Parliament might not be available for the space of many days when bad weather made our medieval highways impassable. The Lords of the Council were always at hand.

It was natural, therefore, that the Council should become charged with the duty of ordering the accession. So on the day after the death of King George V there met this venerable body, which proclaimed the high and mighty Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David to be "our only lawful and rightful Liege Lord Edward the Eighth".

The King then took the oath providing for the security of the Church of Scotland. The accession was complete. Similarly on the abdication of King Edward the Eighth, the formality of the Accession Council was repeated.

In former times the death of the sovereign brought about a certain disturbance in our national affairs by temporarily incapacitating various persons from the performance of their duties. Parliament was automatically dissolved and a general election made necessary. This dislocation in the orderly life of the community was done away with by the Demise of the Crown Act in the first year of the present century. No longer is a general election one of the inevitable consequences of the death of the sovereign.

Under the Statute all public officers are retained in their positions with the requirement that they must swear allegiance to their new sovereign before proceeding in the exercise of their old functions.

Between the period of the accession and the coronation there is one other formality to be completed by the new king—the making of the declaration of the Protestant Faith. In former times that formality was completed at the coronation, but the modern usage is for the new sovereign to make the declaration when he first meets Parliament. The declaration is as follows:

I do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God confess, testify and declare that I am a faithful Protestant, and that I will, according to the true intent of the enactments which secure the Protestant succession to the throne of my realm, uphold and maintain the said enactments to the best of my powers according to law.

I have now described all the formalities which precede the act of crowning the new king. Now I wish you to learn exactly how the coronation is carried out. The order of ceremony for the coronation of King George Sixth has not yet been completed, but there is not likely to be any departure except in detail from the service used at the coronation of King George V twenty-six years ago. The rites have been hallowed by the custom of centuries. The forms used in the year 1911 were, in essentials, the same as those in the Liber Regalis, which sets out the ceremonies for the crowning of King Richard the Second in the year 1377. This Liber Regalis—the Royal Book—has provided the pattern for coronations ever since. It is a folio of thirty-eight pages of vellum, and is one of the treasures in the keeping of the Dean of Westminster.

III THE CEREMONIES

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THE CEREMONIES

The ceremony in the Abbey fully described. What the "Recognition" entails. The Coronation Service and the Communion Service.

Taking of the oath. The act of anointing with oil. Spurs and Sword. Priest-like garments of the kingly office. Delivery of the Ring and the Orb. Acclamation of the King after the crowning. Homage to the enthroned monarch. Her Majesty is Anointed, Crowned and Invested.

A T Westminster Abbey the events of the ceremony of Coronation Day begin long before the fanfare of trumpets herald' the King's arrival.

For a space the Regalia of England has returned to its ancient keeping—the Crowns of England, the Sceptres, and the Orbs. The Dean and Chapter have accepted responsibility for safe keeping of these treasures, and the first event of Coronation Day is the handing-over of the articles of the Regalia by the Dean and Chapter to the dignitaries of state who are to carry them in procession.

As befits articles of such high worth and long tradition, this handing-over is not to be lightly performed, but has a ceremonial of its own. First the Prebendaries of the Abbey must habit themselves in their copes. To them thus splendidly attired the Dean delivers the Regalia, and a procession is formed—the Dean himself carrying St. Edward's Crown—in Dean's Courtyard, to move into the Abbey through the Cloisters and St. Faith's Chapel. The Dean places St. Edward's Crown upon the altar, and the other articles of the Regalia, except the Imperial Crown and the Ampulla containing the consecrated oil, are delivered to him to be laid on the altar also.

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Then they go into St. Edward's Chapel to place the Imperial Crown upon St. Edward's altar there. Back then to the sacrarium, and the Ampulla with the sacred oil is laid upon the altar. Again a new procession of Regalia-bearers is formed and moves to the West Door of the Abbey, where the great Officers of State and the lords appointed to carry the Regalia are waiting.

The Regalia is laid upon a table and is delivered into the keeping of the Lord Chamberlain of the Household. By him it is transferred to the Lord Great Chamberlain, and thence at last to the several noblemen who are to be its bearers in the final procession.

The morning is now advancing. The assembly, which will finally include the leaders of England, is gathering together in the Abbey. Beneath the grey walls a mosaic of colour is being built up. Page boys in scarlet are heralding peers in their mantles of crimson velvet, edged with miniver and powdered with bars or rows of ermine which tell of their degree. Two rows of ermine is the token of a baron; two rows and a half of a viscount; three rows of an earl; three rows and a half of a marquis; and four full rows go to make a duke.

On their heads are coronets of silver gilt, with caps of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, and on the top a gold tassel.

These coronets, no less than the rows of ermine, convey to the informed eye an indication of the wearer's rank. The coronet of a baron has a circle of six silver balls; for a viscount the silver balls are sixteen in number; an earl is betokened by a circle with eight silver balls raised upon points, with gold strawberry leaves between the points. A marquis has four gold strawberry leaves alternating with four silver balls on points a little raised. Finally, there is His Grace the Duke in the full glory of strawberry leaves to the number of eight.

Then there are the peeresses in Court dress, with robes or mantles proper to their degree. I will not tire you again with the points of distinction that are carried out in rows of ermine and trains of varying length, ranging from the three feet

of the baroness to the full two yards of the duchess. Beneath their mantles the peeresses wear a kirtle of crimson velvet bordered with miniver. Jewels sparkle upon them in necklace and tiara.

There is something austere in the splendour of the mantle and robe of the peerage. More striking to the eye are the uniforms of the Knights Grand Cross and of the Knights Grand Commanders of the various orders of knighthood. But on this occasion pre-eminence in the colour scheme is disputed between members of the College of Heralds and the Ecclesiastical dignitaries. Both the heralds in their tabards and the bishops in their copes are of an entirely higher order of magnificence.

At length the assembly is complete. The royal guests from Buckingham Palace have been conducted to their seats. The King and Queen arrive at the great West Door to be received by the Officers of State, the lords carrying the Regalia and the bishops bearing the Patten, the Chalice, and the Bible.

A hush falls on the assembly. The procession begins to advance up the nave. The choristers' voices are heard in the opening anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the House of the Lord".

The Coronation has begun.

Up the nave the procession passes. It is led by the Abbey Beadle. Chaplains and prebendaries follow. The figure of the Dean is seen preceded by his verger. Then come officers of the various orders of knighthood, heralds and standard-bearers, resplendent figures all.

The great officers of state have their place: Lord Chamberlain, Lord President, Lord Steward. There is the Prime Minister, conspicuous among the gorgeously apparelled notables in the severe uniform of a Privy Councillor. The Cross of York and the

Cross of Canterbury herald the Primates.

The bearers of the regalia appear, first the regalia of the Queen. To the front are borne the Ivory Rod with the Dove, and the Sceptre with the Cross. The consort's crown is proudly carried immediately in front of Her Majesty herself. On either side she

is escorted by a Bishop and following behind the Mistress of the Robes, assisted by six ladies of noble birth, bears the Royal train. Ladies of the Bedchamber and Maids of Honour complete the Queen's section of the procession.

Now the bearers of the King's regalia pass by, led by those who carry the St. Edward's Staff and the Sceptre with Cross. The Spurs are borne by two peers of hereditary right. Behind march the three sword-bearers. The Lord Mayor of London passes. The Earl Marshal and the Lord High Constable of England march with the Sword of State between them.

The person of Majesty approaches. The Orb, the Crown, and the Sceptre are borne by, and the figure of the King is to be seen. He wears a crimson robe of state. The collar of the Garter is around his neck, the Cap of State upon his head. Beside him walk two bishops—of Bath and Wells and of Durham—supporters of His Majesty by ancient right. Gentlemen-at-Arms are on either side, and the train-bearers at the rear.

The procession comes to its close with various officers of the Forces and of the Royal Household. Quaint figures of the Yeomen of the Guard are last of all.

There is a pause. The procession breaks up. Its members pass to their allotted seats. Yeomen of the Guard, Serjeants-at-Arms, and Gentlemen-at-Arms take up their positions. The little pages attending peers bearing the Regalia deliver the coronets to their lords and pass hurriedly to their seats to wait until the final procession.

Their Majesties now ascend the Theatre, a platform which has been erected in the very centre of the Abbey, plain for all to see. First the Queen, preceded by her Lord Chamberlain and the Lords bearing her regalia, passes by her throne to the Chair of State, which has been provided for her, there to stand until His Majesty's arrival. Behind are grouped the Mistress of the Robes and the ladies who had borne the Royal train.

Then the Dean of Westminster and Garter King of Arms, resplendent figures both, and the great officers of State, ascend the Theatre. Finally the King himself walks up the steps. His

Majesty and the Queen seat themselves upon the Chairs of State. The Bishops, his supporters, stand on either side of the sovereign: to his right the lords who bore the swords, the bearer of the Sword of State being nearest. The bearers of the Regalia are near the royal chair. Scattered about are the bishops who bore the Bible, the Chalice, and the Patten; the train-bearers, the Lord Chamberlain, the Groom of the Robes; and the Keeper of the Royal Jewel House, who is thus able to maintain his watch upon the jewels which for the day are in other keeping.

Then the Archbishop of Canterbury proceeds to the first act of the Coronation Service, which is called the Recognition. The King stands in the centre of the Theatre, and the Archbishop

says to the assembled congregation in a loud, clear voice:

"Sirs, I here present unto you King George, the rightful inheritor of the Crown of this realm, Wherefore all ye that are come this day to do your homage, service and bounden duty, are ye willing to do the same?"

It is a solemn invitation to the congregation to declare their acceptance of the new sovereign, and after its initial delivery it is repeated once at each of the three remaining sides of the platform, around which the Archbishop proceeds, attended by a procession of the high officials of state. The King turns himself as the procession moves round, so that he may face that section of the congregation which the Primate is addressing. At the end of each invitation the assembly, led by the King's Scholars of Westminster School, raise a great shout of acclamation, thereby testifying their willingness to do their homage, service, and bounden duty to the King whom they recognize.

Here, in the ceremony of the Recognition, is a reminder that our sovereign rules over his realm not merely by the right of succession, as the son of his father, but by the choice of his people. It is a reminder, too, across the centuries of the remote past when our ancestors were accustomed to choose from amongst themselves the man whom they would have to be their king and

leader.

So far as the historians tell us, there never was a time when the congregation in the Abbey responded adversely to the Archbishop's invitation to recognize the monarch about to receive the crown. But there were two occasions when the Recognition ceremony did not pass off happily. The first was the Coronation of William the Norman.

As the conqueror of the Saxon people, he was, at the time of his crowning, on Christmas Day of the year 1066, still an enemy amongst enemies. The Norman troops on duty that day had been warned to be ready for prompt action in case there should be any hostile demonstration by the Saxon populace.

Saxons and Normans were gathered together within the Abbey, neither of whom spoke the other's language, and so the service was conducted both in Norman and in Saxon by the Bishop of Coutances and the Archbishop of York. When the question of the Recognition was put to the congregation a babel of sound arose, instead of a unanimous note of acclamation, the result not of any Saxon opposition, but of the mingling of the two languages.

This was apparent within the Abbey. But troops on guard outside mistook the discordant sounds for evidence of Saxon discord, and began to take strenuous action against the Saxon crowds gathered around. The hubbub outside excited the congregation within. In the mêlée, some buildings were set on fire; and very soon the entire congregation hurried out of the Abbey, first to investigate, and then to join in the fracas. The crowning of the Conqueror was completed with scarcely an onlooker to witness it, except those whose duty required them to remain to take part in the ceremonies.

It was a much less disturbing incident which marked the Recognition of King Charles I; but it was remembered as an omen in after years when the reign of the unhappy Stuart came to its tragic conclusion. For some reason the congregation failed to respond to the invitation to recognize the King. Instead of a mighty tumult of acclamation, there was a strange hush in the vast spaces of the Abbey. The scene and the effect it produced is

described by that garrulous commentator, Sir Simonds D'Ewes, who wrote:

His Majestie presented himselfe bare-headed to the people (all the doores being then opened for ther entrance), the archbishop on his right hand and earle marshall on his left. The byshopp saied in my hearing to this purpose: "My Masters and friends, I am heere come to present unto you your king, King Charles, to whome the Crowne of his ancestors and predecessors is now developed by lineall right, and hee himselfe come hither to bee settled in that throne which God and his birth have appointed for him: and therefore I desire you by your generall acclamation to testifie your consent and willingness thereunto." Upon which, whether some expected hee should have spoken more, others, hearing not well what hee saied, hindred those by questioning which might have heard, or that the newnes, and greatnes of the action busied men's thoughts, or the presence of soe deare a king drew admiring silence, or that those which were nearest doubted what to doe; but not one word followed till my lorde of Arundel tolde them they should crie out, God save King Charles. Upon which, as ashamed of their first oversight, a little shouting followed. At the other sides wheere hee presented himselfe ther was not the like failing.

The act of Recognition ends with the beating of drums, a fanfare of trumpets, and the singing of the National Anthem.

The singing of the Litany follows, and the service of Communion is begun, the Coronation Service being actually incorporated in the Communion Service. This emphasizes the priest-like nature of the kingly office, for it is by a similar interposition in the service that bishops, priests, and deacons are consecrated, ordained, and made.

After the reading of Epistle and Gospel, the sermon is preached, a responsibility which at the coronation of King George V was fulfilled by Dr. Lang, then Archbishop of York, who as Archbishop of Canterbury will now be privileged to place the crown upon King George the Sixth's head.

The style of preaching on the occasion of a coronation has varied from age to age with the character of the sovereign and the ability of the preacher. Coronation sermons have not always

been distinguished by flattery and adulation. Cranmer's address at the crowning of the boy King Edward VI was noted for its outspokenness. The Bishop of Carlisle's at the coronation of Charles I was remembered for his singularly inappropriate text, "I will give thee a crown of life", which is proper rather to a funeral than the joyous ceremony of a king's crowning. Macaulay, describing James the First's coronation, speaks of the preaching of Turner, Bishop of Ely, as being in an obsolete style.

The sermon was made up of quaint conceits such as seventy years earlier might have been admired, but such as invited the scorn of a generation accustomed to purer eloquence. King Solomon was King James; Joab was a Rye-house conspirator; Shimei, a Whig libeller; Abiathar, an honest but misguided old cavalier.

During the sermon the King, wearing his Cap of State of crimson velvet, sits in his chair opposite the pulpit.

The sermon ended, the King takes his coronation oath, a solemn pledge to his people to observe the laws and customs of the realm as established by his predecessors as kings of England. Although the essential compact has always been to the same purpose, there have been many variations in the actual form of words used, the changes reflecting the varying relations between King and People.

There still exists the wording of the oath which was administered by St. Dunstan to King Ethelred the Unredy at his coronation at Kingston in the year 979. A hundred and twenty years pass and we find the Norman Henry I taking the oath in the identical terms, a significant circumstance. The people of England had been conquered, a member of an alien race occupied the throne, but the sovereign still made the same pledge as his Saxon predecessors.

As the line of Norman kings continues, the form of the oath becomes more exacting. A whole series of questions was asked of King Edward II, beginning with the inquiry by the Archbishop:

"Sir, will you grant to keep and by your oath confirm to the people of England the laws and customs to them granted by the Kings of England, your lawful and religious predecessors; and, namely, the laws, customs and franchises, granted by the glorious King, St. Edward, your predecessor, according to the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel established in this kingdom and according to the prerogatives of the Kings thereof, and the ancient customs of this realm?"

We can deduce from this insistence upon the laws and customs granted by Edward the Confessor that there had been a falling-off in the manner in which the Norman sovereigns had been discharging their undertaking to observe the liberties of the people. Edward was being required to conform more strictly with the customs of Saxon England; the good old days were looked back upon as a time when the relationship between the king and his people was ideal.

Coming down the years still farther we find that a notable innovation was introduced by King Henry VIII. He was only a young man at the time of his accession, and the days of his contest with the Pope, that resulted in the declaration of the independence of the Church of England, were far ahead. Yet Henry introduced a clause in the oath whereby his promise to maintain the rights and privileges of the Holy Church was limited by the addition of the words "nott prejudyciall to hys jurysdyction and dygnite royall". The great Tudor made various other alterations, still to be seen in his own handwriting, all tending to limit the pledges he was giving, and thereby to leave his despotic power untouched.

When the succession to the throne was altered on the flight of King James II, and the crown was conferred upon William and Mary, the coronation oath was revised. It was then embodied in an Act of Parliament:

To the end that one uniform oath may be in all times to come taken by the Kings and Queens of the realm, and to them respectively administered at the times of their and every of their coronations.

Two departures may be noted. In the undertaking pledged

by the Stuart sovereigns there was a proviso that it should be "agreeable to the prerogative of the King". In the case of the monarchs of the new order who received the throne by Act of Parliament, there was no mention of so contentious a subject as the royal prerogative, the cause of much dispute under the Stuarts.

The Stuarts had sworn to rule according to the laws of God and "the true profession of the Gospel as established in this realm". The second James had lost his throne as a consequence of his attempts to re-establish the Roman Catholic faith; and the revised oath was much more precise on the question of religion. The sovereign was required to pledge himself to the utmost of his power to maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, "and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law". This precision in the coronation oath had important political consequences in the time of King George III, when attempts were made to remove the disabilities placed upon Roman Catholics, who were legally incapable of sitting in either House of Parliament, or holding offices of state or judgeships.

On several occasions the king's ministers were prepared to pass legislation to place the Roman Catholics in a position of equality with their Protestant fellow subjects. But George III could not be induced to give his consent to such an alteration in the law of the land, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by his coronation oath, to which he, being a particularly religious-minded man, attached a high degree of sanctity. When pressed to waive his objections he declared: "I can give up my crown and retire from power; I can quit my palace and live in a cottage; I can lay my head on a block and lose my life; but I cannot break my coronation oath."

Consequently, removal of Catholic disabilities had to be postponed until George III was dead.

As the taking of the oath is so vital a part of the ceremonial I reproduce the following from the order of coronation of King George V:

The Sermon being ended, the Archbishop approaches the King, and standing before him, administers the Coronation Oath, first asking the

King, "Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the Oath?" and the King answering, "I am willing."

The Archbishop ministereth these questions; and the King, having a book in his hands, answers each Question severally as follows:

ARCHBISHOP: "Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the People of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective Laws and Customs of the same?"

KING: "I solemnly promise so to do."

Archbishop: "Will you to your power cause Law and Justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your Judgments?"

King: "I will."

ARCHBISHOP: "Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the Laws of God, the true Profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the Settlement of the Church of England, and the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government thereof, as by Law established in England? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England, and to the Church therein committed to their charge, all such Rights and Privileges, as by Law do or shall appertain to them, or any of them?"

KING: "All this I promise to do."

Then the King arising out of his Chair, supported as before, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being carried before him, shall go to the Altar, and there being uncovered, make his Solemn Oath in the sight of all the People, to observe the Promises: Laying his Right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible, which is now brought from the Altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to him as he kneels upon the steps, saying these words:

"The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God."

Then the King kisseth the Book, and signeth the Oath.

At one time the sovereign took the oath upon the four Gospels, and at the British Museum you may be privileged to see the Latin version of the Gospels used for King Athelstan at his crowning at Kingston-on-Thames in the year 925. It was thereafter used, at least, until the reign of Charles the First. The custom also developed of taking the oath upon the sacrament. Thus, at the coronation of Henry VIII, it was directed:

Then shall the King rise out of his chair and by the said Bishops of Exeter and Ely be led to the High Altar where he shall make a solemn oath upon the sacrament laid upon the altar.

At the coronation of Henry's son, Edward VI, the King was to make his oath upon the sacrament laid upon the altar, "laying

his hand upon the Book".

The King is required to sign his name at the foot of the oath inscribed on a piece of vellum attached to the Coronation Roll, the complete official record of the ceremonies, which is afterwards preserved in the archives of the Court of Chancery. When George IV was crowned in 1821 the vellum with a copy of the oath was by some mischance absent from the altar. It appeared that the proceedings must be delayed while the missing document was traced; but the King's presence of mind was equal to the occasion. At his own suggestion he inscribed his signature to the oath in one of the printed copies of the Order of Service, a fact which was testified to by the Archbishop in a memorandum added to the Roll in the following words:

The above-mentioned Oaths not being in this instance prepared upon Vellum, His Majesty placed his signature to the said Oaths in a book containing the form and order of the Service to be performed, and of the Ceremonies to be observed in the Coronation of his said Majesty, which book having the signatures of His Majesty to the said Oaths therein, remains deposited in the manuscript library of the Archiepiscopal Palace at Lambeth.

C. Cantuar.

The pledging of the oath is the making of a solemn compact between monarch and people; the next ceremony is a spiritual one—the act of anointing with oil, whereby the sovereign is invested in his holy office. It is a very ancient conception of kingship that the sovereign is no mere holder of an earthly title, like a president elected by the people's choice, but by his anointing is endued with spiritual grace.

A mind which is responsive to the influences of antiquity

cannot but be impressed by the link which the act of Recognition provides with the days of our Teutonic forefathers. What, then, of the link with a past even more remote, which is perpetuated by the anointing with oil? The passage from the Bible which is read at the coronation reminds us that when Saul was made King over Israel, the aged Samuel "took a viol of oil and poured it upon his head". Saul's elevation to the kingship took place about a thousand years B.C.; but the Israelites were not the originators of the ceremony of anointing. The custom, according to the historians, was observed centuries before then, amongst the ancient Egyptians. So when oil is poured upon the head of King George we may see the carrying-out of a ceremony which links our modern life with the ages-old civilization that flourished in the land of Pyramid and Pharaoh beside the Nile, at the very dawn of history.

Among the Christian peoples of the Western world, anointing is first known to have been used at coronations in Spain some twelve hundred years ago. A hundred years later it was employed in certain of the kingdoms of England. The rite was certainly carried out for Alfred the Great by the Pope, Leo IV, for the old chronicler records that the Pope "oiled him to be king".

According to the earliest English rite the king was simply anointed on the head. Later there was a five-fold anointing of the hands, the breast, the shoulder, the elbows, and last of all the head. Richard the Lion Heart was stripped to his shirt to receive the holy unction. The boy King Edward VI was laid upon the altar of the Abbey for Archbishop Cranmer to anoint his back.

The holy oil, or chrism, was regarded in ancient times with much veneration. Great care was taken in its preparation from oil mingled with balm consecrated by a bishop. So much sanctity was attached to the ceremonial that the piece of linen with which any excess of oil was wiped away after the king's anointing had to be burned, lest the oil be polluted. At one time a capwas placed over the anointed head and had to remain for a space of eight days.

When Henry VII was crowned it was provided that after the anointing his head should be "washed, dryed, and cymbed" with the ivory comb of St. Edward "if the King's hair lie not smooth". At the coronation of Queen Elizabeth it was complained that the holy oil was not of proper quality—it was "greese and smelt ill". There was no such complaint over the unction compounded for King James II, who was so pleased with the fragrance of the preparation of his apothecary that he rewarded him with a fee of £200. In modern coronations a plain olive oil is employed.

For the carrying-out of the anointing ceremony the King is disrobed while the anthem "Zadok the Priest" is sung. The Lord Great Chamberlain removes the crimson robe, which he delivers to the Master of the Robes. The King himself takes off his Cap of State, which is given by the Lord Great Chamberlain to the Chamberlain of the Household. Robe and Cap are carried into St. Edward's Chapel by the Groom of the Robes.

Then the King sits before the altar in King Edward's Chair covered with cloth of gold. At the summons of Garter King-at-Arms, four Knights of the Garter approach to hold over the King's head the rich canopy of cloth of gold. Now the Dean of Westminster takes from the altar the Ampulla and pours out some oil into the Anointing Spoon with which the Archbishop anoints the King in the form of a cross.

1. On the crown of the head, saying:

"Be thy Head anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed."

2. On the breast, saying:

"Be thy Breast anointed with holy oil."

3. On the palms of both hands, saying:

"And as Solomon was anointed King by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed and consecrated King over this People, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Then, the King kneeling, the Primate pronounces a blessing over him, asking that the works of his hands may be prospered "and that by the assistance of heavenly grace you may preserve the people committed to your charge in wealth, peace, and godliness".

Now follows the investing of the King in garments which emphasize the priest-like nature of his office. Upon his head is placed the square of linen called the Amice, or coif. Next he puts on the Colobium Sindonis, a kind of surplice without sleeves, made of fine white cambric, laced about the neck. Over the Colobium is placed the Supertunica, or close pall of cloth of gold, a long tunic richly worked in gold thread.

The Imperial Pall has yet to be assumed, but before this royal robe is put on the King receives tokens which belong to him as a true knight and sovereign. First the Golden Spurs are delivered by the Dean to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who, kneeling, lightly touches the King's heels with them. Whereupon they are returned to the altar.

After the Spurs, the Sword, weapon of the chivalrous knight, is girt about the King. The order of service directs: "The Lord who carries the Sword of State delivers it to the Lord Chamberlain, and in lieu thereof receives from him another Sword in a scabbard of purple velvet delivered to the Chamberlain by the Keeper of the Jewel House." The Sword of State is taken charge of by the Keeper of the Jewel House, who deposits it in the traverse of St. Edward's Chapel. The Sword in the scabbard of purple velvet is delivered to the Archbishop. He lays it on the altar, with a prayer that the King now to be girt with it "may not use it in vain but may use it as the minister of God for the terror and punishment of evil-doers and for the protection and encouragement of those that do well".

The Sword having been girt about His Majesty by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Archbishop addresses the King in these words:

"With this Sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the Holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order; that doing these things you may be glorious in all virtue; and so faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life, that you may reign for ever with Him in the life which is to come."

Thereafter the King ungirds the Sword and offers it at the altar. It is then redeemed for one hundred shillings by the lord who first received it. The Sword is drawn from its scabbard, which is delivered to the Groom of the Robes, and is carried bare during the remainder of the solemnity.

The investing of the sovereign in his robes is now completed with the putting-on of the Armilla and the Imperial Mantle. The first is a narrow strip of silk, shaped like a stole, which is passed over the shoulders. The Imperial Mantle, or Pallium, or Dalmatic Robe, as it is alternatively styled, is similar to the cope of an ecclesiastical dignitary, and, like that of the Primate and Dean, it is richly embroidered in designs that incorporate the national emblems of rose, shamrock, and thistle. Now, indeed, does the King appear to his people arrayed like a high priest or a bishop. The similarity has long been noticed. A chronicler of the coronation of Henry VI wrote:

They rayed hym lyke as a bysshope shuld say masse, with a dalmatyk and a stole about his necke. And also as hosyn and shone and copys and gloves lyke a bysshope.

The Regalia are now delivered to the King, first the Orb, brought from the altar by the Dean and placed in the King's hand by the Archbishop, who says:

"Receive this Imperial Robe and Orb; and the Lord your God endue you with knowledge and wisdom, with majesty and with power from on high; the Lord clothe you with the Robe of Righteousness, and with the garments of salvation. And when you see this Orb set under

KING OF THIS REALM



Bertram Fark

PROCLAIMING THE KING



[L.N.4.

A picture of the splendidly attired Norroy King of Arms (Mr. A. H. S. Howard) as he read the proclamation of King George VI at Temple Bar, boundary of the City of London, in Fleet Street.

the Cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the Power and Empire of Christ our Redeemer."

The ruby Ring, "the wedding ring of England", is handed by the Keeper of the Jewel House to the Primate, who places it upon the fourth finger of the sovereign's right hand, saying:

"Receive this Ring, the ensign of Kingly Dignity, and of Defence of the Catholic Faith, and as you are this day solemnly invested in the government of this earthly kingdom, so may you be sealed with that Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of an heavenly inheritance, and reign with Him who is the blessed and only Potentate, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The union of the sovereign with his people, whom he is supposed to espouse at this solemnity, is betokened by the investiture with the Ring. It is a tradition that the tighter fits the Ring, the firmer sits the Crown. Queen Victoria found great difficulty in removing the Ring from her finger, so closely did it fit.

In accordance with his hereditary right or duty, the Lord of the Manor of Worksop delivers a glove* to His Majesty; which being presented, the Archbishop delivers the Sceptre with Cross, ensign of kingly power and justice, which the King holds in his right hand, and the Sceptre with Dove, which is token of equity and mercy, in the left hand, the Archbishop saying:

"Receive the Rod of Equity and Mercy; and God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, direct and assist you in the administration and exercise of all those powers which He hath given you. Be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so execute Justice that you forget not Mercy. Punish the wicked, protect and cherish the just, and lead your people in the way wherein they should go."

Throughout these solemnities the Lord of the Manor of Worksop supports His Majesty's right arm.

Now has arrived the climax of the service which gives the

^{*} The gloves, says Dean Stanley, were in early times a reminder of the abolition of Danegelt, a token that the king's hands should be moderate in taking taxes.

coronation its name. The King has assumed all the robes and tokens of his rank, save only the Crown of St. Edward, which is now to be placed upon his head. First the Crown is laid upon the altar and the Primate asks a blessing:

"O God, the Crown of the faithful: Bless we beseech Thee and sanctify this Thy servant George our King; and as Thou dost this day set a Crown of pure Gold upon his Head, so enrich his Royal Heart with Thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues, through the King Eternal Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Then the crown is handed by the Dean to the Archbishop, who places it upon the King's head. The congregation in the Abbey raise their acclamation, and "God save the King" rings out again and again. The peers put on their coronets, the Kings of Arms their crowns. The trumpets sound a fanfare.

At the signal the guns in the Park fire a loud salute. The guns at the Tower answer back. Over the City and over the ships in the Pool the boom of the guns is heard. By signal the salute is repeated through cities of the land and the capitals of the Empire.

The voice of the Archbishop recalls the King and his people assembled in the Abbey from their acclamations as he pronounces:

"Be strong and of good courage: Observe the commandments of God, and walk in His holy ways: Fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life; that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, receive a Crown of Righteousness, which God the righteous Judge shall give you in that day."

The choir then sings:

"Be strong and play the man: Keep the commandment of the Lord thy God, and walk in His ways."

There follows the presentation of the Holy Bible, a ceremony introduced at the coronation of William and Mary. The Primate says:

"Our Gracious King: we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is Wisdom; This is the Royal Law; These are the lively Oracles of God."

Having been accepted by the King, the Bible is replaced upon the altar, and the Archbishop pronounces the Benediction:

"The Lord bless you and keep you; and as He hath made you King over His people, so may He prosper you in this world, and make you partake of His eternal felicity in the world to come. Amen.

"The Lord give you a fruitful Country and healthful Season; victorious Fleets and Armies, and a quiet Empire; a faithful Senate, wise and upright Counsellors and Magistrates, a loyal Nobility, and a dutiful Gentry; a pious and learned and useful Clergy; an honest, industrious and obedient Commonalty. Amen."

Then the Archbishop turns to the people and says:

"And the same Lord God Almighty grant that the Clergy and Nobles assembled here for this great and solemn Service, and together with them all the People of the land, fearing God, and honouring the King, may by the merciful superintendency of the divine Providence, and the vigilant care of our gracious Sovereign, continually enjoy peace, plenty and prosperity; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with the Eternal Father, and God the Holy Ghost, be glory in the Church, world without end. Amen."

Now, at last, the King, anointed and crowned, is to ascend his throne, for which purpose he rises from the Coronation Chair before the High Altar, and returns to the Theatre so that all may see. The ancient ritual directs that the sovereign shall be "lifted up into his throne by the Archbishop and Bishops and other peers of the Kingdom". The Great Officers of State, the bearers of the Swords, and the bearers of the other Regalia stand round, while the Primate makes the Exhortation:

"Stand firm, and hold fast from henceforth the Seat and State of Royal and Imperial Dignity, which is this day delivered unto you, in the Name and by the authority of Almighty God, and by the hands of us the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy: And as you see us to approach nearer to God's altar, so vouchsafe the more graciously to continue to us your Royal favour and protection. And the Lord God Almighty, whose Ministers we are, and the Stewards of His Mysteries, establish your Throne in righteousness, that it may stand fast for evermore, like as the sun before Him, and as the faithful witness in heaven. Amen."

To the enthroned King the peers of the realm swear their fealty and render their homage. Here is a ceremony which above all others strikes the observer as a relic of the age of feudalism and chivalry. It would appear an anachronism if the King and his peers were dressed in the sober clothes of everyday life. But it seems natural and proper in the medieval setting of the Abbey Church, performed as it is by peers in their costumes of ancient days to a sovereign attired like one of the kings of feudal England. First to do fealty is the Archbishop of Canterbury, who kneels before His Majesty's knees and says:

"I will be faithful and true, and Faith and Truth will bear unto you our Sovereign Lord, and your Heirs Kings of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India. And I will do, and truly acknowledge the Service of the Lands I claim to hold of you, as in right of the Church. So help me God."

The Archbishop's words are repeated by the bishops present, and the Archbishop kisses His Majesty's left cheek.

After the Lords Spiritual the Princes of the Blood Royal. At the coronation of King George V it was the Prince of Wales, who later became King Edward VIII, who for himself and the Duke of Connaught pronounced the words:

"I do become your Liege man of Life and Limb, and of earthly worship, and Faith and Truth I will bear unto you, to love and die, against all manner of Folks. So help me God."

On this occasion there will be no Prince of Wales to offer

homage,* to touch the crown upon His Majesty's head, and to kiss His Majesty's left cheek. In the absence of a Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester will, presumably, as the senior brother of the King, speak on behalf of the Princes of the Royal Blood.

The other peers of the realm then render homage, the first of each order kneeling before His Majesty, the others kneeling in their places and repeating the words. First the Duke of Norfolk as premier Duke; then the marquesses, of whom Lord Winchester is the first; the earls follow, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot being first among them;† then the viscounts, of whom Lord Falkland is premier; and last the barons, of whom the premier is Lord Mowbray and Stourton, holder of titles which date back to the year 1283, when the first Edward was king.

The first of each order of peers then ascends the throne, and, stretching forth his hand, touches the crown on His Majesty's head, "as promising by that ceremony for himself and his order to be ever ready to support it with all their power". He then kisses His Majesty's cheek.

According to the historians of these ceremonies the kiss is an essential part of the ceremony of homage, whose omission might be considered to invalidate the ceremony-"the homage hath not it seems enough of what is legal without it". It is recalled that in the time of Henry VI there was a Great Plague in London, and it was considered advisable, because of the risk of infection, that the kiss should be omitted. An Act of Parliament was passed to "ordain and grant that everiche of your said lieges in the doing of their said homage may omit the said kissing of you and be excused thereof (at your will the homage being of the same force as though they kissed you) and have their letters of doing their homage, the kissing of you omitted notwithstanding".

^{*}It is strange how few of the Princes of Wales have been present at a coronation. I can only think of the Duke of Windsor, our late King George, George the Second, and Henry the Fifth who attended at their father's crownings.

† The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl of Arundel, is also Premier Earl of England, but the first name in the list of earls is that of Shrewsbury and Talbot, first alike in the peerage of

England and of Ireland.

This act of homage, under the feudal system, was one of the essential ceremonies in the granting of a fief. The token of submission and devotedness of the vassal towards the lord was performed by the vassal kneeling with his head uncovered, his belt ungirt, his sword and spurs removed. Placing his hands between those of his lord he would promise to become his man from thenceforward.

The act of homage is the last ceremony of the King's crowning. The drums beat, the trumpets sound, and the people shout "God save the King! Long live the King!"

Now the crowning of the Queen takes place. Her Majesty, who has been seated upon her chair of State, rises and proceeds to the altar, attended by her train-bearer and ladies assisting. She kneels before the altar steps and a rich canopy of cloth of gold is held over her by four peeresses.

Then the Archbishop pours the consecrated oil upon her head. From the Keeper of the Jewel House the Primate receives the consort's ring, which he places upon the fourth finger of her right hand as "the seal of a sincere faith".

From the altar the Archbishop takes the consort's crown, which he sets upon the Queen's head, saying:

"Receive the Crown of glory, honour, and joy: And God, the Crown of the faithful, who by our Episcopal hands (though unworthy) doth this day set a Crown of pure Gold upon your Head, enrich your Royal Heart with His abundant grace, and crown you with all princely virtues in this life, and with everlasting gladness in the life that is to come."

As the crown is placed on the Queen's head the Princesses and Peeresses put on their coronets. There is a glittering of jewels and the spectacle in the Abbey is magnificently complete

The Queen is invested with her regalia. The Archbishop places the Sceptre with Cross in her right hand, and the Ivory Rod with the Dove in her left. The ceremony, much briefer than that of the King's, concludes with a prayer that Her Majesty "by the powerful and mild influence of her piety and virtue

may adorn the high dignity which she hath obtained". The Queen then rises, ascends the Theatre and, reverently bowing to His Majesty as she passes to the throne, is conducted to her own throne to the left of that of the King.

The Communion Service is now to be concluded. Their Majesties deliver their sceptres to their bearers, descend from their thrones, and proceed to the altar. There they take off their crowns, which are entrusted to the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord Chamberlain.

When George III went to receive the Sacrament he inquired whether he should remove his crown, but neither Dean nor Archbishop could inform him. The King removed his crown and wished the Queen to do likewise, but it was fastened to her hair. Since the time of William the Fourth it has been the custom to remove the crown. In previous times there was no rule and often no record. The crown is known to have been worn by Henry VI and Henry VIII, but not by Charles II.

His Majesty makes his oblation, consisting of a pall, or altar cloth, and an ingot of gold of a pound weight. The pall is delivered by the Groom of the Robes to the Lord Great Chamberlain, and he, kneeling, presents it to His Majesty; the golden ingot is handed to the Lord Great Chamberlain by the Treasurer of the Household. The King's offerings are received by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Queen makes her oblation of a pall, or altar cloth, and a mark weight of gold.

The service ends with the Te Deum, the great hymn of praise. Their Majesties withdraw to the St. Edward's Chapel. Here the King's Robe of State is taken off and his robe of purple velvet put on by the Lord Great Chamberlain. His Majesty exchanges the heavy St. Edward's Crown for the Imperial Crown of State, and then, bearing in his right hand the Sceptre, and in his left the Orb, he passes in procession with the Queen to the great West Door of the Abbey, the four Swords carried before him.

The coronation is ended. Once again the ancient ritual has been observed. Once again England has a King crowned and anointed.



IV ABBEY OF KINGS



IV

ABBEY OF KINGS

Why William the Conqueror chose the Abbey for his crowning—and made it the Abbey of Kings. The claims of the monks.

St. Peter on the Isle of Thorns. Edward the Confessor's great monument. Guidance from the Keeper of the Keys.

The tragic death of the Confessor at his moment of triumph. Henry III's homage

WHY is Westminster Abbey the scene of the coronation of the king?

We are so accustomed now to the Abbey occupying first place among the churches of the Empire that we accept its pre-eminence without troubling to inquire into its origin. Yet if you think at all you must think it strange.

Westminster Abbey is not the diocesan church of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who performs the act of crowning. It is not the cathedral church of the Empire's capital, nor even a cathedral at all. There are older churches than St. Peter's of Westminster; churches perhaps more venerable, perhaps more magnificent. Why, then, is this the scene of the Empire's most solemn and most gorgeous ceremonial? The answer is the Norman Conquest. Had the Saxon people never been overcome by the Norman invader and Saxon Harold never been vanquished by Norman William, Westminster Abbey might not have been the crowning- and the burial-place of kings.

Before the Conqueror came, our sovereigns had been crowned elsewhere. Arthur of the Table Round was invested with the crown at Stonehenge. Edward the Elder and many of his successors of the Saxon line had their coronations at Kingston-on-Thames, a town whose name recalls the ceremony that took

place on the stone which is still to be seen there, memorial to a lost greatness. Of the cathedrals, Oxford, Winchester, and St. Paul's were the scenes of the sanctification of the king in pre-Norman England.

Then came the conquering William, who claimed to have a right to the throne he had to use might to obtain. To identify himself in the eyes of his Saxon subjects with Edward of the Saxon line, of whom he claimed to be rightful successor, he directed that his coronation should be held in the Abbey Church of St. Peter's of Westminster. This was alike the memorial and resting-place of Edward the Confessor.

There was no place which to a Saxon was more particularly associated with King Edward, whom the Saxons revered. Edward had chosen to single out this abbey for particular marks of his royal favour. He had constructed the most magnificent building, all in a new style of architecture, which could be found in the England of that day. In the year 1066 the monks of Westminster Abbey could look without any feeling of inferiority upon the Cathedral of St. Paul, Westminster's great and ceaseless rival.

If the monks are to be believed, the first church stood at Westminster over seventeen hundred years ago, when England was a province of the Roman Empire. Then the Christians were ejected and the church was converted into a temple of the god Apollo. It may be that this was the case, but the medieval monks are not always to be believed when they are writing about the foundation of their monasteries, for each strove to show that his own foundation had a longer and a more glorious record than any other. The story about the church turned into a temple may be no more than Westminster's retort to St. Paul's claim about a temple of Diana.

The next entry in the Abbey's record is not much more substantial. It asserts that King Lucius, one of the earliest Christian kings in England, did away with pagan worship, both in Westminster's temple of Apollo and St. Paul's temple of Diana, and restored Christian worship. There again we have to

confess that there is no knowing whether there is any truth behind the legend.

Another five centuries pass and the shadowy figure of Sebert appears through the mists of time. He is supposed to have laid the foundations of the first Westminster Abbey on the Isle of Thorns. A jungle of a place it was then, with an evil reputation, but very convenient for a community of monks; for there were good springs of water and good fishing, an important matter for men who had fasts to keep from time to time.

Sebert is credited with having established the Abbey in the year 616, but so little is known about him that one writer describes him as a king of Essex, while another says that he was a private citizen of London. These uncertainties did not prevent the monks of later days from pointing to the spot within the Abbey where Sebert, they said, was buried.

To a visitor they would tell a story, more remarkable than any recounted of the rival St. Paul's, of how St. Peter himself came to dedicate his own Abbey. This is how it was reputed to have come about.

It was the year 616, the eve of the day when Mellitus, first Bishop of London, was to perform the ceremony of dedicating the new Abbey on the Isle of Thorns. Edric the Fisherman was about to put away his nets for the night, when he saw a bright light on the shore where Lambeth now stands. Being a man of an inquisitive turn of mind he rowed over to investigate and found a man standing on the river's brink. He was dressed in strange attire, as St. Peter—for it was none other than the saint of the keys—might very well have been, but he spoke the current Saxon tongue, which would be a strange circumstance for a person other than a saint who had never been within leagues of Britain before.

At the stranger's request Edric ferried him over to the Isle of Thorns and was a witness to a celestial visitation, for when the stranger landed the church was lit up by a brilliant light and a host of angels appeared. Thereafter the saint, anticipating the intentions of Bishop Mellitus, carried out the dedication

of his own abbey church. The rights completed, the angels disappeared, and Edric found himself once again in the company of the stranger, who said:

"I am Peter, keeper of the keys of heaven. When Mellitus arrives tomorrow, tell him what you have seen; and show him the token that I, St. Peter, have consecrated my own Church of St. Peter, Westminster, and have anticipated the Bishop of London. For yourself, go out into the river; you will catch a plentiful supply of fish, whereof the larger part shall be salmon. This I have granted on two conditions—first, that you never fish again on Sundays; secondly, that you pay a tithe of them to the Abbey of Westminster."

On the following day Bishop Mellitus arrived at the Isle of Thorns to perform the dedication, only to be informed that it was too late, and that Peter had done the job himself. You may imagine that in a moment of disappointment at being forestalled the Bishop may have hinted at a certain scepticism about the fisherman's story. Edric produced a salmon as proof of what he said, but this might not have won immediate acceptance for his account of the previous night's proceedings. One fish out of the river is too much like another to be taken as conclusive evidence of so remarkable a fisherman's story. But there was more convincing proof—"twelve crosses on the church, the walls within and without moistened with holy water, the letters of the Greek alphabet written twice over distinctly on the sand of the now sacred island, the traces of the oil of consecration and droppings of the angelic candles". Evidence such as this was utterly conclusive. Bishop Mellitus made haste to propitiate the saint for any scepticism that may have entered into his mind, for it was as well not to offend the Keeper of the Keys. "The dedication", promptly declared Mellitus, "has been performed sufficiently, better, and in a more saintly fashion than a hundred such as I could have done"

In this age of doubt we may smile at this story as being no more than a legend. But to our forefathers it was no smiling matter, but something very real. So thoroughly did they accept it, that it was the basis six hundred years afterwards for the settlement of a legal dispute about the Abbey's claim to a tithe of the fish taken from the Thames thereabouts.

Over four centuries intervene between the dedication in the days of Bishop Mellitus and the founding of the new and greater Abbey by Edward the Confessor. Yet in all those years there is little of certainty known about the Abbey on the Island at Westminster. Later the monks were able to produce a number of charters showing amongst other things how King Edgar had directed the reconstruction of the Abbey after the Danes had destroyed it. But even the charters are suspect. Some writers roundly charge the monks with having stooped to forgery in order to produce charters that might bring more credit to their monastery. We can only hope that these allegations do the monks an injustice. Let us leave the old Saxon building and its legends and pass from possible fiction to fact at last.

The fame of Westminster's Abbey and its role as the place of coronation of all, and burial place of many of our kings, since the Conquest, is due in the first place to Edward, the last great king of Saxon England. He was buried within its walls, and such was his reputation that for centuries afterwards pilgrims travelled from afar off to his shrine. Edward's Abbey has been altered out of recognition, but the shrine still remains and the visitor may see how the hard stones have been worn away in grooves by the knees of the kneeling pilgrims.

Edward was a man of simple holiness. With his Saxon subjects he was one of the most popular of kings. As a young man, because of the Danes he had to leave the country and find refuge on the Continent. His exile added to his popularity, for the more the Saxons were oppressed by the hated Danes, the more they longed for the return of the prince over the water.

Edward, no less, wanted to be back at home. Neglecting no means likely to advance his wishes, he swore an oath to make a pilgrimage to the grave at Rome of St. Peter, whom he held in especial veneration, if his wish were granted. Not long afterwards it was fulfilled. He returned to England to be crowned king and announced his intention of carrying out his oath by making the pilgrimage to Rome.

His counsellors, however, would by no means permit him to honour his pledge. They had no mind to suffer the troubles and anxieties which would follow if the King, whom they had so long prayed for, were to absent himself for the long space needed to travel to Rome and back in the days when there were no Golden Arrow and Blue Train to take you across Europe. So the King was prevailed upon to send a deputation to Rome to inquire whether he could not be released from a pledge his subjects would not permit him to fulfil. Release was granted, on condition that the King should found or restore a monastery dedicated to St. Peter.

When the news got about you can imagine what strivings of heart there must have been in all the monasteries which owed allegiance to St. Peter. Each must have pondered a means whereby the favour of royal patronage might be secured. At Winchester hopes would have run pretty high, for had not St. Peter's of Winchester particular claims on a Saxon king, seeing that its sanctuary had been the scene of the crowning of many of his predecessors?

But there were other St. Peters in the field. Edward hesitated in perplexity where his choice should fall. It was a monk who resolved his doubts, or perhaps it should be said that through the mind of a monk St. Peter made his wishes known. One night while the King was still undecided, Wulsine, one of the Brethren of St. Peter's of Westminster, dreamed a remarkable dream. As he slept St. Peter appeared before him and gave directions for the King's guidance.

"There is", he told Wulsine, "a place of mine in the west part of London, which I chose, and love, and which I formerly consecrated with my own hands, honoured with my presence, and made illustrious by my miracles. The name of the place is Thorney; which, having, for the sins of the people, been given to the power of the barbarians, from rich is become poor, from stately low, and from honourable is made despicable. This

FIRST LADY OF THE LAND



Bertram Park

A CROWN RESIGNED



INSTRUMENT OF ABDICATION

I, Edward the Eighth, of Great
Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions
beyond the Seas, King, Emperor of India, do
hereby declare My irrevocable determination
to renounce the Throne for Myself and for
My descendants, and My desire that effect
should be given to this Instrument of
Abdication immediately.

In token whereof I have hereunto set My hand this tenth day of December, nineteen hundred and thirty six, in the presence of the witnesses whose signatures are subscribed.

davard RI

SICNED AT FORT BELVEDERE IN THE PRESENCE

Albert

Prope.

Facsimile of the historic document which brought to an end the reign of King Edward VIII. The three signatures to the left are those of the three royal brothers—our present King, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Kent

1 11 111

let the King, by my command, restore and make a dwelling of monks, stately build, and amply endow; it shall be no less than the house of God and the gates of Heaven."

You might have thought that it would have been safer, not to say more gracious, for St. Peter to have made his wishes known direct to the King; for a monk of Westminster was scarcely a disinterested party if any questions had been raised about the authenticity of his vision. However, his narrative was accepted as evidence of St. Peter's wishes, and the monastic foundation on the Isle of Thorns was chosen to receive the favour of the Confessor's patronage.

There was nothing half-hearted in the way Edward carried out the restoration. Like a Pharaoh of Egypt building a pyramid, he gave himself up to making a magnificent job of the task he had taken in hand, and he did not care what burdens he threw upon the taxpayers so that his royal pledge might be handsomely kept.

He lavished upon his Abbey one-tenth of the property of the kingdom. To superintend the work the better he built a palace for himself beside the Thames, the Palace of Westminster. For fifteen years he directed the erection of his wonder church. He sent a deputation to Rome to get special privileges for the new Abbey. He bestowed on it a set of relics which were the envy of every other religious house in the country. They comprised, the historian tells us:

part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to him by the Eastern Magi; of the table of our Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the gaol where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment of the sponge, lance, and scourge with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre, and cloth that bound his head.

Fifteen years' work of building was at last completed. King Edward's new church was one of the sights of England. There was nothing like it in the land. It was built in the new style of architecture that we now call Norman, so easily to be distinguished by its massive rounded arches.

As the year 1065 drew to its close, the day of consecration approached when the royal builder would put the final seal of completion to his work. Edward looked forward to the day as one of the crowning moments in his life; but as the final arrangements were made his strength, overtaxed by his labours, began to leave him. On Christmas night the King collapsed. It was a warning that he could not mistake. He ordered that the solemnities of the consecration should be hurried forward. Fearful lest delay should prevent him from taking part in the one act on which his entire hopes were now fixed, he directed that December 28 should be the date of the consecration, even though it was the unluckiest day of the year, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, the day on which no great task was, by choice, begun because of the ill luck with which it was associated.

It was too late. Death was already upon the King. The consecration was carried out, but Edward could not be present. His place was taken by his queen, Edith. A poet has placed on record a description of the King's last days, written in Norman French, of which the following is a translation:

On Christmas night seizes him A fever, which much inflames him. The King lies down—cannot eat— For long time seeks to repose himself; Feebleness in the morning troubles him; Nevertheless the King gets up For the great feast; during the day He dissembles and hides his pain: The feebleness quite prostrates him; Nevertheless, on this day, crown And regalia he carries with difficulty: And for the three days of the week, At table, though it troubles him, In the palace at dinner he sits. On the fourth day, which was that of the Innocents, The prelates come, the chief come To furnish whatever appertains

To so great a dedication.

The King forces himself to come there
Since for it he had a great longing;
But so weak and ill is he,

So much doubt has his head, and feebleness has his heart,
He cannot be, according to his wish,
Present, which much afflicts him;
But much he commands and admonishes
That the feast should be full.

On the evening of Childermas the King sank into a stupor. He lingered for a few days, but only just survived the new year. His burial was the first ceremonial in his newly completed Abbey. All who could came to Westminster to see the last King of the House of Cerdic borne to his final resting-place before the High Altar. His death was mourned throughout the land.

Another year passed, and again at Christmastide the Abbey at Westminster was the centre of the people's thoughts. The invader had triumphed at the Battle of Hastings. The Saxon monarchy was overthrown. The first of the Norman line of kings ruled the land.

On Christmas Day 1066 William the Conqueror was crowned in Westminster Abbey. His was the first coronation that we can say with certainty took place there, for it is in dispute whether Harold received the crown at Westminster or St. Paul's. It was William's claim that he succeeded to the crown by right. His aim was to make it appear in the eyes of his subjects that he was following as lawful successor to the Saxon Edward. There could be no more eloquent demonstration than for him to be crowned in the church the Confessor had built, on the very spot where the remains of the Confessor lay. Thus was begun the long series of coronations which, with unbroken link, connect the reigns of the last king of Anglo-Saxon England and the first crowning of a sovereign of the House of Windsor. Norman and Angevin, Plantagenet, sovereigns of York and Lancaster, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian-all have received the crown in the Abbey of Westminster. Two kings alone are an exception in the line—the

boy Edward V who was murdered in the Tower and King Edward VIII. One was crowned, but never lived to reign—the son of Henry II whose coronation was carried out during his father's lifetime, but whose death took place before his father's, so that he did not survive to wear as king the crown that he received as

prince.

During the nine centuries which have now nearly run their course since the Confessor's day, there has been much rebuilding of the Abbey, so that little of his work now remains. Henry III was the great rebuilder. He decided that the remains of so holy a saint as the Confessor must be housed in the most magnificent edifice that could be constructed. In the year 1245 he gave orders for reconstruction on the model of the French churches then building at Amiens and Rheims. Like the Confessor, Henry lavished vast sums of money upon his royal Abbey. He deprived other foundations in order to benefit Westminster. He took money from his subjects wherever he could. He established a special fair in Tothill Fields so that the fees might contribute to the building fund. He even pawned the royal jewels in order to raise money.

The Confessor spent fifteen years on the erection of his church. Twenty-four years were occupied by Henry's builders in erecting the eastern end of the church, the transepts and five bays of the nave as they stand today. In the year 1269 the King, assisted by his sons, and in the presence of the peers of the realm, bore the coffin of the Confessor to its new magnificent shrine, to the east of the High Altar.

It is within the walls Henry III erected that King George VI will be crowned. The Plantagenet's church is the essential base of the Abbey that we know, but a Londoner of today would scarcely be able to see the outlines now familiar to him in the building that Henry loved. It lacked the Chapel to the east that Henry VII constructed; it lacked the twin towers which Wren erected at the western entrance; and it lacked Sir Gilbert Scott's front on the north side opposite St. Margaret's Church, perhaps the best-known aspect of the Abbey.

V THE CHAIR OF CROWNING

THE CHAIR OF CROWNING

Priceless relic which has been the seat of kings for 600 years. The Stone of Scone—a "primeval monument that binds the Empire together". Edward I sends it to London. "The Scots shall govern . . . where'er this stone they find. . . ." Legends—and the view of a geologist

ONE Edward and a conquering invader gave us the Abbey with its coronation tradition. Another Edward, who was himself a conquering invader, gave us the Coronation Chair.

There is in the Abbey no more priceless relic. While crowns have perished and been remade, the Chair has survived time's changes. In the past six hundred years it has been the seat of every crowned sovereign of England, with two exceptions—the boy King Edward the Fifth and King Edward the Eighth.

Before it reached England the Stone of Scone, which the Chair encases, had been the seat of crowning of the kings of Scotland. The traditions of the Stone carry its record back to an even remoter past—to the times of the introduction of Christianity in the Northern Kingdom fourteen hundred years ago, and back to the even more distant days of the patriarchs and Jacob.

Ireland is associated with the legend of the Stone, Scotland and England with its history. Its fame runs now throughout the lands of the Empire. With the Crown it is accepted as an essential symbol of the kingship that links together the British peoples. It is, in Dean Stanley's phrase, "the one primeval monument that binds the Empire together".

For six hundred years now it has stood near the foot of the Confessor's shrine within the walls built by Henry III, where it was sent by Henry's son. The Stone has been little altered by the hand of man since it was wrested from its place in sandstone rocks.

The Chair is a monument to the fine craftsmanship of Adam, the King's workman. Produced from English oak at the cost of one hundred shillings, it shows little sign of the centuries that have passed over it. It looks strong enough to defy the ravages of time for many hundreds of years to come.

William the Conqueror had himself been crowned in the greatest shrine of the Saxon kings. It was from motives of the same sort that King Edward I, Hammer of the Scots, sent the Stone of Scone to London.

Since the year 1153 the Abbey of Scone, near Perth, had been the place of coronation of the Scots kings. There each Scottish sovereign had been lifted upon the Stone in a manner in which the chiefs of the ancient Teuton tribes were lifted up upon the shields of their warriors.

So, when Edward I during his final campaign in Scotland proclaimed himself King of the Northern Kingdom, he had himself crowned on the Stone. Thereafter he decided to destroy the royal residence which was the embodiment of such high patriotic Scottish feeling. The Stone he dispatched south to England with other relics that the Scots prized, and he sent to Rome for the Pope's permission to raze the Abbey of Scone to the ground. Death came to save the Abbey. The great Edward died at Burgh-on-Sands, and his successor called off the Scottish campaign. Edward II, one of the least worthy of our kings, was the first sovereign to be crowned in Westminster Abbey sitting upon the Stone his father had captured.

The Scots made every effort to recover the relic of which they had been robbed. In the reign of Edward III a treaty was entered into to bring to a close the long wars between the two kingdoms, one of the conditions of which was that Scotland's lost relics should be returned. Almost all were sent back, the Stone was the great exception.

Edward III gave orders for its return, but the people of London would by no means whatever allow it to depart from themselves. Edward might issue his writ to the Abbot of Westminster and to the Sheriffs of London. It was in vain. Popular feeling was stronger than the King's command.

For centuries the Stone rested safe in the Chair which Adam the carpenter had made for it. At length time brought her revenge for the sovereigns of Scotland. The Stone their forefathers had lost was restored to them by the gaining of a new and greater throne. When James I of England was crowned in Westminster Abbey in 1603, a Scottish king was seated once again on the Stone of Scone after a lapse of three hundred years. Then was seen fulfilled the ancient prophecy:

Unless the fixed decrees of Fate give way, The Scots shall govern and the sceptre sway Where'er this stone they find And its dread sound obey.

The belief expressed in this doggerel is only one, and by no means the most ancient, of the legends which have clustered round the Stone of Scone. Legends they are, probably without the basis of foundation and in conflict with what the geologists are able to say of the Stone's origin. Yet even though these legends are no more than folklore, they serve to show the great veneration in which the relic was held. Thus runs the legends:

It was on the Stone of Scone that is now encased in the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey that Jacob rested his head at Bethel when he saw the vision of the angels ascending and descending from heaven. By the descendants of the Patriarch it was conveyed to Egypt. Next it was taken to Spain by Gathelus, son of Cecrops, builder of Athens, who had married an Egyptian wife. At Brigantia, Gathelus sat on the Stone when he gave laws and administered justice to his people.

Next to Ireland the Stone was transported by Simon Brech seven hundred years before the Christian era. It was set up upon the Hill of Tara and upon it the Irish kings were initiated. Lia-Fail, the Stone of Destiny, was now a testing stone. If the king placed upon it was the true successor of his predecessor the Stone indicated its confirmation by remaining silent. But if the succession was false it groaned aloud with thunder.

At last the Stone reached Scotland, borne there by Fergus,

founder of the Scottish monarchy. For safe keeping he placed it in the vaults of the Royal Castle of Dunstaffnage, where a hole in the Castle wall is still pointed to as being the spot it occupied. Finally, in the year 840 Kenneth II transferred it to the Monastery of Scone, because the last battle of the Picts was fought there. As in the Abbey today, it was contained in the seat of a royal chair, and under the care of the monks it remained at Scone until the time of the Plantagenet invader.

Such is the most remarkable of the stories of the origin of the Stone of Scone. There is another which traces its history back to the time of St. Columba, Evangelist of the Scots who founded a monastery at Iona, one of the rocky isles which form the Inner Hebrides. It was with his head upon this Stone that Columba, according to this tradition, breathed his last in the year 597. The saint had ministered at the first Christian coronation of the West, that of the Scottish chief Aidan. Such was the veneration attaching to his name that the Stone was considered to have been endowed by his death with great virtue, and it was thus that it came to be the seat of the kings of the Scots.

There is little need to make your choice between the two versions. The findings of geology support neither of them. Dean Stanley, Historian of Westminster Abbey, seventy years ago invited Professor Ramsay, then the leading geologist in England, to examine the Stone. He was not permitted to break off a fragment of the venerable relic, but it was swept with a soft brush and a few grains were detached from it, sufficient for a microscopic examination to be made and chemical tests to be carried out. Professor Ramsay reported the following facts:

The Coronation Stone consists of a dull reddish or purplish sandstone with a few small embedded pebbles.

The country around Scone is formed of old red sandstone and the tints of different portions of that formation are so various that it is quite possible the Stone may have been derived from one of its strata.

There can be little doubt that Dunstaffnage Castle was built from rocks of the surrounding neighbourhood, the sandstone strata of which are described as dull reddish or purplish. This precisely agrees with the character of the Coronation Stone itself.

It is extremely improbable that the Stone has been derived from any of the rocks of the Hill of Tara. They do not present the texture or red colour characteristic of the Coronation Stone.

Neither can it have been taken from the rocks of Iona. There is no red sandstone on this island.

That it belonged originally to the rocks round Bethel is equally unlikely, since according to reports they are formed of strata of limestone.

The rocks of Egypt consist chiefly of limestone and I have never heard of any strata occurring there similar to the red sandstone.

In one phrase Professor Ramsay sums the whole matter up:

To my eye [he says], the Stone appears as if it had originally been prepared for building purposes but had never been used.

But what have the findings of sober science to do with the intangible, but equally real, beliefs of our race? Long before the Stone of Scone came south, our Saxon kings were enthroned upon the stone at Kingston-on-Thames. Later, after the Conquest, another stone entered into the coronation ceremonial. At the upper end of the Hall of Westminster Palace there was a large marble stone three feet in breadth where, says Stowe, the historian, "the kings of England formerly sate at their coronation dinners and at other solemn times". As they passed from Palace to Abbey for their coronation the kings were lifted upon this marble seat. It thus gained the name of the King's Bench, and because the Judges of England were later accommodated in courts built over this spot, the King's Bench has become the name of one of the divisions of the High Court. To these former stones of our coronation the Scottish relic succeeded.

The stone and its chair came to win a great ascendency over the minds of men. Even Oliver Cromwell, the man who ruled England in place of king, was conscious of its spell. The Puritans might break up the Regalia as symbols of despised kingship. Oliver had the chair removed from the Abbey and placed in Westminster Hall at the time of his inauguration as Lord High Protector. It was the first and last time during six centuries that the Coronation Chair and the Stone of Scone had been removed from their place at the foot of the Confessor's shrine.

VI SYMBOLS OF ROYALTY

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VI

SYMBOLS OF ROYALTY

I-THE CROWN

England's seven crowns and the differences between them. The Crown of England—which weighs nearly seven pounds—is worn by the sovereign only once in his life. What the two golden arches indicate. Splendours of the silver Crown of State. £70,000 spent on the Crown of India. James II and Mary of Modena. The king who put on the crown himself, and the archbishop who objected: drama at the coronation of Henry's I's queen

HAVE you ever seen the Crown of England? And if you did go to see it in its show-case, which is also a strong-room, in the Tower of London, did you feel puzzled?

You make your way up the stone steps to the entrance to the Wakefield Tower, which was once a prison, but is now the Royal Jewel House. You pass under the arched doorway and enter a round chamber, a gloomy place except for the radiance of light playing upon polished gold and gems that flash and sparkle behind the glass of the great show-case in the centre.

And then you look for the Crown of England, to find not one crown but seven displayed amongst the Regalia. Are you puzzled? Or do you recognize the Crown of England amongst the seven?

Four of them, of course, you can rule out quickly enough. You will not mistake the Crown of England for Queen Mary's Crown, for the Prince of Wales's, for that of Mary of Modena, or for her lesser diadem.

There are three crowns of our sovereign, and one of these

belongs to him not as King of England but as Emperor of India. So the choice for the Crown of England lies between the remaining two—St. Edward's Crown and the Imperial State Crown. You need not feel ashamed for not being certain which of these to select as the Crown of England, for they are confused by many persons who have every reason to know better.

It is easy enough to tell one from the other. They may be of roughly similar shape, each topped with a cross, both may sparkle with gems of many colours, but there is the essential difference that one is of gold and the other of silver.

The silver one is the Imperial State Crown.

The one of gold is St. Edward's Crown. It is the Crown of England. This is the crown which is placed upon the King's head by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the climax of the Coronation Service.

It is the only occasion in his life that the sovereign wears the Crown of England. Immediately after the crowning he replaces it by the Crown of State, which is not England's Crown, but the King's personal crown.

The Crown of England is too heavy to be worn with comforts weighing as it does close upon seven pounds. So it is exchanged for the lighter State Crown, which turns the scales at no more than thirty-nine ounces—that is, an ounce short of two pounds and a half,

It is the Crown of State which is used when the King goes to the House of Lords to open Parliament; it is this same crown which is used at the sovereign's funeral, borne upon his coffin, a sad reminder of the glory which has been cut short by the hand of death.

In accordance with custom it stood upon the coffin of King George V as he was borne back through the streets of his capital for the last time, so that his people might pay their last tribute of respect to a beloved sovereign in Westminster Hall. On the way from King's Cross Station to Westminster, the Maltese cross which surmounts it was detached from its setting by the jolting of the gun-carriage over the uneven streets.

The cross fell to the ground and might have been lost for ever, but fortunately there were keen eyes that day. Lieut. Huntington,

of the Grenadier Guards, officer in charge of the bearer party, picked it up and carried it until the procession reached Westminster Hall.

You will, of course, be thrilled as you look upon the Crown of England and think of the long line of monarchs upon whose heads it has been placed. But you must not make the mistake of supposing that St. Edward's Crown is the original crown of Edward the Confessor.

That indeed would be a treasure to have in our keeping today. There is reason to believe that the crown of Edward was also the crown of Alfred the Great, which, according to historians, was first conferred on Alfred, then a child of five, by Pope Leo at Rome in the year 853.

Edward the Confessor placed the Regalia of the Saxon kingdom in the keeping of his Abbey at Westminster. His Saxon crown, St. Edward's Crown, was used at the coronations for six hundred years succeeding.

Then came the destruction of the Regalia by Puritans during the Commonwealth. For the sake of the two hundred and fortyeight pounds and ten shillings, the Crown was melted down. Only the name links the St. Edward's Crown of today with that which perished.

Even so, there are by now two hundred and seventy years of history behind this crown. It is the same which was made for King Charles II at the Restoration, for though it has been altered from time to time, and though the precious stones with which it is adorned have been reset, the better to show off their splendour, the Crown is essentially the same.

It has encircled the brows of eleven of the fourteen sovereigns since the Restoration. The first exception was inevitable—that of Mary, wife of William of Orange. William and Mary sat upon the throne of England not as King and Consort, but as sovereigns of equal right. At the coronation two crowns were needed. King William was crowned with St. Edward's Crown, and Queen Mary with the crown which had been used for Mary of Modena, consort of James II.

The second exception was that of Queen Victoria. It was the size of St. Edward's Crown which led to the breach with tradition, for the crown that had been made to fit over the wig of Charles II could scarcely have been worn by the girl Queen. So St. Edward's Crown on that occasion was carried in the procession of the Regalia, but was not otherwise employed. The third exception was that of King Edward the Eighth, whose reign was cut short before his crowning.

The Crown consists of a circlet of gold studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls.

From the upper rim arise a series of ornamentations—fleur-de-lis and cross patté. Over the top rise two golden arches, indications of a hereditary and independent monarchy. You will notice that the arches at the centre fall, or are depressed. This is a token that it is a royal and not an Imperial crown. At the point where the arches intercept there is an orb of gold, and standing on the orb is a cross. Inside the Crown, to protect the head from the metal, is a cap of maintenance of purple velvet, trimmed with ermine. Such is the Crown of England, for which in the past men fought and were slain, but which is now the token of the unity of the peoples of our Empire.

Always the Crown of England has been jealously guarded. From the time of the Confessor it was placed in the safe keeping of the Abbey of Westminster. It was so precious that it could not be allowed to travel round the country with the King on his journeyings through his kingdom.

The Norman sovereigns were in the habit of appearing crowned in full state on the occasion of the three great festivals of the Church—Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun. Thus it came about that a second crown was necessary for their use, the Crown of State. This was the personal crown of the sovereign, which was altered from reign to reign, according to the personal taste of its wearer. The last time it was refashioned was by order of Queen Victoria, almost one hundred years ago. Since then it has only been dismantled and cleaned and the stones reset.

As you look at the two crowns side by side, you will not need

to be told that the silver Crown of State is more beautiful and of better workmanship than the golden Crown of St. Edward. You can see for yourself that it is altogether a more magnificent object. The jewels with which it is adorned are of much greater value. They include the Second Star of Africa, which was cut from the Cullinan diamond, the third largest diamond in existence. Displayed above it is the Black Prince's ruby. Pear-shaped pearls, which are said to have been the ear-rings of Queen Elizabeth, hang at the point of intersection of the arches. There is a large sapphire which was in Charles II's crown, and in the diamond cross surmounting all is a sapphire that tradition asserts was from the ring of King Edward the Confessor.

Altogether there are 2783 diamonds in the Imperial Crown of State, 277 pearls, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds, and 5 rubies. Like St. Edward's Crown, the Crown of State is lined with a cap of maintenance. One distinction you may notice: the arches of the Imperial State Crown are not depressed at the centre, but rise upwards—Imperial arches, as they are termed—denoting that this is the crown not of a kingdom but of an Empire.

The third crown of the King, the Crown of India, was the most recently made of the Regalia. It was specially constructed for King George V when he travelled out to the East to be crowned Emperor of India at the Durbar at Delhi in the year 1911. He was the first Western monarch to set foot on Indian soil. Amid scenes without precedent in the long history of Asia, the King Emperor and Queen Empress, enthroned on high beneath a golden dome, were acclaimed by over one hundred thousand of their subjects. The ceremonies were carried out with traditional Oriental splendour.

It would have been a memorable addition to the long associations of St. Edward's Crown had it been used for the Durbar at Delhi. But there is an ancient law which provides that the Crown of England may not be taken out of the country. So King George gave orders that a new crown should be constructed, and no less a sum than £70,000 was spent on producing a crown which should be worthy of the occasion. No fewer than 6000 precious stones

are displayed on this crown, most of them diamonds. The form is somewhat similar to the Imperial Crown of State, but the general effect is one of greater lightness and grace. Intersecting arches arise from the circlet supporting an orb of diamonds, on which stands a cross. There is a suggestion of the Orient in the use of a lotus flower as a decoration for the feet of the arches in place of the fleur-de-lis.

Another crown was made at the time of the last coronation, that of Queen Mary. This crown is notable in that diamonds only were used for its decoration. It contains three notable gems. In the front is the Koh-i-Noor, below which is the Fourth Star of Africa, cut from the Cullinan diamond. Above, in the cross surmounting the orb, is the pear-shaped Third Star of Africa. The arches which support the orb were made so that they could easily be removed on occasions when Queen Mary wore her crown as an open circlet.

Two of the other crowns were made for another Queen Mary—Mary of Modena, consort of James II. The crown which, as I have said, was also used at the coronation of Mary, wife of William III, is not of such beauty and magnificence as the others. No stones of colour adorn it, but only pearls and diamonds. The circlet, without arches, is a more splendid object of its kind, and no less than £110,000, an enormous sum in those days, was expended on its construction. In fact, there was a considerable criticism of King James for the manner in which he spent his money. In order to save expenditure, he abandoned the procession from the Tower of London to the Abbey, which had delighted the people on previous occasions. Twice the amount which he saved by depriving his subjects of their show was spent upon the adornment of his queen.

The seventh crown in the Regalia is that of the Prince of Wales. It is made of plain gold entirely, without a jewel in its construction, but having imitation clusters of gems and pearls carved in gold. Before the Restoration there was only a coronet for the use of the Prince of Wales, but Charles II ordered that an arch should be added, surmounted by the customary orb and

cross. It is strange that King Charles should have made this innovation for a Prince of Wales, seeing that he had no legitimate son to hold the title.

Such are the seven crowns in England's Regalia. Glibly enough we may quote the words, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown", but despite the saying, a crown is still one of the most coveted possessions in the world. The crown is one of the oldest symbols of royalty and authority. Its origin can be traced back to the very start of civilization as we know it, back before the days when history was written.

The Egyptians, if indeed they were the originators of the symbol, spread the idea throughout the lands of the East. Rich and ornamented head-dresses were worn by the kings of Assyria. A great cylindrical tiara was the crown of the monarch of Babylon. Silk seems to have been the original head-dress of the sovereigns of Persia. In Assyria the royal head-dress was like a bishop's mitre.

The antiquity of the symbol is only paralleled by the respect in which the crown was held. Our early Norman kings never failed to appear in their crowns on occasions of state, and even at these times there was a certain ceremonial which was observed. The king did not merely go to his safe, take out the crown, and lightly put it upon his head. The symbol of royalty was held in too great veneration for such casualness. When the king was to wear his crown, an archbishop, or a bishop deputed by him, had to be present to place it upon the king's brow. The proper person for this was always the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. It was a privilege that had been granted to the Primate of All England, and it was one that successive Primates always strove to preserve.

There is the case of Ralph of Escures who ruled over the English Church from 1114 till 1122. In the year before his death he was laid low by a stroke of palsy, and lost the use of his speech for a time. It was with the greatest difficulty that he found the strength to discharge the duties of his high office. In that year, 1121, King Henry I, having lost his first wife, decided to marry the young and beautiful daughter of Godfrey, Count of Louvain. The King did not wish that his wedding should be celebrated by the aged,

paralytic Primate. It was accordingly proposed that the marriage should take place at Windsor, which was then in the diocese of Salisbury, and that the Bishop of Salisbury should officiate.

The other bishops, however, would not agree to this. The King and Queen, they argued, were the special parishioners of the Archbishop, and they brought forward a host of learned legal and ecclesiastical points to uphold the right of Archbishop Ralph. If the truth be known, the bishops were probably not greatly concerned about maintaining the Primate's right, but each was determined to obstruct any other from enjoying so particular a distinction as that of celebrating the King's wedding. Be that as it may, Henry gave way, and the Archbishop duly joined Henry and Adela together as man and wife. On the following day, January 30, the Queen was to be crowned. It was an occasion on which Henry would himself wear his Crown of State, and custom required that it should be placed on his head by the Archbishop. But the King, out of pity no doubt for the tottering old man, dispensed with the ceremony, and placed the Crown upon his head with his own hands.

The service had begun. The Archbishop had taken his place near the altar, when his eye lighted upon the King. He saw him with his Crown upon his head, and realized that it had not been placed there by himself.

At once he rose, and with tottering pace descended the chancel steps to approach the King. Henry rose to meet him, showing every sign of respect. Then Archbishop Ralph, with as much haughtiness as his age permitted him, inquired who had placed the Crown upon the King's head. Henry, annoyed at the interruption, replied that it was a matter of no importance, that he had forgotten.

Then the Archbishop exclaimed: "Whoever he be that has done this, he has done it against right and justice. Nor so long as it remains on your head will I proceed with the office I have begun." It was an inauspicious commencement for the coronation, an anxious moment for all who were present. There was the young Queen waiting to receive the circlet of gold, there was

Henry seeking to do her every honour; there were peers of the realm and their ladies, the high officials of state; and before their eyes the aged Primate stood facing the King.

It might have been expected that Henry would display truly Norman wrath; but he knew when to be tactful as well as when to be commanding; and he humoured his old friend. "If, as you say, an act of injustice has been done," he said, "do what you think to be right. There will be no resistance on my part."

The Crown was fastened on the King's head by a clasp beneath the chin. He knew that the Archbishop's trembling fingers would not be able to undo the buckle, and so he himself unloosed the fastening. Archbishop Ralph removed the Crown from the royal head. Again there was an anxious moment for the assembled congregation. Would he replace it or, in his annoyance at the fancied slight, would he refuse to do so? The chronicler tells us that all present with a loud voice implored him to overlook the offence. The Archbishop silenced their fears. He replaced the Crown on the King's head, and then intoned the Gloria in Excelsis, to which the choir made the responses. Then the ceremony of crowning Queen Adela proceeded. The day concluded with joyous festivities, in which the incident that had threatened to mar the ceremonial was soon forgotten.

II-SCEPTRE AND BALL

The Sceptre through history. Investiture with the Orb. The five Coronation Swords. Story of the Golden Spurs. "Wedding ring of England". Most famous of all the Crown Jewels: (1) the Black Prince's Ruby; (2) The Koh-i-Noor; (3) The Cullinan diamond. What is the value of the Regalia of England?

Today the crown above all other tokens is the symbol of sovereignty. The very name is interchangeable with that of throne to designate the position which the sovereign holds.

It is not, however, the sole token of kingship, as we are reminded in those frequently quoted lines from Shakespeare, in which King Henry the Fifth exclaims against the pomp and ceremony of kingship:

"Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The intertissued robe of gold and pearl..."

The sceptre as emblem of sovereignty challenges in its antiquity the crown itself. Exactly how it became an ensign of sovereign power is disputed by learned antiquarians. Some take the view that the sceptre is descended from the shepherd's staff, and they point to the word it bears in Hebrew, which means a staff of wood.

On the other hand, the sceptre of the ancient Persians was shaped like a spear, and the Greek verb *Skepto*, from which the noun is derived, means to thrust, which is suggestive of its origin as a weapon.

The spear or lance, we are told, was a symbol of authority among the Anglo-Saxons. It appears certain enough that the use of the sceptre at our coronation service is to be traced back to the custom of the delivery of a spear to the newly made chief as token of his office.

There are five sceptres in the Regalia, of which the principal is the Royal Sceptre with Cross, which is ornamented with jewels of rare beauty and great value. It is made of gold, is about three feet in length, and is surrounded with three gems. The first of these is the magnificent diamond known as the Great Star of Africa, the largest cut from the Cullinan diamond. Weighing 516 carats, it is the largest cut diamond in the world. It was added to the sceptre by the direction of King Edward the Seventh, to whom, as I explain below, the Cullinan was presented in 1907.

This great jewel now overshadows the amethyst orb, which was previously the sceptre's chief ornament. Of amethysts this is a fine specimen, but these gems are not so highly prized now as

they were when it was set in the days of the Stuarts. The amethyst orb, placed above the diamond, forms the support for a cross patté, thickly set with diamonds.

This sceptre is borne by the King in his right hand. In his left hand is placed the Virge, or Sceptre with Dove. It is slightly larger than the other, being seven inches over three feet in length. The pommel is decorated with a fillet of diamonds. At the top, the cross surmounting the orb forms the perch for a dove with outstretched wings, executed in white enamel.

The dove from very ancient times has been regarded as a messenger for making known the will of God. As a symbol of peace it was a reminder to our ancestors of the tranquil days under the Confessor, which followed the expulsion of the Danes.

Two sceptres belong to the Queen—the Sceptre with Cross, and the Sceptre with Dove. There is also the Queen's Ivory Rod, which is placed in the Consort's left hand, and corresponds with the King's Sceptre with Dove.

Three pieces of ivory joined by gold bands go to make the shaft. On the top is a golden orb, surrounded by a cross from which rises a dove with closed wings. The dove is of white enamel with feet, beak, and eyes of gold.

Of sceptre-like appearance is the St. Edward's Staff. It is made of gold with a steel foot, and is surmounted by a golden mound and cross. The original staff, destroyed by the Puritans, contained what was claimed to be a relic of the Cross. It was placed in the sovereign's hands as he entered the Abbey and was carried by him to the Theatre. At modern coronations it is not borne by the sovereign himself, but by a peer walking immediately before the King in the procession.

The Orb, or Mound, as it is also called, is an emblem of sovereignty which has not so long a history behind it as the Crown and Sceptre. Its use originated, apparently, among the Roman emperors, to whom it may have been suggested by their title—Imperatores Orbis Terrarum. It was adopted as a token in general use by our Saxon kings, although it was not included in the coronation ceremonial of the investiture until a much later date.

VI SYMBOLS OF ROYALTY

angles of the cross, and three more at the ends of it. The height of Orb and cross is eleven inches.

Five swords are used on Coronation Day in the Abbey. Four of them are no more than carried in the procession; one alone has a place at the investiture ceremony.

As one sword is strikingly like another I shall not plague you with the details that go to make the difference between these five. Sufficient to say that the Sword of State is carried in the procession before the King. The jewelled Sword of State is the one with which the King is invested. It was specially made for the coronation of George IV, and such is the richness of the gems with which hilt and scabbard are ornamented that it is now worth several times the £6000 which was paid for it.

There are also the Sword of Justice to the Spirituality, with an obtuse end, an indication that in the ecclesiastical courts the sentences imposed have not the sharpness of death; and the Sword of Justice to the Temporality, which has a sharp point, as befits the token of justice for laymen. Finally there is the Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, of which the edge is blunted.

The Golden Spurs, symbols of chivalry, are made of solid gold. Once they were buckled on to the sovereign to be immediately removed, but at the coronation of Queen Anne it was considered sufficient that her heels should be touched with them, and that form of token investiture has continued ever since. This did not, however, deter George IV from having made a pair of richly embroidered straps, fastenings never to be employed.

There are also golden bracelets, or Armilla, in the Regalia, ancient emblems of sovereignty, but their use at coronations went out with the Tudors.

The last object of the Regalia I wish to mention is the Coronation Ring, the wedding ring of England, as it has been happily termed by the old writers. From earliest times the ring has been recognized as a token indicating the sovereign will. When Richard II resigned the crown to Henry IV the surrender of his ring was the ceremony which symbolized the transfer of the

crown. There is a contemporary record of the proceedings by a French writer who stated:

They [the archbishops] took the costly ring of the realm, wherewith they are wont to espouse their kings, which is, say they, their peculiar right. They bare it between them to the constable, whom they esteem, a notable knight, Lord Percy, and when he had taken the ring he shewed it openly to all who were there present; then he kneeled down, and put it upon the king's right hand by way of espousal. But I would not give a farthing for it; because this office was performed without right or justice. I do not say that it would not be a worthy thing, were it done as such a thing should have been.

When Pope Adrian VIII accorded his consent to the cession to Henry II of the Island of Ireland, he sent a large gold ring, set with a fine emerald, as a mark of investiture. A ring of gold was used at the investiture of Princes of Wales from the time of the third Edward.

I like the story of how King James the Second, when flying from the country in 1688, narrowly escaped losing his coronation ring, a Stuart relic which had belonged to both the ill-fated sovereigns, Mary Queen of Scots, and Charles the First of England. The following account is given in a book of contemporary memoirs:

The king kept the diamond bodkin which he had of the queen's, and the coronation ring, which for more security he put into his drawers. The captain, it appeared, was well acquainted with the disposition of his crew (one of whom cried out, "It is Father Petre—I know him by his lantern jaws"; a second called him an "old hatchet-faced Jesuit"; and a third, "a cunning old rogue", he would warrant him!) for, some time after he was gone, and probably by his order, several seamen entered the king's cabin, saying they must search him and the gentlemen, believing they had not given up all their money. The king and his companions told him they were at liberty to do so, thinking that their readiness would induce them not to persist; but they were mistaken; the sailors began their search with a roughness and rudeness which proved they were accustomed to the employment; at last, one of them, feeling about the king's knees, got hold of the diamond bodkin, and

cried out, with the usual oath, he had got a prize, but the king boldly declared he was mistaken. He had, indeed, scissors, a toothpick case, and little keys in his pocket, and what he felt was, undoubtedly, one of those articles. The man seemed incredulous, and rudely thrust his hand into the king's pocket, but in his haste, finding the things the king had mentioned, remained satisfied it was so. By this means the bodkin and ring were preserved.

This ring was among the relics of the Stuarts purchased in Rome for George IV.

Several of the jewels which add to the magnificence of the Regalia are stones with a name and a history.

There is the St. Edward's sapphire, in the centre of the cross surmounting the Crown of State, which is reputed to have been the stone which was set in the Confessor's Ring. Then there is the Stuart sapphire at the back of the circlet of the Imperial Crown of State, which was taken away by James II when he fled the country. But the most famous of all the Crown Jewels are the Black Prince's ruby, the Koh-i-noor diamond, and the Cullinan diamond.

I place the ruby first because it has been longest in our Regalia. Six hundred years ago this stone was one of the treasures which cost the King of Granada his life, for he was murdered by Pedro the Cruel of Castille, who coveted his jewels. It was presented by Don Pedro to the Black Prince in the year 1367 in recognition of the help given by the English knights at the Battle of Nagera. It was then added to the Regalia and was worn in the helmet of King Henry V at the Battle of Agincourt. Somehow it survived the chances of the Commonwealth and found its place in Charles the Second's Regalia. It narrowly escaped loss when Colonel Blood made his raid on the Crown Jewels, but was discovered in the pocket of one of Blood's associates. Since then it has found a safe and honoured place in the Crown of State.

Even more romantic is the story of the Koh-i-noor, the "Mountain of Light", which has a legendary history extending over five thousand years. It was found, we are assured, in one of the Golconda mines near the Kishna River in the State of Hyderabad,

and was worn by Karna, one of the legendary heroes of the sacred book of the Hindoos. Its authentic history begins about six hundred years ago.

It is a sad commentary on human nature that this magnificent example of nature's art should have been the cause of a succession of crimes. Theft, trickery, and murder form its record until it passed into the possession of the British crown.

It was lost to the Kings of Golconda by the treachery of a general, who some time in the sixteenth century presented it to the Great Mogul. Nadir Shah, Persian conqueror of India, wrested it by a trick from the Mogul Emperor Mohammed.

Nadir had captured the entire treasure of the Moguls, this stone alone excepted. For long the secret of its whereabouts baffled him, until it was revealed by a woman of the harem. Mohammed, she declared, wore the gem in his head-dress. Nadir insisted on exchanging his turban, glittering with many gems, for the plain head-gear of the Emperor, and thus at last gained the jewel, which in his delight he called "Mountain of Light". Its possession brought death to Nadir's son, and it passed to Afghan hands. Again there was a trail of suffering, and the diamond was gained by Runjeet Sing, the famous ruler of Lahore. This was the manner by which he acquired it:

Having heard that the Khan of Cabul possessed a diamond that had belonged to the Great Mogul, the largest and purest known, he invited the unfortunate owner to his court, and there, having him in his power, demanded the diamond. The guest, however, had provided himself against such a contingency, with a perfect imitation of the coveted jewel. After some show of resistance, he reluctantly acceded to the wishes of his powerful host. The delight of Runjeet was extreme, but of short duration; the lapidary to whom he gave orders to mount his new acquisition pronouncing it to be merely a bit of crystal. The mortification and rage of the despot were unbounded. He immediately ordered the palace of the Khan to be invested, and ransacked from top to bottom. For a long while, all search was vain. At last a slave betrayed the secret; the diamond was found concealed beneath a heap of ashes. Runjeet Sing had it set in an armlet, between two diamonds each the size of a sparrow's egg.

Following the Mutiny, and the annexation of the Punjab, the diamond was presented to Queen Victoria. The stone that is now to be seen in the Queen's Crown, magnificent though it be, is only a small part of the great gem that was once the Koh-i-Noor. Originally, we are told, it weighed 793 carats, but was reduced by an unskilled stone-cutter in India to 280 carats. When it was shown at the Great Exhibition in London in 1851, it turned the scales at 186 carats, but thereafter the jewellery experts advised that it should be reset to show it off to greater advantage. It was worked on once again by the Court jeweller. The Duke of Wellington gave the first touch to the grinding, which occupied the labours of thirty-eight days. The gem was thus reduced to its present size of 106 carats.

The Koh-i-Noor, therefore, is of a lesser order of magnificence compared with the finest jewels which were cut from the Cullinan diamond. This great gem weighed no less than 3025 carats, or one and a half pounds, when it was first placed upon the scales, following its chance discovery in a rock to the north-west of Pretoria, one January day in the year 1905.

The finding of this, the largest uncut diamond in the world, was due to the sharp eyes of Captain M. F. Wells, who was going his rounds as manager of the Premier Mine, which had been opened only two years previously. The gleam of a bright flash of light from a wall of yellow ground eighteen feet below the surface was the clue which resulted in the great stone being brought to view. It received its name from the chairman of the mining company, Sir Thomas Cullinan, who died only a few months ago.

England and her sovereigns are indebted to the two great South African warrior statesmen General Botha and General Smuts for the thought which led to the Cullinan being presented to King Edward the Seventh two years afterwards. These two South Africans, who had fought against England in the Boer War, were striving for the betterment of relations between their Dominion and the Motherland. What better token, they thought, could there be of South Africa's loyalty to the Crown, than to present the greatest jewel in the world to the occupant of the

Imperial throne? The idea thus happily conceived was carried out, thanks to the generosity of the Government of the Transvaal, which bought the stone for the sum of £150,000 and presented it to King Edward on his sixty-sixth birthday, November 9, 1907. In a happily phrased message they expressed the hope that the gem, representing a Greater South Africa, would become one of the brightest jewels in the British crown. And so it has proved.

The Cullinan diamond as a single entity does not exist today. It was cleaved and cut at Amsterdam into nine larger and ninety-six smaller brilliants. The largest of these bear the name of Stars of Africa, and, as I have explained above, they now add lustre to the Regalia. The principal stones and their weights are:

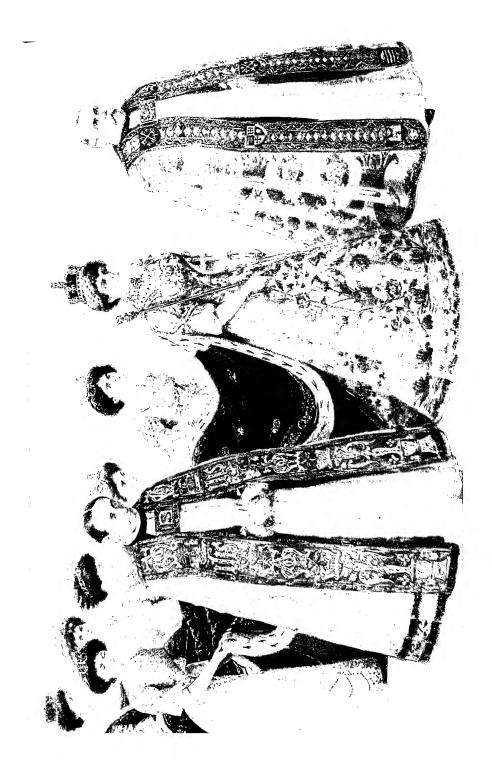
		VVE	IGHI
Great Star of Africa, in the Sceptre .	•	$516\frac{1}{2}$	carats
Second Star of Africa, in the Crown of State	•	309	,,
Third Star of Africa \(\) Both in Queen Mary	r's	$\int 9^2$,,
Fourth Star of Africa Crown		$\begin{cases} 62 \end{cases}$,,

TATETOTIST

Now you have some idea of the history and magnificence of the Regalia of England. Would you like to make a guess at the value of all these golden crowns and orbs, sceptres and the rest, and the jewels with which they are set? Enough, you may reply, to furnish a king's ransom; but that is not very precise. Mr. E. F. Twining, M.B.E., author of the invaluable short guide to the Regalia and Crown Jewels, makes a more detailed estimate.

The stones [he says] which were cut from the great Cullinan diamond have been said to be worth £1,000,000; the Koh-i-noor has been valued at £140,000; and the Black Prince's ruby at £110,000. The Imperial Crown of India cost £70,000 in 1911; the Diadem of Queen Mary of Modena cost, it is said, £110,000 to make; while the Jewelled Sword cost £6,000 in 1823.

Allowing for the variations in the prices of stones which are brought about by changes in fashion, he suggests that a sum of "five million pounds would not buy the whole collection".



This splendid picture shows Queen Mary after her coronation. She is wearing her Crown. In her right hand is the Sceptre with Cross; in her left the Ivory Rod with Dove. Two bishops attend her, the Bishop of Oxford on her left and the Bishop of Peterborough on her right. Six ladies bear her Majesty's train and at the rear is the Mistress of the Robes, on that occasion the Duchess of Devonshire. (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Hudson & Kearns.)

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Five million pounds! What a treasure to be accumulated in the narrow space of the Jewel House of the Tower! What an attraction for the super-burglar! Treasonous thought, do you say? Do you imagine that no burglar would ever venture to contemplate so awful a crime as that of making a raid on the Crown Jewels of England? You are wrong. The value of the jewels and the high regard in which they are held as part of our national heritage proved no safeguard for them in the past, as their history attests. But that must be told in a new chapter.



VII THE REGALIA'S HISTORY

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THE REGALIA'S HISTORY

The Westminster Abbey Jewel Robbery; through a breach of trust, the Abbey loses the privilege of keeping the royal treasures.

Cromwell and the Puritans sell the priceless Regalia for a song. Colonel Blood, masquerading as a parson, steals the Crown Jewels, but is caught red-handed. A fire of 1841 which menaced the Jewel House

WESTMINSTER ABBEY had the privilege in former days of providing a treasure-house for the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Ball, and all the relics which go to form the Regalia. Now the Regalia is kept for public exhibition in the Tower of London Only at the time of a coronation are the jewels entrusted to the Abbey's keeping.

But it was not for the convenience of the sightseers, who in thousands every year now pass in and out of the Wakefield Tower, that they were transferred to the Tower. The reason for the change is to be found in a burglary of six hundred years ago, —one of the biggest burglaries in the history of crime. It is also one of the sorriest passages in the history of our venerated Abbey at Westminster.

The burglars made off with spoils which in modern values were worth about a million pounds. And some of the monks of Westminster were concerned in the crime. It was a shameful breach of trust, and thus it came about that the Abbey lost the privilege of providing for the safe keeping of the royal treasures from coronation to coronation.

In those far-away days there were no banks and safe deposits in which people could store their valuables, and no police force to keep burglars in check. Oak chests with great bands of iron round them and numerous locks were used by rich people as safes. But for objects so precious as the Crown Jewels of England some very special place of safe custody was necessary.

The great churches and monasteries were then the safest places in the land, because few people dared to break into the House of God, and in Norman England no religious house had a greater reputation than the Abbey of St. Peter at Westminster.

Edward the Confessor had granted to this Abbey the right of guarding the national insignia and the privilege was confirmed by several of the Popes at Rome.

The Crown Jewels were kept in the crypt of the Chapter House, a place with walls so thick that it was impossible to break them down. There was a great double door which could only be opened by the use of seven huge keys. This was the treasury of England, made safe not only by the impenetrable walls, but by the reputation which the Abbey enjoyed as an inviolable sanctuary as the last resting-place of Holy Edward. Here the Norman kings kept not merely their crowns and their jewels, but the money with which they paid their servants and household and their armies. It was a great trust which was confided to the Benedictine monks.

It was the year 1303. King Edward I was on the march in the North during one of his campaigns against the Scots. Before setting out he had gathered together large sums of money which he had banked in the strong-room in Westminster Abbey. One night, as he was at Linlithgow, a messenger came posting from the South with bad news. The royal treasury had been broken open and the thieves had made off with the bulk of its contents. The crowns and some of the jewels they had not dared to remove because of the difficulty and danger of disposing of them; but all the commoner articles of gold and silver and all the money which Edward had collected to pay for the Scottish war had been seized.

It was a bitter blow for the King; and his wrath was terrible. He could not himself break off the war and travel south; but he gave peremptory orders that immediate steps should be taken to track the robbers and, what was more important, to recover the booty. You can imagine the good round words in which King Edward expressed himself; or perhaps he could not find language strong enough to do the occasion justice.

Anyway, the King's men in London lost no time in taking some sort of action. Their first step was to throw the Abbot of Westminster and forty-eight monks into prison in the Tower of London, an honourable but uneasy resting-place.

That was easy, but it was not so easy to track down the guilty party.

What a story it would have been to read in the newspapers, if there had been newspapers to read in, as piece by piece the circumstances of the crime were pieced together! First there was a broken treasury. Then a door forced open. Then a ladder near a window. It was plain how the thieves had gained what we term "access to the premises".

Next, attention was directed to a surprising circumstance—in the graveyard near the Cloisters there had sprung up that spring a crop of hemp, a plant which grows quickly and tall, providing good cover. It was a cunning move on the part of the burglars. They could not take away all the heavy burden of the valuables in the course of a single visit, and so had contrived a hiding-place for the concealment of their spoil as they removed the gold and jewels in a series of nightly raids on the treasury.

So they had prepared their plans well in advance and had sown the hemp seed. The crop grew well, and night after night the raiders had carried their booty out of the treasury and dumped it amidst the hemp until all was ready for its final removal to the River Thames, so to be borne by boat across the river.

It took a long while for the Lord Mayor of London and the Master of the Wardrobe, who were charged with the duty of investigation, to unravel the plot, and longer still to bring home the guilt. For two years Abbot Wenlock and his forty-eight companions lived the lives of prisoners in the Tower under grave suspicion before their innocence was proved—that is, the innocence

of all but two, for it was at last established that the Sub-Prior and the Sacrist had been concerned in the burglary. These two had worked from the inside in treacherous partnership with a travelling merchant named Richard de Podlicote. History is silent as to the fate of the robbers; but from what we know of the methods of punishment employed in the Middle Ages, we can imagine that the penalty did not fall short of their deserts.

As a consequence of this failure to discharge the responsibilities of guardianship, the Abbey was deprived of the exclusive right and privilege of safeguarding the royal possessions. Some valuables were removed to the greater security of the Tower of London; and some years later there was built by order of King Edward III, on a plot of ground in Westminster Abbey, the King's Jewel House, a building which may still be seen at the end of College Mews on the eastern boundary of the old College Garden.

Despite the disgrace, however, the Abbey was still permitted to retain some articles of the Regalia, which continued to be kept there for another three hundred years and more. Then came events in our history which were more disastrous to the Regalia than the depredations of medieval burglars. Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans were the great revolutionaries of English history, and they refashioned the life of the nation. They hated the stage; so they closed the theatres. They hated the way that some of the church people worshipped; so they cleaned out the churches. Above all, they hated the King and the idea of kingship; so they sent Charles I to execution and they destroyed the articles of the Regalia whose existence might, they feared, foster ideas about kingship.

Whether you admire Cromwell and the Puritans or whether you detest them, whether you believe in having a king or a republic, whatever the feelings you may have on these questions, you cannot but feel grief and regret that in furtherance of their principles the Puritan party should have carried out the destruction of the ancient relics of English monarchy. They had been brought together over a period of centuries. They included

what was believed to be the very crown which was used for King Alfred the Great. There was the Imperial Crown of "Masy" gold", the Queen's Crown, a small crown, probably that of the boy King Edward VI; there were bracelets and spurs, staffs and sceptres. A list of them was prepared, and against each was entered the value which was placed upon it—the value of the gold and the jewels. Thus "the imperial crowne" was entered at £1110; "the queene's crowne" at £338 3s. 4d.; Queen Edith's "crowne (formerly thought to be of massy gould, but upon trial found to be of silver gilt) f.16 os. od.; King Alfred's crowne of goulde wyerworke, set with slight stones and 2 little bells, £,248 10s. od.; a large staff with a dove on ye top, formerly thought to be all goulde, but upon trial found to be ye lower part wood within and silver gilt without, £2 10s. od.; one crimson taffaty robe, very old, 10s.; one pair of shoes of cloth of goulde, 2s., and an old combe of home worth nothing".

The reckoning took no account of the sentimental and historic value to be placed upon such relics. In these days when hundreds of pounds are paid for mementoes of Nelson and Napoleon, it would be difficult to estimate the auction-room record which might be created at the sale of "King Alfred's crowne of goulde wyerworke" which had been used for the crowning of English sovereigns up to the time of the ill-fated Charles I. Even for the "old combe of horne worth nothing" an American millionaire would be prepared to pay a price that would stagger the unsentimental republicans of 1649.

There was some opposition; but at last Parliament was induced to make an order for the Regalia to be "totallie broken up and defaced" and the metal and jewels disposed of at market price. Henry Marten, a regicide, broke open the doors of the ancient treasury in Westminster Abbey and the huge iron chest containing the Regalia was produced. A disgraceful scene followed, in which the republicans, inspired by George Withers, the poet, made a mockery of the ancient tokens of royalty. Withers, we are told, "being crowned and royally arrayed, first marched about the room with a stately gait, and, afterwards, with a thousand

ridiculous and apish actions, exposed the sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter".

Some of the royal jewels were in custody of Sir Henry Mildmay, Master of the Jewel House at the Tower of London. He was much censored by supporters of the King for allowing the emblems of royalty to pass out of his charge to the Puritans. The Earl of Pembroke, for instance, who died not long afterwards, was so incensed at what he considered to be Sir Henry's breach of trust that he left the sum of £50 in his will with the following directions:

Because I threatened Sir Henry Mildmay, but did not beat him, I give £50 to the footman who cudgell'd him. Item, my will is that the said Sir Harry shall not meddle with my jewells. I knew him when he served the Duke of Buckingham, and, since, how he handled the crowne jewells, for both which reasons I now name him the knave of diamonds.

Republican ideas went out with the Restoration, and England soon had need of a new Regalia. The jewels which the Puritans had so light-heartedly destroyed had to be replaced for King Charles II. The precious metals and gems money could and did restore at a cost of £31,978 compared with £3650 which the Puritan gem-breakers had received; but the historic associations of the ancient symbols were lacking. There could be no replacement of the "crowne of goulde wyerworke". Thus it comes about that our Regalia, great though is its historic interest, is not of such high antiquity as that of the sister kingdom of Scotland, whose Regalia is now exhibited to the public in Edinburgh Castle. Of our Crown Jewels only the Ampulla and Spoon are believed to be survivals of the collection which at Puritan direction Parliament in 1649 ordered to be destroyed.

It was in Stuart times that the custom began of exhibiting the Crown Jewels to sightseers at the Tower of London, and this very nearly involved the loss of the new Regalia. On the Restoration, Sir Henry Mildmay was deposed from his guardianship, and the mastership of the Jewel House was given to a loyal subject, Sir Gilbert Talbot. For some reason the salary of the office was considerably reduced, and Sir Gilbert, in order to make up the deficiency, was allowed to permit the public to inspect the Crown Jewels. The fees received reached a very considerable sum, for in the reaction that followed the passing of the Commonwealth there was a wave of royal popularity, and the new jewels became the object of much public curiosity. The precautions taken to safeguard the treasures were not, however, adequate, as Colonel Blood was soon to demonstrate.

This ruffianly Irishman had been a soldier in the Puritan Army; and after the Restoration he was involved in several discreditable enterprises. Once he kidnapped the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, against whom he had a grudge; for this a price of £1000 was placed on Blood's head. He was a man of reckless character, "as gallant hardy a villain", according to one who knew him, "as ever herded in that sneaking sect of the Anabaptists". His plans for stealing the Crown Jewels, upon which he placed the exaggerated value of £100,000, testified alike to his daring and to the limitations of the guardianship exercised over the Jewel House by Edwards, the elderly man whom Sir Gilbert Talbot employed as actual custodian.

One spring day in the year 1671 a clergyman was among the sightseers at the Tower of London. He was accompanied by his wife, and they asked to be shown the Crown Jewels. They were about to be conducted round the Jewel Chamber, when the clergyman's wife became suddenly ill, to the great distress of her husband. Edwards, the keeper, was all sympathy, and invited the clergyman and his wife into his own house while Mrs. Edwards gave the lady some restoratives.

By this means "Parson Blood", for it was he disguised as a clergyman, began an acquaintance with the custodian of the jewels. A few days later he returned to the Tower to present Mrs. Edwards with four pairs of gloves as a mark of his appreciation of her hospitality, and with his easy manners Blood produced a most favourable impression, so that he found it easy to arrange a further meeting. It appeared that he and his wife were so appreciative of the kindness Mrs. Edwards had done them, that

they were prepared to arrange a handsome marriage for Keeper Edwards's pretty daughter. "You have", said Colonel Blood, "a pretty young gentlewoman for your daughter; and I have a young nephew who has two or three hundred a year in land, and is at my disposal. If your daughter be free and you approve it, I will bring him here to see her, and we will endeavour to make it a match."

The worthy couple were much gratified; and Parson Blood was invited to dine at the Tower the following day, when arrangements were made for the nephew to meet the charming Miss Edwards. The sequel is best told in the words of the contemporary historian.

The good old gentleman had got up ready to receive his guest, and the daughter was in her best dress, to entertain her expected lover; when, behold, Parson Blood, with three more, came to the Jewel House, all armed with rapier blades in their canes, and every one a dagger, and a brace of pocket pistols. Two of his companions entered with him, on pretence of seeing the crown, and the third stayed at the door, as if to look after the young lady, a jewel of a more charming description, but in reality, as a watch. The daughter, who thought it not modest to come down until she was called, sent a maid to take a view of the company, and bring a description of her gallant; and the servant, conceiving that he was the intended bridegroom who stayed at the door, being the youngest of the party, returned to soothe the anxiety of her young mistress with the idea she had formed of his person.

Meanwhile, in the Jewel House, Blood and his companions had set about the poor old unsuspecting Mr. Edwards.

Blood told Edwards that they would not go upstairs until his wife came, and desired him to show his friends the crown until then; and they had no sooner entered the room, and a door, as usual, shut, than a cloak was thrown over the old man's head, and a gag put in his mouth. Thus secured, they told him that their resolution was to have the crown, globe, and sceptre; and if he would quietly submit to it, they would spare his life; otherwise he was to expect no mercy. He thereupon made all the noise he possibly could, to be heard above; they then knocked him down with a wooden mallet, and told him "that

if he would lie quietly, they would spare his life; but if not, upon his next attempt to discover them, they would kill him".

Mr. Edwards, however, according to his own account, was not intimidated by this threat, but strained himself to make the greater noise, and in consequence received several more blows on the head, with the mallet, and was stabbed in the belly; this again brought the poor old man to the ground, where he lay for some time in so senseless a state that one of the villains pronounced him dead. Edwards had come a little to himself, and, hearing this, lay quietly, conceiving it best to be thought so.

The booty was now to be disposed of, and one of them, named Parrot, secreted the orb; Blood held the crown under his cloak, and the third was about to file the sceptre in two, in order that it might be placed in a bag, brought for that purpose, but fortunately, the son of Mr. Edwards, who had been in Flanders with Sir John Talbot, and, on his landing, had obtained leave to come away, post, to visit his father, happened to arrive while this scene was acting, and on coming to the door, the person who stood sentinel, asked with whom he would speak? to which he answered he belonged to the house; and, perceiving the person to be a stranger, told him that if he had any business with his father, that he would acquaint him with it, and so hastened up to salute his friends. This unexpected accident spread confusion among the party, and they instantly decamped with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre yet unfiled.

The aged keeper now raised himself on his legs, forced the gag from his mouth, and cried treason! murder! which being heard by his daughter, who was, perhaps, waiting anxiously for other sounds, ran out and reiterated the cry. The alarm now became general, and young Edwards and his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, ran after the conspirators; whom a warder put himself in a position to stop, but Blood proceeded safely to the next post; where one Sill, who had been a soldier under Cromwell, stood sentinel; but he offered no opposition, and they accordingly passed the drawbridge.

Horses were waiting for them at St. Catherine's gate, and as they ran that way along the Tower wharf, they themselves cried out "stop the rogues!" by which they passed on unsuspected, till Captain Beckman overtook them. Blood fired a pistol at his head, but missed him, and was seized. Under the cloak of this daring villain was found the crown, and although he saw himself a prisoner, he had yet the impudence to struggle for his prey; and when it was finally wrested from him said, "it was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful; it was for a crown!"

Parrot was also arrested. A third member of the party, a Thomas Hunt, son-in-law of Blood, rode off some way on his horse, but he, too, was stopped at last after a struggle in which pearls and diamonds were knocked out of the crown he was carrying and fell into the mud. They were, however, recovered, so that although the Crown Jewels were damaged, nothing of any great value was lost.

Colonel Blood must have had a very winning way about him, for although he was caught red-handed, he succeeded not only in escaping punishment, but in winning the favour of the King. He made a bold face of it when he was brought before Charles to be cross-examined, and, by means of cajolery, threats and the combination of easy manners and insolence, secured pardon for himself. Presently he rose in favour at Court and a pension of $\pounds 500$ a year was conferred on him, so that the wits grew satirical over the affair and one of them wrote:

Blood that wears treason in his face, Villain complete in parson's gown, How muche he is at court in grace For stealing Ormond and the crown! Since loyalty does no man good, Let's steal the King, and outdo Blood.

Poor Keeper Edwards, for all his loyalty, was infinitely worse off. An order was made that £200 should be paid to him from the Exchequer and £100 to his son, without whose intervention the raid would have succeeded, but great difficulty was experienced in extracting a payment from the Exchequer; and the old man was at last forced to sell the order authorizing the grant for half of the £200 he should have received. Thus he raised the money to pay his doctor's bill. Three years later he died, being then eighty years of age, and was buried in the Chapel of the Tower. Colonel Blood outlived him by six years, when he died "peacefully in his bed, fearlessly, and without the signs of penitence, totally hardened and forsaken by Heaven".

After this incident, greater precautions were taken to safeguard

the Crown Jewels, but though the risk of robbery was reduced, they narrowly escaped destruction by fire in the Round or Bowyer Tower in the year 1841. For a time it seemed that the Jewel House and its contents could scarcely be saved, so swift was the advance of the flames. Mr. Swifte, Keeper of the Jewels, with some Tower warders, made their way into the building, despite the great heat and dense smoke, but they had not the keys to open the strong-room. The keys were with the Lord Chamberlain, and before they could have been fetched the place would have been destroyed.

So under the direction of a police superintendent named Pierse, the Jewel Chamber was broken open with a crowbar. Superintendent Pierse contrived to scramble through the aperture that was forced in the grating, and one by one he handed out the articles of the Regalia, which were passed from hand to hand and carried outside to a place of safety. The men worked in an atmosphere of stifling heat, and all the while they heard shouts from without calling them to run to safety before it was too late. The party, however, remained until all the jewels had been removed. Then when they ran out their clothes dropped from them, having been charred away by the intense heat.

VIII OFFICIALS AT THE CEREMONY

VIII

OFFICIALS AT THE CEREMONY

How the Court of Claims works. The meaning of "grand serjeanty".

Rights of the chief ecclesiastical officers. Four great officers of state and their duties. Picturesque offices of the past. The romance of the King's Champion. Knights of the Bath

AGREAT nation's reverence for the traditions of the past is nowhere more apparent than at the coronation ceremony. Small wonder, then, that those persons who assist at the ceremony, whether in a considerable or inconsiderable capacity, adjudge themselves singularly fortunate.

Persons participating in the coronation ceremony can be divided into two classes: (a) those who perform their office by right of duty, (b) those who have to prove their claim to perform certain duties, including those who claim but could not succeed unless the full and ancient ceremonies were restored. The offices claimed, states *English Coronation Records*, are of three kinds: "those which are hereditary, those which are an appanage to a title, and those which are performed owing to the tenure of lands by grand serjeanty". This last is a survival of a system whereby land was held from the king on condition that some special service was rendered in person to the monarch.

In ancient times the tenant paid fealty in various ways, from carrying a sword before the king at his coronation, or leading his army, to tendering him a rose on Midsummer Day, or a bundle of faggots. To this day the City of London Corporation yearly presents horseshoes, nails, and a bundle of faggots to the King's Remembrancer as "quit rent" for certain lands held from the Crown.

Before each coronation, a Court of Claims, itself a body of

great antiquity, is set up to hear petitions for offices and perquisites. The records of the Court of Claims date from the accession of Richard II, although the Court may have had its beginning seven hundred years ago at the crowning of Henry III's queen. However that may be, in 1377 John of Gaunt, as Lord High Steward or Grand Seneschal of England, presided over a Court of Claims in the White Hall of the Palace of Westminster for Richard II's coronation. Today it sits in the Privy Council Office in Whitehall.

At the Court of Claims held before the coronations of King Edward VII and King George V, a small committee selected from the Coronation Committee of the Privy Council constituted the Court—a precedent for the ceremony of 1937.

The Court met to consider claims for King Edward's Coronation on November 26. Owing to the illness of the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Hailsham, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Hewart, presided at the meeting held in the Council Chamber of the Privy Council in Downing Street. Six other members of the Committee were present, including the Earl Marshal, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Rolls. The claims were decided in accordance with the precedent of 1910. Later it was specially provided that the claims admitted for King Edward's Coronation should be deemed admitted for the Coronation of King George. The Court, however, had to meet again to consider claims arising from the crowning of Queen Elizabeth.

Most of the claims which come before the Court are on account of grand serjeanty, the honorary services of which tenures are now the only ones existing. Of the other two grounds, the hereditary and the "appanage to a title", not more than five or six offices all told have been regularly allowed.

In olden times the pageantry far surpassed that of the last hundred years, and as a consequence many claims upheld then have to be disallowed now because of the curtailment of the pageantry. There was the procession from the Tower to Westminster Hall before the coronation, abolished by James II. There was that tremendous spectacle, the procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey and the return to the Hall for the banquet, in which many hundreds took part; thus it was that when the Westminster Hall ceremonies were dispensed with, the services and attendance of many persons were ruled out.

Let us first consider the ecclesiastical officers. Some authorities state that it was William the Conqueror who bestowed, for all time, the privilege of crowning our sovereigns on the Archbishops of Canterbury; on the other hand, an historian of William's time states that this privilege was "of ancient date". The truth may be that William definitely nominated the southern Primate through fear that some rebel Archbishop of York might crown a rebel chieftain of the North. Crowning the queen consort was always regarded as the honour of the Archbishop of York after the northern Primate crowned William the Conqueror's queen.

The Archbishop of York has never claimed a coronation "fee", whereas the Archbishop of Canterbury has always received as "fee" the purple velvet chair, cushion, and footstool which he uses during the ceremony.

Three ecclesiastics have the "appanage-to-a-title" right to assist. These are the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the Dean of Westminster. The petitions of the Bishops of Durham and of Bath and Wells to support the sovereign are worded thus:

The humble petition . . . sheweth: that his predecessors have from time to time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary been used to support the Kings and Queens of England at solemnities, and in the procession on the day of their Coronation.

Your petitioner therefore humbly prays that he may be permitted to perform the said service at His Majesty's Coronation, according to the aforesaid custom and usage, with all the privileges thereto belonging.

The Bishop of Durham has the right to walk on the sovereign's right hand; the Bishop of Bath and Wells to walk on his left hand. These privileges have belonged to the holders of these sees since Charles II's time.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster claim the right to

be present to "instruct the King in the rites and ceremonies; and to assist the Archbishop of Canterbury; and to have cloth, etc. for fee". They do this as inheritors of the rights and privileges possessed by the Abbot and brethren of St. Peter.

Let us consider next the lay officers at the ceremony. There are four great officers of state: (1) the Lord High Steward, (2) the Lord Great Chamberlain, (3) the Lord High Constable, and (4) the Earl Marshal.

- (1) In the Anglo-Saxon England the Lord High Steward, the steadward or ward of the king's "place", was what may be described as the sovereign's deputy or viceroy. When Richard II was crowned, as has been mentioned, John of Gaunt was Lord High Steward by hereditary right. However, when his own son ascended the throne as Henry IV, the office was embodied in the Crown; it was too powerful an office to be held by one man. Since then it has been revived only for limited periods during special occasions, chief of which are coronations and trials of peers. At the coronation the Lord High Steward, by ancient right, walks before the sovereign and carries the Crown of St. Edward. The Duke of Northumberland performed this office at the coronation of King George V.
- (2) The Lord Great Chamberlainship, not to be confused with the office of the Lord Chamberlain, who is the chief official of the royal household, is an hereditary office. There were three claimants in 1902, and when the matter was referred to the House of Lords the office was divided between the Earl of Ancaster, the Marquess of Cholmondeley, and the representatives of the Marquess of Lincolnshire. The holder of the office changes with each reigning monarch, and his duties begin immediately the new king is proclaimed. Lord Cholmondeley, who was Lord Great Chamberlain during the reign of Edward VIII, occupies the office in alternate reigns, and Lord Ancaster and Lord Lincolnshire's representative once each in every four reigns. This is because Lord Cholmondeley holds a half-moiety and the other two a quarter each.

The present Lord Great Chamberlain is the Earl of Ancaster. The office dates back to 1133, and the holder has charge of the

Palace of Westminster, particularly the House of Lords; when the sovereign opens parliament in person he is responsible for the arrangements. At the Coronation the Lord Great Chamberlain helps to invest the King.

- (3) The office of Lord High Constable was hereditary until 1521, when Henry VIII abolished it. Like the Lord High Stewardship, it is revived only for special occasions. The great Duke of Wellington held this office at three coronations—those of George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria. The duties of the High Constable are to attend the monarch and to assist at the reception of the Regalia. The Duke of Fife was Lord High Constable at the last coronation.
- (4) The Earl Marshal may be described as the organizer-inchief of the coronation. This hereditary office is now held by the young Duke of Norfolk, whose first important state ceremonial was the funeral of King George V. Gilbert de Clare, later Earl of Pembroke, was the first recorded Earl Marshal; he held the post eight hundred years ago. As a result of the extinction of some families and the fortune of war, it passed through a succession of holders. In 1672 King Charles II granted it to Henry, Lord Howard, later Duke of Norfolk, and to his heirs, in whom it has continued. Among rights formerly claimed by the Earl Marshal were close proximity to the sovereign during the ceremony to render assistance in settling the crown on the king's head, and to hold the crown by the "flower" (fleur-de-lis) during the remainder of the solemnity. It was his duty also on coronation day and all important festivals to prevent untoward disturbance in the presence of the sovereign and to act as High Usher. His perquisites were the horses on which the king and queen had arrived to be crowned; the bridles and the saddles; the tablecloth used by the king at the banquet; the cloth of estate which hung behind the king; parts of swans and cranes served to the king; and—not least—the fines from persons committed to custody during coronation day.

Today, as an official whose job is no sinecure, the Earl Marshal carries a considerable burden. He instructs the peers and peeresses

on the robes and coronets to be worn and, in short, orders the arrangements of the entire proceedings. He is Head of the Heralds' College, and on coronation day is assisted by members of the College of Arms.

According to that invaluable volume, Wollaston's Coronation Claims, one other office—the Carrying of the Great Spurs—was always regarded as hereditary until this century. But the judgment of the Court of Claims of 1901–02 was that Lord Grey de Ruthyn's claim was not established. At the last coronation, however, further evidence was adduced and the office was shared by Lord Grey de Ruthyn and the Earl of Loudoun, who each carried a spur. On this occasion there were three claims—on behalf of Lord Hastings, on behalf of Lord Churston, and on behalf of a deputy to act for the Countess of Loudoun, Viscountess St. Davids, Lady Flora Rawdon-Hastings, Mr. J. W. L. Butler-Bowdon, and the Hon. Lady Bellingham. The Court found the claim of each to be established and that "it would be referred to the pleasure of His Majesty as to how such service shall be performed".

Let us now glance at some other of the picturesque offices of the past. Amongst claims wholly or partly allowed at the last coronation were:

Barons of the Cinque Ports: in latter years the Barons of the Cinque Ports have had to reconsider their claim. Their ancient request was to carry over the sovereign in the coronation procession a canopy of cloth of gold or purple silk, ornamented with silver-gilt bells and borne upon four staves; according to a twelfth-century record, this was the Cinque Ports' reward or the services they had rendered to King John on his voyages to and from Normandy. But with the abandonment of the Westminster Hall ceremonial, the Barons have had to claim—"if Canopies are not used"—to be assigned a station within the Abbey and to attend on the king. Looking back on history, we find the Barons putting up a vigorous fight for their rights on various occasions. They had to scrimmage with the royal footmen at Charles II's coronation in order to retain the canopy; at the crowning of William and Mary and of George III, however, they

lost their privileged places near the sovereign at the banquet. The Cinque Ports today embrace Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, Sandwich, Rye, and Winchelsea.

The Earl of Errol: as Lord High Constable of Scotland, bearing a silver baton weighing twelve ounces tipped with gold at each end, with the king's arms on one end, and his own on the other. A new baton is provided for each coronation.

The Lord Mayor of London: to attend in the Abbey and bear the crystal mace. At one time the Lord Mayor and twelve representatives of the commonalty of London were privileged to assist the Chief Butler. The Mayor, Bailiffs, and commonalty of Oxford once had a like privilege of assistance.

Henry Scrymgeour-Wedderburn (the name "Scrymgeour" means "good fighter"): Hereditary Standard Bearer for Scotland, to carry the royal or any other standard of Scotland in Westminster Abbey.

The Walker Trustees: this claim to exercise the office of Usher of the White Rod of Scotland by deputy showed that the petitioners were incorporated in 1877 by Act of Parliament ("The Walker Trust Act"). Their claim was that the office was conveyed to them by the trust-deed of their foundress, the late Miss Mary Walker of Coates and Drumsheugh, in the county of Midlothian, "who had inherited the office as eventual heiress of her sister, Miss Barbara Walker, and their brother, Sir Patrick Walker". That is to say, Sir Patrick Walker, who attended George IV's coronation as Usher of the White Rod, bequeathed the office to his sisters. The Usher of the White Rod was not permitted to be present at the coronations of King William IV and of Queen Victoria, but at the coronations of King Edward VII and King George V the claimants' right to be present by deputy was approved. Again it has been allowed.

The Duke of Newcastle (as Lord of the Manor of Worksop, in Nottinghamshire): to provide a scarlet glove for the king's right hand, and to support the king's right arm while he held the sceptre.

Lord Shrewsbury: to carry a White Staff as a symbol of his office of Lord High Steward of Ireland.

The Clerk of the Crown: this is an office of immemorial antiquity. From the earliest times the Clerk of the Crown has recorded the judgments of the Court of Claims and been present at the coronation to compile the official record known as the Coronation Roll. The present Clerk of the Crown is Sir Claud Schuster.

Next we must notice claims which did not succeed at the last coronation. First mention must be given to that astonishing relic of our feudal past, the King's Champion. Its origin is shrouded in cloudy romance and legend, but it would appear that it was a custom brought from Normandy by William the Conqueror. When the Dukes of Normandy were inaugurated, a member of a family holding the barony of Fonteney appeared as the duke's champion. And when Robert de Marmion, a member of this family, came to England with William, he was granted English lands on the same tenure, thus becoming hereditary champion of England:

Lord of Fontenaye, Of Lutteward and Scrivelbaye, Of Tamworth Tower and Town.

"Scrivelbaye" is the manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire, held by grand serjeanty with the service of being the King's Champion at the coronation. Scrivelsby passed to Sir John Dymoke, a Gloucestershire knight of the fourteenth century, by his marriage with the heiress of the Marmions, and to this day it is the Dymoke family which claims the right of hereditary championship to the Crown. The first recorded appearance of the Champion was at Richard II's coronation in 1377; his last at George IV's in 1821. In early times, it would appear, the Champion took part in the procession and made his challenge on the way to the coronation as well as after it in Westminster Hall. In 1377 the words of the Champion's challenge, proclaimed by the herald, were as follows:

"Yf ther be any man of high degree or lowe, that will saie that this oure soverayn liege Lorde Richarde, cousin and heire of the Kynge of Englande, Edwarde late deceased, ought not of right to be Kynge of

England crowned, he is redy now till the laste houre of his brethe, with his bodie, to bete him like a false man and a traitor, on what other daie that shal be apoynted."

Dymoke of Scrivelsby, however, still has a rare honour at the coronation, which is to carry the Standard of England.

What an amazing reminder of the days of chivalry the Champion's challenge was! One looks through the mists of time and sees the Champion in white armour ride into Westminster Hall on a white horse; before him come trumpeters, sergeants-of-arms with their maces, his two esquires bearing lance and shield, and four pages. Then draws nigh the Champion himself, the Earl Marshal on his one side and the Lord High Constable on his other. Follows the challenge and the casting-down of the glove, which is retrieved by the herald. The Champion moves on and, after the challenge has been several times repeated, approaches the king's table and makes his final challenge. The royal cup-bearer hands him wine in a gilt cup. The Champion drinks to the king; the king drinks to his Champion . . . and, wheeling on his horse, the white knight rides off triumphantly bearing the cup as fee.

Another picturesque custom of the old days is held to explain the origin of the order of the Knights of the Bath.

Before the sovereign left the Tower of London for Westminster Abbey, he created a number of knights to attend him at his crowning. The knight-to-be bathed and then, donning a hermit's weed, kept vigil in church. Next morning, in magnificent apparel, he received his sword and spurs, and was created knight by the king. As these knighthoods were made in time of peace, the knights were without an order. They came to be called Knights of the Bath from the circumstance of their ablutions—a symbol of purity—before their creation.

Thus, according to older historians, the Order of the Bath had its origin; but the modern authorities dispute the connection. They do not allow that the knights who bathed were really members of a separate order of knighthood. One authority* writes:

^{*} Encyclopaedia Britannica, eleventh edition.

The most honourable Order of the Bath was established by George I in 1725, to consist of a sovereign, a grand master and 36 knights companions. This was a pretended revival of an order supposed to have been created by Henry IV at his coronation in 1399. . . . Knights of the Bath, although they were allowed precedence before knights bachelors, were merely knights bachelors who were knighted with more elaborate ceremonies than others and on certain great occasions. A change was made in the order in 1815, three classes being instituted. Thirty-two years later the civil knights commanders and companions were added. The officers are the Dean of Westminster, Bath King of Arms, the Registrar, and the Usher of the Scarlet Rod.

The Chief Butler of England was another office which remained vacant at the last coronation, there being, of course, no banquet. There were three petitioners—the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Mowbray and Stourton, and Mr. F. O. Taylor (as Lord of the Manor of Kenninghall, Norfolkshire).

Amongst other unsuccessful petitions at one or other of the last two coronations have been those for the offices of Waferer (a wafer was made from sugar, ginger, almonds, etc.), the King's Grand Carver, Hereditary Grand Carver of Scotland, and Chief Larderer (or Lardiner), who had charge of the royal larder. Sir Marteine Lloyd, Bt., petitioning to take part as Lord of the Marches of the Barony of Kemes, asked to carry the king's silver harp. Three ladies have applied for picturesque offices. One, Miss Wilshere, Lady of the Manors of Much and Little Wymondley, Hertfordshire, petitioned to serve "the first cup of which the King shall drink at his dinner". The others—(a) Miss Beatrice M. P. Fellowes and (b) the daughter of Mrs. Arthur Fellowes Gordon—wished to perform the office of Herbstrewer. It was at George IV's coronation that the last Herbstrewer played a part.

Other past services were from:

The Lord of the Isle of Man, whose tenure bound him to bring two falcons to the king on his coronation.

The Lord of the Manor of Nether Blesington, Kent, who presented three maple cups.

The Lord of the Manor of Addington, Surrey, who presented gerout or dillegrout, a mess of pottage.



A THOUSAND YEARS OF CROWNINGS

I-IN SAXON DAYS

Was Alfred the first king of All-England? When Athelstan was crowned at Kingston-on-Thames in 925. The ancient order of service. A boy king and a turbulent abbot. Dunstan's last-minute surprise for the nobles

It is eminently proper that any record of our coronations of the past should start with the crowning of the first English king. To do this, it is necessary to decide between the claims of several sovereigns to be first king of All-England, because, as you may remember, there were seven kings in England in the days of the Heptarchy.

To nominate the first of All-England you must choose between Egbert of Wessex, Alfred the Great, and Edward, Alfred's eldest surviving son. The truth of the matter seems to be this:

Egbert was the king under whom the Royal House of Wessex gained a predominant position in the land after the long and bitter feuds between the various members of the Heptarchy, but only one charter is known to exist in which the title of Rex Anglorum—King of the English—is assigned to him.

Alfred the Great became the accepted sovereign of the entire kingdom, which was united under his rule, and so was king of England, though he was not crowned such.

King Edward in the year 901 was crowned king of England either at Kingston or at "Saynt Poules, at London".

For my part, I do my homage to King Alfred. I will be his champion against all comers as first king of England. And as to his crowning, I am satisfied by the testimony of the Anglo-Saxon chronicle:

King Ethelwulf sent his son Alfred, then five years old, to Rome; at that time Leo was Pope in Rome and he consecrated him King, giving him the regal unction and the crown.

After Edward came Athelstan, the first sovereign to call himself King of the English. He was crowned in the year 925 at the market-place at Kingston-on-Thames. Dean Hook has reconstructed the scene for us:

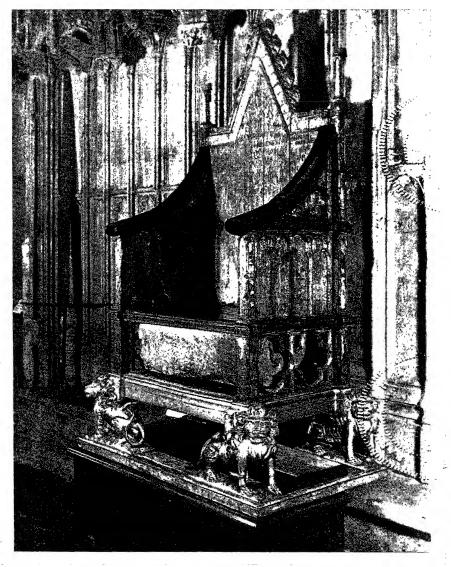
Athelstan was elected by the witan at Winchester, and he determined that his coronation should take place in the vicinity of London. The order of proceeding was as follows:—A king was elected by a certain number of voters, the witan, and he was then presented to the people, or the non-voters, who signified by their shouts their acquiescence in the appointment, upon which followed the coronation by the bishops and clergy.

An intense dislike was felt by the Teutonic and German races to towns. Athelstan accordingly, instead of proceeding to London, pitched the royal camp at Moreford, so called because there was here a ford across the Thames, well known even in the Roman times. This became the place where the Saxon kings were generally crowned, and it has retained the name of Kingston-upon-Thames. It was of easy access to the multitudes who hastened to express their adhesion to the decision of the Wessex witan, and to fight under the banner of the son of Edward and the grandson of Alfred.

The king stood before them,—a thin spare man, thirty years of age, with his yellow hair beautifully interwoven with threads of gold. He was arrayed in a purple vestment, with a Saxon sword in a golden sheath hanging from a jewelled belt;—the gifts of Alfred, from whom, upon his coming of age, according to an old Teutonic custom, he had received his shield and spear. On an elevated platform in the market place, and on a stone seat, he took his place, the better to be seen by the multitude. He was received with shouts of loyalty.

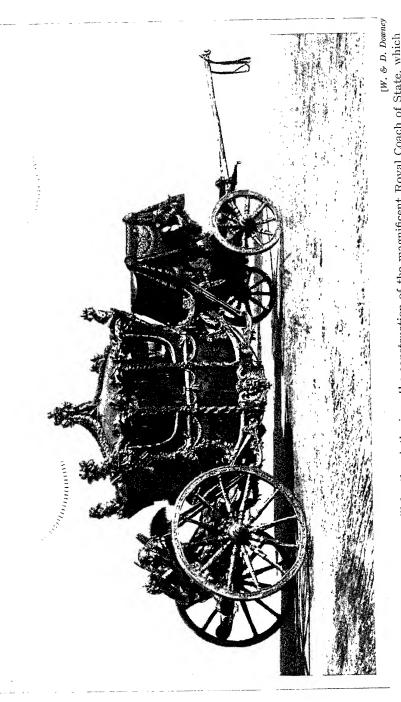
Then, elevated on a stage or target, he was carried on the shoulders of his men, being from time to time, in their enthusiasm, tossed into the air, until they arrived at the doors of the church. Here Archbishop Wulfhelm was standing to receive him, and the king, supported by two prelates, on either side one, proceeded to the steps of the altar, and

ENGLAND'S SEAT OF MAJESTY



Fox Photos

"That chair wherein Kings and Queens are crowned." Inserted beneath the seat is the Stone of Scone, which has an iron handle on either side so that it may be lifted. To the left may be seen the Sword of King Edward III—
"the monumental sword that conquered France".



King George's coronation will be the sixth since the construction of the magnificent Royal Coach of State, which was built at a cost of £8000 for King George the Third and was first used at the Opening of Parliament in 1762.

prostrating himself remained for some time in private prayer. When the king had finished his private devotions, the archbishop proceeded to the coronation.

The order of service used on that occasion has not been preserved, but only of a little later date is the manuscript in the British Museum which describes the coronation of Ethelred the Second in the year 979. In its main features it is surprisingly similar to the rites used in our own day. Space does not permit me to reproduce it in full, but the following summary indicates its principal points:

Two bishops with the Witan, shall lead him [the king] to the church, and the clergy with the bishops shall sing the anthem, "Firmetur manus tua" and the "Gloria Patri".

When the King arrives at the church, he shall prostrate himself before the altar, and the "Te Deum" shall be chaunted. When this is finished the King shall be raised from the ground, and, having been chosen by the bishops and people, shall, with a clear voice before God and all the people, promise that he will observe these three things, to the Coronation Oath.

"In the name of Christ, I promise three things, to the Christian people, my subjects; first;—that the church of God, and all the Christian people, shall always preserve true peace under our auspices: second:—that I will interdict rapacity, and all iniquities to every condition: third:—that I will command equity and mercy in all judgments, that to me and to you the great and mercifal God may extend his mercy."

All shall say Amen.

After three prayers, the consecration of the King by the bishop takes place, who holds the crown over him, saying, "Almighty Creator, Everlasting Lord, Governor of heaven and earth, the maker and disposer of angels and men, King of kings, and Lord of lords, who made thy faithful servant Abraham to triumph over his enemies, and gavest manifold victories to Moses and Joshua, the prelates of thy people, and didst raise David, thy lowly child, to the summit of the kingdom, and didst free him from the mouth of the lion, and the paws of the beast, and from Goliath, and from the malignant sword of Saul and his enemies; who didst endow Solomon with the ineffable gift of wisdom and peace; look down propitiously on our humble prayers, and multiply the gifts of thy blessing on this thy servant, whom, with humble devotion, we have chosen to be King of the Angles and the Saxons. May he so

nourish, teach, defend and instruct the church of all the kingdom of the Anglo-Saxons, with the people annexed to it, and so potently and royally rule against all visible and invisible enemies, that the royal throne of the Angles and Saxons may not desert his sceptre, but that he may keep their minds in the harmony of pristine faith and peace. Adorn him with the virtues with which thou hast decorated thy faithful servants; place him high in his dominion, and anoint him with the oil of the grace of thy Holy Spirit!"

Here he shall be anointed with oil; and this anthem shall be sung: "And Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon King in Sion, and, approaching him they said: May the King live for ever."

After two appropriate prayers, the sword was given to him, with this invocation:

"God, who governest all things both in heaven and in earth, by thy Providence, be propitious to our most Christian King, that all the strength of his enemies may be broken by the virtue of the spiritual sword; and that thou combating for him, they may be utterly destroyed!"

The King shall here be crowned, and shall be thus addressed :-

"May God crown thee with the crown of glory, and with the honour of justice, and the labour of fortitude; that by the virtue of our benediction, and by a right of faith, and the various fruit of good works, thou mayest attain to the crown of the everlasting kingdom, through his bounty whose kingdom endures for ever."

The sceptre shall be here given to him, with this address:—"Take the illustrious sceptre of royal power, the rod of thy dominion, the rod of justice, by which mayest thou govern thyself well, and the holy church and Christian people, committed by the Lord to thee! Mayest thou with royal virtue, defend from the wicked, correct the bad, and pacify the upright; and that they may hold the right way, direct them with thine aid, so that from the temporal kingdom thou mayest attain to that which is eternal, by his aid whose endless dominion will remain through every age."

The Rod shall here be given to him, with this address:-

"Take the rod of justice and equity, by which thou mayest understand how to soothe the pious, and terrify the bad; teach the way to the erring; stretch out thine hand to the faltering; abase the proud: exalt the humble."

Benedictions and prayers followed, concluding with an appeal which I cannot forbear to quote:

"May the blessing of Him who appeared in the bush come upon his head, and may the full blessing of the Lord be upon his sons, and may he steep his feet in all. With his horn, as the horn of the rhinoceros, may he blow the nations to the extremities of the earth; and may He who has ascended to the skies, be his auxiliary for ever."

The simile of the horn of the rhinoceros is so quaint a conceit that it is almost to be regretted that the purer ritual of a later age has found no place for this prayer.

There was drama as well as pageantry about the old Saxon crownings. That turbulent saint, Dunstan of heroic and satanic memory, was a leading figure in two coronation scenes.

In the year 955 Edwy, being only a boy, was crowned king, at the Town of the King's Stone. He had offended some of the ecclesiastics, and through them some of the leading members of his Court, by marrying Elgiva, although she was within the prohibited degrees of blood relationship. The coronation over, the young king sat down to the banquet with nobles, who were prepared, I suppose, to make a night of it, for they were hard-drinking days. But Edwy, tiring of the feast, left his place at the head of the table and withdrew to Elgiva's bower, where he threw off his crown and robes, and all the paraphernalia of royalty.

His absence aroused the feelings of the thegns. A slight had been put upon them by the withdrawal of their host, and Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, and the Bishop of Lichfield were sent to bring him back to the banquet. The young King demurred to the request of the deputation; he wanted to keep his wife company for a while. The deputation insisted; so did the King. There were angry words, and then Dunstan, the impetuous, forced the King to his feet, crammed the crown upon his head, and with the aid of the Bishop dragged him back to the banquet.

King Edwy did not forgive the humiliation, and Dunstan had to flee the country for safety. He had, however, many supporters.

Civil war broke out, in which the King's forces had the worst of it, and Dunstan returned in triumph and to vengeance. There are various versions of the sequel; the most tragic relates as follows.

A divorce was forced upon the King and his wife, and when Elgiva would not leave her husband, she was torn from his arms and branded on the face with hot irons, so that never again might she appear beautiful to the King. But the love of the woman in her weakness was indomitably strong. Recovered from her wounds, she sought to rejoin Edwy, but fell into her enemies' hands. The men who had not hesitated to brand her face knew no mercy. It must be made beyond her power ever again to proceed towards the King, so they severed the sinews of her legs. This barbarity—intended, we are told, to do no more than to prevent her flight—proved fatal. Not long afterwards Edwy was himself found dead. The end of the story as related in the Saxon chronicle presents the edifying spectacle of Dunstan saving the soul of Edwy from eternal damnation.

Dunstan was the principal figure in another coronation-day scene a few years later. After Edwy's death he had become Archbishop of Canterbury and chief minister of the Crown under King Edgar. On his deathbed Edgar asked that Edward, the son of his first wife, Ethelflide the Fair, should succeed him; but his second wife, Elfrida, was ambitious for her son Ethelred, who later became known to history as the Unredy. A dispute developed between the rival princes and their supporters. An assembly of the nobles was summoned to be held at Kingston to appoint a new king. Elfrida was present to champion her boy.

At the moment of crisis, in his pontificals, with the banner of the crucifix in one hand, Dunstan led in the young Edward, whom he presented to the nobles as their rightful monarch. Dunstan's firmness carried the day. Edward was received with universal joy. The Archbishop promptly conducted him to the church and anointed him king. Edward's reign was brought to a sudden end by his assassination at Corfe Castle, in Dorset.

History and legend alike are silent on the subject of the

coronations of most of the other pre-Conquest sovereigns. Edward the Confessor, we know, was crowned at Winchester on Easter Day 1043 "with great worship". Harold, last of the Saxon line, received the crown from Archbishop Stigand, if we accept the evidence of the Bayeux Tapestry. This picture of the crowning is furnished with tabs giving the names of the principal participants so that there shall be no mistake about it. But it is disputed whether Stigand did take part, as he was at that time declared to be under suspension by the Pope. Nor do we know whether the crowning took place at St. Paul's Cathedral or the Abbey, though the balance of probability rests with Westminster.

I now propose, Shakespeare-fashion, to go leaping o'er time, and to resume the story of the coronations in the period of less historic doubts, when King Richard the First ascended the throne.

II-IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Splendour at the coronation of Richard Lion Heart—and a riot that followed it. Henry III's two crownings. Edward I gives five hundred horses to the crowd. A pattern for posterity set by Richard II. The procession from the Tower. Froissart's record. The legend of the holy oil. Unhappy child sovereigns. The king who walked barefoot

Richard Lion Heart assumed the crown with all the ceremony that befitted so great a knight of chivalry. On the third day of September, 1189, four archbishops, Canterbury, Rouen, Trier (in Germany), and Dublin, attended by a large body of clergy, went from the Abbey to the adjoining Palace of Westminster to summon the new king to his crowning.

There was a magnificent procession to the Abbey Church. Four barons bore the golden candlestick and taper; another the Royal Cap; the Marshal the Royal Spurs of gold, and the Earl of Pembroke the golden Rod and Dove. David, brother of the

King of Scotland, and John, Richard's own brother, walked in the procession. Six barons bore the table on which the Regalia and the royal robes were laid out.

King Richard walked under a gorgeous canopy supported by four lances carried by four nobles. He walked not on the ground, but on a cloth of the Tyrian dye. Having taken the oath, the King disrobed himself and, standing in his shirt, opened at the shoulder, was anointed on the head, breast, and arms. Then he put on the priest-like garments; he took the Sword of the Kingdom from the Archbishop, Baldwin, as a token that he would subdue the enemies of the Church. He assumed the golden sandals and the royal mantle.

Then Richard himself handed to the Archbishop the Crown of England to show that he held it only from God, and Archbishop Baldwin placed it upon the King's head. During the celebration of High Mass which followed, Richard made an offering of a mark of pure gold at the altar.

The ceremonies passed off in a right royal manner, but there was an unhappy sequel while the banquet was proceeding that night. The King had given orders, "from fear of magic and sorcery", that neither Jews nor women should be present at Westminster "either within the Church when he should receive the crown, or within the Hall whilst he was at dinner". Some Jews, however, came to make rich offerings to the King, hoping thereby to secure his royal patronage and protection.

Richard graciously received the gifts, and the Jews were leaving the Palace when some of the people in the crowd outside, not knowing that the King had given his consent to their presence, raised an outcry against them. Soon there was an uproar and then a riot. The Jews fled, driven with stones and sticks: it was the signal for an onslaught against the Jews. Throughout the City attacks were made on all their houses.

News of the disturbance broke in upon the royal guests at the banquet. Richard inquired what was amiss. The doorkeeper, not wishing that his sovereign's merriment should be disturbed, replied, "Nothing, only the boys rejoice and are merry at heart." The noise grew worse, and the King again inquired as to the cause, and this time the true state of affairs was disclosed to him. Thereupon he gave peremptory orders that the doorkeeper who had deceived him was to be dragged to death at the tails of horses.

Thereafter the King told his Justiciary, Ranulf de Glanvil. to restore order in the capital, but the rioters turned upon him and the King's officers, who were driven back to Westminster, The disturbances went on throughout the night, and order was not restored until the following day.

Richard had the distinction of being twice crowned, the ceremony being repeated when he returned from his captivity; he had, you will remember, been made a prisoner on his way back from the Crusades. The second coronation was against his wishes, but there was need to reassure the people that their sovereign had not lost any of the sanctity of King during his long absence abroad.

There does not seem to have been anything very memorable about the coronation of King John, although in after years people told one another of a variety of ill omens that they had noticed on the day of his crowning. John's reign ended in civil war and the presence in the country of Louis of France, who had been called in by some of the barons.

Henry III, John's successor, had a preliminary crowning in Gloucester Abbey. Henry was not yet ten years old, and it was necessary that there should be no delay lest the crown should be placed on another head. Westminster Abbey could not be used, as it was in the hands of the French Louis, so the Bishop of Winchester was ordered to crown the young king. This he did with a chaplet or a garland instead of a crown, but he did not venture to bestow the unction, lest he should be thought to infringe the rights of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Four years later, on Whit Sunday of the year 1220, Henry was crowned again; this time in the Abbey, with due solemnity and according to the full ritual, by Stephen Langton.

Henry III, as I have related, was one of the Abbey's benefactors, and it was he who built the first part of the Abbey Church which stands today. The first king to be crowned within its walls was

our first King Edward, at whose side was Queen Eleanor—the first king and queen to be jointly crowned. In honour of the occasion five hundred fine horses were turned loose amongst the crowds for those to catch and keep who could.

King Edward's unworthy son, the first Prince of Wales, was the first English king to be crowned upon the Stone of Scone. Again a reign came to an end amidst scenes of violence. Edward II was deposed; and his son, who would not accept the election until it had been confirmed by his father, was crowned ten days later.

The coronation of Richard II, son of the Black Prince, in 1377, is the first of which a detailed record exists. It has been the pattern for coronations ever since. The ceremonies were fully described in the *Liber Regalis* drawn up by Abbot Littlington, which from that time has been kept by the Abbots and their

successors, the Deans of Westminster.

Three features of this coronation were particularly notable. Richard II began the custom, which continued thereafter until James II abandoned it, of having a procession from the Tower of London to the Abbey. He also inaugurated, as related on page 123, the Knights of the Bath—a body of knights specially created for the occasion, in whose induction a ceremonial bath held an important place. The third innovation was the appearance of the King's Champion, who continued to fling down his gage at coronation banquets until he appeared for the last time at the banquet of George IV.

The royal progress from the Tower of London to Westminster was a theme of admiration for the old chroniclers. We may be

certain that it was appreciated by the king's subjects.

A few days before the coronation the new sovereign would move into residence in the Tower of London, which, until the Stuarts became kings of England, was not merely a stronghold, but one of the homes for English sovereigns. A splendid cavalcade would set out from the gates of the Tower to pass through the narrow City streets, through Temple Bar, between the great mansions which then stood on either side of the Strand, through the little village of Charing, until Westminster was reached.

The King rode beneath a canopy borne by four knights. The Queen Consort followed in a gaily ornamented litter. In the procession rode members of the Royal Family, the great officers of state, peers of the realm, the judges and other officials, with the newly created Knights of the Bath.

The streets of London were specially cleaned for the occasion. The fronts of the houses were decorated with tapestry and arras. Triumphal arches were erected, and at various points speeches were delivered and songs sung in honour of the new King. The rich Aldermen provided the wherewithal to make the crowds more merry. At coronation after coronation the City streets, Cheapside in particular, ran with wine, red and white.

The dreaded epidemic of a plague curtailed the ceremonies when James I and Charles I were crowned, but the coronation procession was restored in all its former splendour when England made merry at the restoration of Charles II. Alas! after this memorable display the custom passed into disuse. James II would have none of it. His decision to abandon the procession was censured in a notable passage by Macaulay. It is pleasant to think that the coronation of King George VI is to be marked by a procession which will surpass the splendours of the past. His route to and from the Abbey is to take him over six and a quarter miles of London streets—the longest processional route of any coronation. Never before will there have been such ample facilities for the assembly of loyal subjects of the throne to greet their new sovereign on the day of his crowning.

But to return to Richard II: the reign which had so magnificent a beginning was brought to an unhappy close. Richard was forced to resign his throne, to be succeeded by Henry of Lancaster, whose coronation is described in the vivid pages of Froissart's chronicles. The following is Lord Berners' translation:

In the yere of our Lorde God a thousande, thre hundred, fourscore and nynetene, the last daye of Septembre, on a Tuysday, began a parlyament at Westmynster, holden by Henry duke of Lancastre, at whiche tyme there was assembled prelates and clergy of the realme of Englande a great nombre, and also dukes, erles, and barones. Thus the

people assembled at Westmynster, there beynge presente the duke of Lancastre; and there the same duke chalenged the realme of Englande, and desyred to be kynge for thre reasones: Fyrst, by conquest; secondly, bycause he was heyre; and thyrdly, bycause Rycharde of Burdeaux had resygned the realme into his handes by his free wyll, in the presence of certayne dukes, erles, prelates and barones, in the hall within the towre of London. These thre causes shewed, the duke of Lancastre requyred all the people there present, as well one as other, to shew their myndes and ententes in that behalfe.

Than all the people with one voyce sayd, that their wylles was to have him kynge, and howe they wolde have none other but hym, Than the duke agayne sayd to the people: Sirs, is this your myndes? And they all with one voyce sayde: Ye, Ye. And than the duke sate downe in the syege royall, whiche seate was reysed up in the hall, and covere with a clothe of estate, so that every man myght well se hym sette. And than the people lyfted up their handes a hygh, promysing hym their faythe and allegyaunce.

Thanne the parlyament concluded, and the day was taken for his coronacyon on saynt Edwardes day, the Monday the XIII day of Octobre: at whiche tyme, the Saturday before his coronacyon, he departed from Westmynster, and rode to the towre of London with a great nombre. And that night all suche squyers as shulde be made knyghtes the nexte day, watched, who were to the nombre of xlvi; every squier had his own bayne [bath] by himselfe; and the next day the duke of Lancastre made theym all knyghtes at the masse tyme. Than had they longe cotes with strayte sleves, furred with mynyver lyke prelates, with whyte laces hangynge on their shulders. And after dyner the duke departed fro the towre to Westmynster, and rode all the way bareheaded, and aboute his necke the lyvery of Fraunce. He was acompanyed with the prince his sonne, and syxe dukes, syxe erles, and xviii barons, and in all, knyghtes and squyers a nyne hundred horse. Than the kynge had on a shorte cote of clothe of golde, after the manner of Almayne, and he was mounted on a whyte courser, and the garter on his left legge.

Thus the duke rode through London with a great nombre of lordes, every lordes servaunt in their maysters lyverey; all the burgesses and Lombardes marchauntes in London, and every craft with their lyverey and devyse. Thus he was conveyed to Westmynster. He was in nombre a syxe thousande horse, and the streates hanged as he passed by: and the same day and the next there were in London rynnynge seven cundyttes with wyne, whyte and reed.

That nyght the duke was bayned, and the next mornynge he

was confessed, and herde thre masses as he was accustomed to do, and than all the prelates and clergy came fro Westmynster churche to the palays, to fetche the kynge with procession. And so he went to the churche a procession, and all the lordes with hym in their robes of scarlet, furred with menyver, barred of the shulders, acordynge to their degrees; and over the kynge was borne a clothe of estate of blewe, with four belles of golde, and it was borne by four burgesses of the portes, as Dover, and other.

And on every syde of him he had a sword borne, the one the sworde of the churche, and the other the sworde of justyce; the sworde of the church his sonne the prince dyd beare, and the sworde of justyce the erle of Northumberland dyd beare, for he was as than constable of Englande, for the erle of Rutlande was deposed fro that offyce; and the erle of Westmerlande, who was marshall of Englande, bare the ceptour.

Thus they entred into the churche about nyne of the clocke, and in the myddes of the churche there was an hygh scaffolde all covered with reed, and in the myddes thereof there was a chayre royall, covered with clothe of golde. Than the kyng satte downe in that chayre and so sate in estate royall, savynge he had nat on the crowne, but sate bareheeded.

Than at four corners of the scaffolde, the archbysshop of Canterbury shewed unto the people howe God had sent them a man to be their kyng, and demanded if they were content that he shulde be consecrated and crowned as their kynge. And they all with one voyce sayd Yea, and helde up their handes, promysynge him faythe and obeysaunce. Than the kynge rose and wente down the scaffolde to the hygh auter to be sacred, at whiche consecracyon there were two archbysshoppes and ten bysshops, and before the aulter ther he was dispoyled out of all his vestures of estate, and there he was anoynted in vi places, on the heed, on the brest, and on the two shulders behynde, and on the handes.

Than a bonet was set on his heed, and whyle he was anoyntynge, the clergy sange the latyny, and suche servyce as they synge at the halowing of the fonte. Than the kynge was aparelled lyke a prelate of the churche, with a cope of reed sylke, and a payre of spurres, with a poynte without a rowell. Than the sworde of justyce was drawen out of the shethe and halowed, and than it was taken to the kyng, who dyd put it agayne into the sheth: than the archebysshop of Caunterbury dyd gyrde the sworde about hym. Than saynt Edwardes crowne was brought forthe, which is close above, and blessed, and than the archebysshop dyd sette it on the kynges heed.

After masse the kyng departed out of the churche in the same estate, and went to his palays, and there was a fountayne that ranne by dyvers braunches whyte wyne and reed; than the kyng entred into the hall, and so into a privy chamber, and after came out agayne to dyner.

At the fyrst table sate the kynge; at the seconde the fyve peres of the realme; at the thyde the valyaunt men of London; at the fourth the newe made knightes; at the fyft the knyghtes and squiers of honour. And by the kyng stode the prince holdynge the sworde of the churche, and on the other syde the constable with the sworde of justyce, and a lytell above the marshall with the ceptour; and at the kynges borde sate two archbysshops, and xvii bysshoppes.

And in the myddes of the dyner there came in a knight, who was called Dymoke, all armed upon a good horse rychely aparalled, and had a knyght before hym bearying his speare, and his sworde by his syde and his dagger. The knyght toke the kyng a lybell, the whiche was red: therein was conteyned that if there were outher knight, squyer, or any other gentylman, that wolde say that kyng Henry was nat rightfull kyng, he was there redy to fyght with him in that quarell, before the kynge, or where as it shulde please hym to apoynte. That byll was cryed by an haraulde in syxe places of the hall, and in the towne. There was none that wolde chalenge hym.

Whan the kynge had dyned he toke wyne and spyces in the hall, and than went into his chambre. Than every man departed and went to their lodgings. Thus the day passed of kynge Henryes coronacyon with great joy and feest, whiche endured all the next day.

Froissart does not mention that for this coronation a vase of holy oil was used which had a special sanctity. This oil, according to the legend, had been given to St. Thomas of Canterbury, when he was an exile, by the Virgin Mary herself, and was contained in a golden eagle like the one now to be seen in the Regalia. Any king of England anointed with this chrism would be a merciful ruler and a champion of the Church.

The existence of this oil was revealed to the first Duke of Lancaster and to the Black Prince, but was overlooked at the coronation of Richard II. In the last year of his reign, Richard, feeling perhaps the need of some influence which might enable him to bear the troubles that were gathering so fast around him, suggested to the Archbishop that he should be anointed with the oil. The Primate, however, would not consent to fulfil the King's

wish, holding that a sovereign who had been once anointed could not again receive the sacrament of consecration. Richard could only deliver the Ampulla and its treasured contents to the Archbishop's keeping, with an expression of regret that it was intended for some more fortunate sovereign.

An ill fate hung over those of our medieval monarchs on whom the cares of sovereignty descended at so tender an age. Richard of Bordeaux was a youth of ten when he went to his crowning. Henry VI, son of the hero of Agincourt, was no more than nine when he sat on the platform in the Abbey, "beholding all people about sadly and wisely". A man of priest-like sanctity of character was this Lancastrian, but the times called for qualities other than those of the saint. When York and Lancaster contended for the crown, the sovereign had need to be more warrior than priest. He died a prisoner in the Tower; nor was his last wish fulfilled, that he should find a grave "near my father and my ancestors and St. Edward".

After the death of Edward IV, there came another child sovereign, Edward V, our only uncrowned king until Edward VIII's abdication. He was thirteen when his father died, and all was made ready for the coronation, the robes for the guests, the dishes for the feast. This boy king had been born in the Abbey, for his Mother was seeking sanctuary there from the Lancastrians; but he was never permitted to go there for his anointing. Some two hundred years after his death he was brought to the Abbey at last, for Charles II had the remains supposed to be those of the royal brothers who were murdered in the Tower interred in Monk's Vault, and he erected an urn to their memory in the Innocents' Corner.

Richard the Usurper did all that money profusely spent and most richly applied could do to make a magnificent pageant of his coronation. By this splendour he sought to arouse the enthusiasm of his subjects and make them overlook the means that had brought him to the throne. As a gesture to show his own humility he walked barefoot into the Abbey. One circumstance which was remembered of the ceremonies was that he and his

Queen Anne sat to be anointed "stripped from the waist upwards". Richard lost his throne and his life on Bosworth battlefield, and there Henry Tudor first put on the crown. It was recovered from a hawthorn bush by Sir Reginald Bray, ancestor of the famous judge of the High Court who died a few years ago, and was placed upon his head by Lord Stanley, from whom is descended the Earl of Derby.

III---AMONG THE TUDORS

Froude looks at tragic Anne Boleyn. Henry VIII is succeeded by his illfated and youthful son. Cranmer's own account of the boy king's coronation. Queen for a day—unhappy Lady Jane Grey. Mary is crowned, while Elizabeth looks on. The "City's love" for Queen Elizabeth

You have read now of the crowning of many kings. Let me give you a description of a queen's crowning written by Froude, the great Victorian historian. It is an account of the coronation of Anne Boleyn, second wife of King Henry VIII, the girl for whom he changed the religion of England, and England's history thereafter. By his first wife, Katharine of Aragon, Henry had only one child, the girl Mary, and he hoped that his marriage to Anne Boleyn would provide him with a son, and the country with a king after his death. He was to be disappointed, for Anne's child was another girl, England's great Queen Elizabeth. But this was not known when Anne Boleyn went in state to the Abbey with her royal husband in 1533.

It was resolved [writes Froude] that such spots and blemishes as hung about the marriage should be forgotten in the splendour of the coronation. If there was scandal in the condition of the Queen, yet under another aspect that condition was matter of congratulation to a people so eager for an heir; and Henry may have thought that the sight for the first time in public of so beautiful a creature, surrounded by the most magnificent pageant which London had witnessed since the unknown day on which the first stone of it was laid, and bearing in her bosom the long-hoped-for inheritor of the English crown, might

induce a chivalrous nation to forget what it was the interest of no loyal subject to remember longer, and to offer her an English welcome to the throne.

Notice had been given in the city early in May, that preparations should be made for the coronation on the first of the following month. Queen Anne was at Greenwich, but, according to custom, the few preceding days were to be spent at the Tower; and on the 19th of May, she was conducted thither in state by the Lord Mayor and the city companies, with one of those splendid exhibitions upon the water which, in the days when the silver Thames deserved its name, and the sun could shine down upon it out of the blue summer sky, were spectacles scarcely rivalled in gorgeousness by the world-famous wedding of the Adriatic.

The river was crowded with boats—the banks and the ships in the Pool swarmed with people; and fifty of the great barges formed the procession, all blazing with gold and banners. The Queen herself was in her own barge, close to that of the Lord Mayor; and, in keeping with the fantastic genius of the time, she was preceded up the water by "a foyst or wafter full of ordnance, in which was a great dragon continually moving and casting wildfire, and round about the foyst stood terrible monsters and wild men, casting fire and making hideous noise". So, with trumpets blowing, cannon pealing, the Tower guns answering the guns of the ships, in a blaze of fireworks and splendour, she was borne along to the great archway of the Tower, where the King was waiting on the stairs to receive her.

On the morning of the 31st of May, the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower, the streets were fresh-strewed with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the guilds, their workmen and apprentices, on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms, "with their staves in hand for to cause the people to keep good room and order". Cornhill and Gracechurch Street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth of gold and tissue and velvet. The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses, hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass.

At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway, in the bright May sunshine, the long column began slowly to defile. Two States only permitted their representatives to grace the scene with their presence—Venice and France. It was, perhaps, to

make the most of this isolated countenance, that the French Ambassador's train formed the van of the cavalcade. Twelve French knights came riding foremost, in surcoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on their hangings. After them followed a troop of English gentlemen, two-and-two, and then the Knights of the Bath, "in gowns of violet, with hoods purfled with miniver like doctors". Next, perhaps at a little interval, the Abbots passed on, mitred in their robes; the Barons followed in crimson velvet; the Bishops then, and then the Earls and Marquises, the dresses of each order increasing in elaborate gorgeousness. All these rode on in pairs. . . .

It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendour which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets—those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of colour, gold and crimson and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices. Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps, however, it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near.

In an open space behind the constable, there was seen approaching "a white chariot", drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells; and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage—Fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—Queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honour, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

There she sate, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favoured perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. . . . Fatal gift of greatness, so dangerous ever, so more than dangerous in those tremendous times.

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad, tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a Presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.



KING GEORGE V AND QUEEN MARY



Wearing their Coronation Robes, King George V having on his head the Imperial State Crown, and Queen Mary the crown which was specially made for her 'Coronation.

With such "pretty conceits", at that time the honest tokens of an English welcome, the new Queen was received by the citizens of London. These scenes must be multiplied by the number of the streets, where some fresh fancy met her at every turn. To preserve the festivities from flagging, every fountain and conduit within the walls ran all day with wine; the bells of every steeple were ringing; children lay in wait with songs, and ladies with posies, in which all the resources of fantastic extravagance were exhausted; and thus in an unbroken triumph—and to outward appearance received with the warmest affection—she passed under Temple Bar, down the Strand, by Charing Cross, to Westminster Hall.

The King was not with her throughout the day, nor did he intend to be with her in any part of the ceremony. She was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign of the hour.

Saturday being passed in showing herself to the people, she retired for the night to "the King's manor-house at Westminster", where she slept. On the following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, she returned to the Hall, where the Lord Mayor, the City Council, and the Peers were again assembled, and took her place on the high dais at the top of the stairs under the cloth of state; while the Bishops, the Abbots, and the monks of the Abbey formed in the area.

A railed way had been laid with carpets across Palace Yard and the Sanctuary to the Abbey gates; and when all was ready, preceded by the Peers in their robes of Parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the Order, she swept out under her canopy, the Bishops and the monks "solemnly singing". The train was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk, her aunt, the Bishops of London and Winchester on either side "bearing up the lappets of her robe". The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on its cushion immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds.

On entering the Abbey, she was led to the coronation chair, where she sat while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were despatched. Then she was conducted up to the High Altar, and anointed Queen of England; and she received from the hands of Cranmer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catherine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden sceptre and St. Edward's crown.

Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad, mourning figure, which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time, that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it, that although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune. But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not wise,—too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present; and if that plain suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later, she was able to exult over Catherine's death; she is not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

The son that Anne Boleyn failed to provide was given to Henry by Jane Seymour. The King's pride in his heir may be imagined. Like another Henry,* he prepared to ensure the succession of his son by a coronation during his own lifetime; but death came upon him while the preparations were still in progress. The crowning of Edward VI was not delayed because of mourning for Henry VIII, but took place within a month. Edward was a child of nine when he began his six years' reign, and the ceremonial was short, out of respect for his tender age.

The account of the proceedings which follows is of particular interest in that it was written by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, who officiated.

First, a goodly stage richly hang'd wh. Cloth of Gold and Cloth of Arras, and the steps from Quire containing 22 steps of height and down to the High Altar, but 15 steps goodly carpetted where the Kings Grace should tread on wh. his Nobles. Secondly, the High Altar richly garnished with diverse and costly jewells and ornamts. of much estimation and value, and also the Tombs on each side richly hanged wh. fine Gold Arras. Thirdly, in the midst of the stage was a certain thing made of seven stepps of height all round where the Kgs. Maie Chair

^{*} Henry II sought to secure the unchallenged accession of his eldest son, Henry, by having him crowned in his own lifetime, and crowned he was on June 14, 1170, by the title of Henry III. The King was then engaged in his bitter dispute with Thomas a Becket, and the Archbishop of York was called upon to carry out the crowning and anointing. This intensified the bad relations between Becket and the King and was a step in the chain of events which led to the Archbishop's murder in Canterbury Cathedral. Then was seen an ample fulfilment of the saying that from the Prince's coronation there would follow disastrous consequences. Nor was the King's purpose achieved, for his son died before him. He was thus the only prince to be crowned in the Abbey, but never to reign.

Royal stode, and he sate therein after he was crowned at the Masse. While fourthly, at 9 of the Clock all Westminster Quire was in ther Copes and 3 goodly crosses before them and after them other 3 goodly rich crosses and the Kings Chapell with the children following all in scarlet wh. surplices and Copes on their backs, and after them 10 Bishops in scarlet wh. their Rochetts and rich Copes on their backs and their mitres on their heads, did set forth at the West Door of Westminster towards the King's p'lace, there to receive his Grace. And my Ld. of Canterbury, wh. his crosse before him alone, and his mitre on his head, and so passed forth in order as before is said. And wh-in a certain space after was certain blew clothes laid abroad in the Church floore against the Kings coming, and so all the Palace, even to York Place.

And after this the Kgs. Ma^{tie} set forward to Westminster Church to his Coronation, Unction and Confirmation as hereafter followeth. First gentlemen 2 and 2 in order. Then Esqs. 2 and 2 in order, then Knights 2 and 2 in order, then Aldermen of London in scarlet 2 and 2 in order, and the Kings attorney in scarlet going with Ralph Warren, the oldest alderman, and the two sheriffs of London following in scarlet. Then Lords 3 and 3 in order, and my Lord Chief Baron my Lord Montague and my Ld. Chief Judg. of England in gowns of black velvet with Hoods of crimson velvett and collars of Gold about their necks. Then Councell^{rs} 3 and three in order, then the Embassadors, and then Earls.

Then my Ld. great Master and my Ld. of Darby and my Ld. Privy Seal and in either of their hands a sword. My Ld. great master's sword did signifie the sword of Justice for the Commonalty. My Ld. of Darby's sword did signifie the sword of Peace, because it had a blunt point. And my Ld. Privy Seals sword did signifie the sword of Justice for the Spirituality.

Then my Lord of Rutland with the spurs in his Parliamt Robes. Then the Earl of Arundell with the Gilt Rod in his Parliamt Robes and my Ld. Mayor of London in Scarlet. Then my Ld. Marquess Dorset with the Sceptre with the Holy Ghost on the top in his Parliamt Robe. Then the Duke of Somerset Ld. Protector with the Crown in his hand in his Parliamt Robe with the Golden Ball in his hand. Then my Ld. Chancellor in his Parliamt Robes bearing the sword of Governance before the King's Grace.

Then the Kings Ma^{tie} Person Royal between the Bishop of Durham and the Earl of Shrewsbury under the Canopy borne by the 4 barons of Cinque Ports, then a nobleman bearing the Kings train up. Then Sir Anthony Browne, and all the Privy Chamber following in order,

then the Pensioners, then the Guard in their rich coats with Gilt Bills, besides a great number of Tipstaves which were my Ld. Protector's servants.

When the Kgs. Matie with his nobles came to the Place of his Coronation, within a while after his Grace was removed into a chair of crimson velvett, and borne in the chair between 2 noblemen unto the north side of the stage and shewed to the People, and these words spoken to the People by my Lord of Canterbury in this manner, saying, Sirs, Here I present unto you King Edward, the rightful inheritor of the Crown of this Realm whose Coronation Unction and Confirmation is this day appointed by the nobles of this Realme wherefor all yee that be come this day to do your Homage service and bounden duty be ye willing to do the same. To the which all the People cried with a loud voice and sd. Yea, Yea, Yea, and cried Kg. Edward, and praid Jesu save King Edward, and so to the south side in like manner, and so to the east side, and to the west side.

After this his Grace was borne down to the High Altar in his chair and their sate bareheaded and all the noblest Peers of the Realme were about his Grace and my Ld. of Canterbury Principall and there said certain prayers and Godly Psalms over his Grace and Quire answered with goodly singing and organs playing and Trumpets blowing. Then after a certain Unction blessing and singing of his Gr. he was borne into a place by the High Altar where the King use always to kneel at the levation of the Parliamt Masse, and there his Grace was made ready of New Garments and after a certain space brought forth between 2 Noblemen and sat before the High Altar bareheaded, then after a while his Grace was anointed in the Breast in soals of his feet his elbows his wrists of his hands and his crown of his head with virtuous prayers said by the Bp. of Canterbury and sung by the Quire.

Then anon after this a goodly forecloth of Red Tinsell Gold was holden over his head and my Ld. of Canterbury kneeling on his knees and his Grace prostrate before the Altar and anointed his back. Then after this my Ld. of Canty. arose and stood up and the forecloth taken away.

Then my Ld. protector D. of Somerset held the Crown in his hand a certain space and immediately after begun Te Deum with the Organs going and Quire singing and the Trumpets playing in the battlements of the Church then immediately after that was the Crown set on the Kings Majies head by them two and after that another crown and so his Gr. was crowned wh. 3 crowns. The Crown of England remaining on his head and the other two crowns on the Altar.

Then immediately after kneeled down my Ld. Chancellor and

delivered to his Grace the Sword which he did beare which was the sword of the Governance. Then kneeled down my Ld. Marquess Dorset High Constable of England and delivered to the Kings Maie his sceptre. Then the Duke of Suffolk kneeled down and delivered his Grace the Ball of Gold, then the Earl of Arundell kneeled down and gave the Golden Rod, then the Earl of Rutland kneeled down in like manner and gave his Grace the spurrs. Then the Earle of Shrewsbury did put on his gaunlet and did stay up his Graces hands and immediately after his Grace was borne to the high stage where his Grace sat crowned in his chaire Royall att masse, while with certain nobles about the chair Royall then the lords in order kneeled down and kissed his Grace's right foot and after held their hands between his Grace's hands and kissed his Grace's left cheeke, and so did their homage.

And then after this done began a Masse of the Holy Ghost by my Lord of Canterbury, with goodly singing in the Quire and Organs going. Then at offering time the Kgs. Gr. offered to the altar a pound of Gold, a loaf of bread and a chalice with wine. Then after the Levation of the Masse, there was read by my Ld. Chancellor in the presence of all the nobles a general pardon granted by King Henry the 8th, Father to the Liege Ld. the King that now is, that all shall be pardoned that have offended before the 27th day of January last past, Reserving the Duke of Norfolk Henry Courtney and Foskewe, and others that be out of the Kgs. Maies Realme, and have their pardon out between this and the 28th day of January in Ao 1548.

In 1553 the boy King Edward VI died, and the reign of the queens began, the first queens ruling in their own right that had ever sat upon England's throne. First, there was Lady Jane Grey, the usurper; then Queen Mary, the Roman Catholic; and finally Queen Elizabeth, the Protestant, of glorious memory.

Henry VIII, by the changes he made in the State religion and his wives, had provided all the grounds for a disputed succession. On religious questions the country was split between the reformers and the supporters of the old faith. The various laws which Henry made to determine the succession of the crown gave the pretext for the rival sects to champion rival claimants to the crown. First, in the twenty-fifth year of Henry's reign, Parliament had decreed that in default of male heirs, the crown should pass "to the Lady Elizabeth who is declared to be the King's eldest issue female in exclusion of the Lady Mary on account of her

supposed illegitimacy by the divorce of her mother, Queen Catherine". Then, three years later, when Anne Boleyn had fallen, the Lady Elizabeth had also been placed under Parliament's ban, and the succession declared to go to the King's children by Queen Jane Seymour and his future wives. If there were no such children, then the King might appoint a successor either by letters patent or by his last will and testament.

Seven years afterwards the previous enactments had all been reversed. The crown was then limited to Prince Edward, then to Lady Mary, and finally to Lady Elizabeth. This final statute was plain enough; but when young King Edward died, the supporters of the new faith did not relish the prospect of having a queen so constant—not to use the stronger term of bigoted—in the old religion as Mary. So they proclaimed Lady Jane Grey queen, an unwilling usurper.

The name of Lady Jane finds no place in the lists of the sovereigns of England. She was proclaimed, but never crowned queen. Nevertheless, the Privy Council declared her to be "invested and possessed with the just and right title in the Imperial crown of the realm", and there are a number of documents which bear the date "in the first year of the reign of Queen Jane of England".

It was a brief usurpation, brought to a tragic ending. On Jane's defeat Mary was established upon the throne, and went, though not without certain difficulties, to her crowning in the Abbey on October 10, 1553.

There was much departure from precedent in her coronation. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was a prisoner in the Tower. So, too, were the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London. The privilege of performing the ancient ceremonies fell, therefore, to Gardiner, the Bishop of Winchester.

Mary was in great anxiety lest from association with her father and her brother, sovereigns of the reformed faith, some of the time-honoured objects of the coronation might have suffered pollution. There was, for instance, the holy oil, which might have lost in efficacy, so she secured a new supply, blessed

by the Bishop of Arras. And the Coronation Chair—surely she could not be expected to occupy a seat which had so recently been used by her heretic brother. So the Pope sent a new chair from Rome, which was afterwards given to Winchester, although whether it was actually used at the coronation has been disputed.

Mary had been warned, such was the feeling against her in London, that it was scarcely safe for her to ride through the streets; but she insisted on the customary procession from the Tower. There was no untoward incident. The customary marks of rejoicing were to be witnessed, although enthusiasm was lacking. When it was pointed out that a hot-gospeller, newly recovered from gaol-fever, had insisted on being there because "he loveth her Majesty well", the Queen turned to look at him. "To hear that one of her subjects loved her just then was too welcome to be overlooked." At last she was safely in the Abbey, and the coronation rites begun. We can imagine her relief. To compensate for the lack of loyal feelings, the words used by the Bishop in the act of recognition were strengthened for the occasion to declare unquestionably the rightful title of the Queen.

"Sirs" [he said], "Here present is Mary, rightful and undoubted inheritrix, by the laws of God and man, of the crown and royal dignity of this realm of England, France and Ireland; and you shall understand, that this day is appointed by all the peers of this land for the consecration, unction, and coronation of the said most excellent princess Mary. Will you serve at this time, and give your wills and assent to the same consecration, unction, and coronation?"

The Lady Elizabeth was present in the Abbey that day. To the French Ambassador she made complaint that her coronet weighed heavy upon her head through the long ceremonial. "Have patience," replied the courtly diplomat, "and before long you will exchange it for a crown."

After five hazardous years the prophecy came true. On a January day in 1559 Elizabeth rode from the Tower to the Abbey to receive the crown. As she passed beneath the fortress gates she offered up a prayer of thanksgiving that she had been

privileged to survive the dangers which had beset the years of her youth. "O Lord Almighty and Everlasting God," she said, "I give Thee most humble thanks, that Thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to behold this joyful day; and I acknowledge that Thou hast dealt wonderfully and mercifully with me."

London was loyal and merry enough on that occasion. John Strype, the historian, gives us an account of the proceedings which testifies to the "City's love", though the bishops might be reluctant.

Having seen these Transactions of the Queen for the security of herself and Kingdoms, let us proceed to relate another of her first cares; which was for her coronation. Which that it might be done with the greater Magnificence, the Customers of London were appointed in November last [1558], to stay all Crimson-coloured Silk as should arrive within their Ports, until the Queen should first have her choice towards the furniture of her Coronation; And to give warning to the Lords of the Council, if any such should arrive there: But nevertheless to keep the Matter secret. . . .

In order to this Inauguration, Preparation was making for the Queen's coming up to London, and Reception at the Tower. Therefore November 21 those of the Nobility and Council that were with her at Hatfield, wrote to the Marquis of Winchester, and the Earl of Shrewsbury and Derby, to attend upon her to London, with a Schedule enclosed of the name of certain other Noblemen, whose Company she thought good to have at that time. . . .

In Christmas Week Scaffolds began to be made in divers Places of the City, for Pageants against the Day the Queen was to pass through to her Coronation, which was to be January 14 [1559] and the Conduits to be new painted and beautified. On the 12th day the Queen took Barge at Whitehall, and shooting the Bridge went to the Tower; the Lord Mayor and all the Crafts waiting upon her in their Barges, adorned with Streamers and Banners of their Arms. On the 13th day the Queen made Knights of the Bath within the Tower.

On the 14th she came in a Chariot from the Tower, with all the Lords and Ladies, all in Crimson Velvet, and their Horses trapped with the same; and the Trumpeters in Scarlet Gowns blowing their Trumpets, and all the Heralds in their Coat Armour; the streets everywhere laid over with Gravel. The City was at very great charge to express their Love and Joy, in the magnificent Scaffolds and Pageants they had

erected, in adorning the Conduits, appointing Musick, preparing Speeches and Verses to be said to her; which the Queen took very well and promised to remember it. Besides the Present of a Purse of a Thousand Marks in Gold, which they presented her at the little Conduit in Cheap, where the Alderman sat; and the Recorder in the Name of the City made a speech to her.

The Clergy and Bishops from the very first showed themselves so very wayward and disobliging. . . . When she was to be consecrated by some Bishop at her Coronation, they all refused, till with much ado the aforesaid Bishop [Dr. Oglethorpe of Carlisle] was prevailed upon to do it, who was the inferior almost of all the rest. And the Reason those Bishops refused to Crown her, and that they durst not invest her was for that they had evident Probabilities and Arguments to doubt, that she meant either not to take the Oath, or not to keep the same, which all Christian Kings, and especially ours in England, did make in the Coronation, for Maintenance of Holy Churche's Laws, Honours, Peace and Privileges and other Duties due to every State; as in the Time and Grant of King Edward the Confessor. They doubted also, lest she would refuse in the very time of her Sacre, the solemn divine Ceremony of Unction, through the evil Advices of certain young Counsellors.

The Lords sent to Bonner, Bishop of London, to send to the Bishop of Carlisle who was appointed (as they writ) to execute the Solemnity of the Queen's Majesties Coronation. "All the Pontifical Habit that Bishops were wont to use in such glorious Inaugurations of most illustrious Kings."

On the 15th day she was Crowned with the usual Ceremonies at Westminster Abbey. She first came to Westminster Hall. There went before her Trumpets, Knights and Lords, Heralds of Arms in their rich Coats. Then the Nobles in their Scarlet and all the Bishops in Scarlet: Then the Queen and all the Footmen waiting upon her to the Hall. There her Grace's Apparel was changed.

In the Hall they met the Bishop that was to perform the Ceremony, and all the Chappel, with three Crosses born before them, in their Copes, the Bishops mitred: and singing as they passed, Salve festa Dies. All the streets new laid with Gravel and blue Cloth, and railed in on each side. And so to the Abbey to Mass. And there her Grace was crowned.

Thence, the Ceremony ended, the Queen and her Retinue went to Westminster Hall to Dinner; and every Officer took his office at Service upon their Lands; and so did the Lord Mayor of London and the Aldermen.

IV-GLIMPSES OF THE STUARTS

James I heir of the Confessor. Unlucky portents for Charles I. Cromwell installed in Westminster Hall. The two crownings of Charles II. Pepys looks on. A "supporter" of the Crown. The equal rights of William and Mary. Queen Anne's Lord Great Chamberlain was a woman

I should like to linger in contemplation of the reign of Elizabeth, bursting with achievements; but glorious though they were, they belong to the history of England, and not to the history of coronations. The age of the Tudors drew at length to a close, and the new century ushered in a new dynasty—the Stuarts.

With the coronation of James the First of England (already Sixth of Scotland) was seen the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Stone of Scone after three hundred years that

> The Scots in place shall reign Where they this Stone shall find.

But in the accession of the Stuart House to our throne we can see fulfilled a greater destiny than that—the return to the throne of his ancestors of a descendant of the old Saxon line of kings of England. I do not propose here to go into all the ramifications of the family tree, to follow back the descent generation by generation through six centuries. I beg the proof and state the matter in its simple conclusions:

In the person of James I of England, as clearly as in Henry VIII before him, centred all the claims of different competitors to the crown from the Conquest downwards, he being indisputably the lineal heir of the Conqueror. And what is still more remarkable in his person also centred the right of the Saxon monarchs which had been suspended from the Conquest till his accession.*

^{*} Blackstone, Commentaries.

Such was the consequence of the marriage which Malcolm, King of Scotland, contracted with Margaret of England, the sister of Edgar Atheling, daughter of Edward the Outlaw, and grand-daughter of King Edmund Ironside. Scotland's Royal Family thereafter were the offspring of Malcolm and Margaret. So when King George VI takes his seat upon the Stone

So when King George VI takes his seat upon the Stone of Scone the centuries will be wonderfully bridged, for he, too, is the lineal heir of all these predecessors—Stuart, Tudor, Plantagenet, Norman, Saxon, and Scot. There is no other monarchy in Europe today which can show anything approaching so extended an hereditary succession.

Of the coronation of the first of our Stuarts, little that is worth noting has been recorded. That of his son, Charles I, was remembered in after years, when disaster had come upon him, for its ill omens.

There was in the first place a break with tradition most displeasing to the citizens of London by the abandonment of the procession from the Tower. Charles gave the plague, then at the height of one of its periodic epidemics, as the reason; but others suspected that he wished to save money in order to finance his war with Spain. Then the King chose to exchange the customary purple velvet robe for one of white satin, a colour which the superstitious noted was proper for a sacrificial victim. Accident befell the dove surmounting the Confessor's sceptre. And, unluckiest portent of all, an earthquake occurred while the coronation was proceeding. With so extensive a concatenation of ill omens the credulous in after years could feel that there had been vouchsafed ample warning of impending tragedy.

Within sight of the Abbey where he was crowned, Charles was led forth to execution, and for a space the monarchy was in abeyance. But even upon the no-monarchy men of the Commonwealth the ancient tokens of the sovereigns of our race exercised their sway. Old Carlyle, contemplating with infinite satisfaction the career of one of his heroes, recognized Oliver Cromwell as virtual King of England and asks: "Cannot a man do without King's coaches and cloaks?" Perhaps he

may. Certainly Oliver did do without the crown, which his men destroyed. But somehow he could not do without the chair, but had to sit himself upon it, despite its taint of kingship. He would not go into the Abbey of Kings, and so the chair and its stone were taken to Westminster Hall so that he might be installed as Lord Protector, king of a new sort, in the seat of the ancient line of kings.

Cromwell came clad in robes of purple velvet lined with ermine. Before him on a table were placed the Bible, the Sword, and the Sceptre of the Commonwealth. The Speaker was the only person honoured by a seat near him. As soon as Cromwell had taken the oath, a fanfare of trumpets sounded, and the heralds proclaimed him Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Three years later his head was shown spiked upon a pole over the roof of Westminster Hall.

Such is the character of the English that, like the Israelites of old, they need a king to rule over them. The execution of Charles was no indication of a permanent antagonism to kingship, but a regrettable political necessity. As soon as Cromwell died they made haste to get rid of the post of Lord Protector and to get back their king.

Charles II had two crownings. The first was carried out in the Parish Church of Scone in 1651, two years after his father's execution, when he received the crown from the hands of the Marquis of Argyle. Charles was then a fugitive king. Ten years later he returned from exile to be greeted with the pent-up enthusiasm and rejoicing of a nation which had suffered the repressions of the Puritans. We have the advantage of being able to follow the incidents of the day in the pages of the inimitable Pepys. The diarist found his own special points to note amidst the coronation solemnities.

April 23rd, 1661. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before

the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is, a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests.

At last comes in the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke and the King with a sceptre (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and mond before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bareheaded, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the choir at the high altar the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see.

The crown being put upon his head, a great shout began, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops came, and kneeled before him. And three times the King-at-Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music: and indeed, it was lost to everybody.

I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another, full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were vesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes.

And the King came in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables, and that was also a brave sight; and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Herald's leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table.

But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up (Dymock) the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a Herald proclaims "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him"; and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. At last, when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand.

I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lord's table I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall ate it, as everybody else did what they could get.

I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all the 24 violins.

The coronation of Charles II was the last occasion on which the full medieval pageantry and splendour was carried out in its completeness. His brother, James II, as I have already pointed out, robbed the sightseers of the procession from the Tower, and it was never restored. James, like his predecessor, was crowned on St. George's Day, but despite the auspiciousness of the occasion, there were ill omens to be noted by the superstitious. The Crown, for instance, tottered upon the King's head, and would have fallen had not Henry Sidney, Keeper of the Robes, held it in its place. "It is not the first time", he said, "that our family has supported the Crown."

Within three years James was in exile, and there were other occupants of the throne. England for the first and only time was ruled not by one sovereign, but by two of equal right. There had been ceremonies before in which the consort had been crowned with the king, but never a ceremony in which king

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and queen participated on terms of equality. So when the tall Queen Mary and the short King William walked side by side to the Abbey, the Sword of State between them, a second coronation chair was brought to be placed beside that containing the Stone of Scone. Mary was lifted into it, girt with a sword, and invested with the tokens of royalty.

Once again the sudden change in the sovereignty had produced its crop of distinguished absentees from the coronation. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of Ely, Chichester, St. Asaph, Bristol, Peterborough, and Bath and Wells, had been sent by the Privy Council prisoners to the Tower of London. So Compton, Bishop of London, officiated, assisted by the Archbishop of York.

The next crowning also had its mark of peculiar distinction. For the first time a queen in her own right was attended at her coronation by her husband consort, and when the time came for the act of homage to be performed to Queen Anne, the first person to offer fealty was her husband, Prince George. Anne, although only thirty-eight years of age, suffered badly from gout, which caused her to lose complete use of her feet. She was afflicted by a bad attack at the time of her coronation, and had to be carried from St. James's to the Abbey in a low armchair. Nor must we forget that the Queen's great friend, Sarah, the wife of the illustrious general John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, acted at Anne's coronation as Lord Great Chamberlain.

V-GEORGE III AND GEORGE IV

Horace Walpole on George III's coronation. The queen who was outside the Abbey when the king was crowned. Caroline demands admittance of the door-keeper. The Westminster Hall banquet abandoned by William IV

With the death of Queen Anne the line of Stuart sovereigns came to an end, although the kings of the House of Hanover

succeeded to the throne by virtue of their descent from James I. I will not detain you with a description of the crownings of the first and second of the Georges, which were carried out according to precedent, for I want you to read, in all its ample garrulousness, the account of the crowning of the third George left by the prince of letter-writers, Horace Walpole. I should preface his account with the observation that the ceremony was carried out by Archbishop Secker, who had baptized the King as a baby, confirmed him as Prince of Wales, and had married him to Queen Charlotte.

The coronation of George III is over. 'Tis even a more gorgeous sight than I imagined. I saw the procession and the Hall; but the return was in the dark. In the morning they had forgot the sword of state, the chairs for King and Queen, and their canopies. They used the Lord Mayor's for the first, and made the last in the Hall; so they did not set forth till noon; and then, by a childish compliment to the King, reserved the illumination of the Hall till his entry, by which means they arrived like a funeral, nothing being discernible but the plumes of the Knights of the Bath, which seemed the hearse.

My Lady Townshend said she should be very glad to see a coronation, as she never had seen one. "Why", said I, "Madam, you walked at the last?" "Yes, child," said she, "but I saw nothing of it: I only looked to see who looked at me." The Duchess of Queensberry walked! Her affectation that day was to do nothing preposterous. . . .

The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace Yard the liveliest spectacle in the world: the Hall was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, frequent and full, was as awful as a pageant can be; and yet for the King's sake and my own, I never wish to see another; nor am impatient to have my Lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The King complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham owned the Earl Marshal's office had been strangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future, that the next coronation would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great; some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in Lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the Hall indecently in the intervals of the procession.

My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure

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at a distance; she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig, and a stick. "Pho," said he, "you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." She told this everywhere, thinking the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth.

Lady Pembroke, alone at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty; the Duchess of Richmond as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her; Lady Spencer, Lady Sutherland, and Lady Northampton, very pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large.

The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party: Lady Westmoreland, still handsome, and with more dignity than all; the Duchess of Queensberry looked well, though her locks milk white; Lady Albemarle very genteel; nay, the middle age had some good representatives in Lady Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My Lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my Lord Hertford's dress; for you know, no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker.

Don't imagine that there were not figures as excellent on the other side; old Exeter, who told the King he was the handsomest man she ever saw; old Effingham and a Lady Say and Seale, with her powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord B. put on rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford in the Painted Chamber; the Duchess of Queensberry told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange-peach, half red and half yellow.

The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely; it required all the beauty of the Dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the High Constable of Scotland, Lord Errol; as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the giants in Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the energy of his person, that one considered him acting so considerable a part in that very Hall, where so few years ago one saw his father, Lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block.

The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, Lord Effingham, Lord Talbot, and the Duke of Bedford, were woeful; Lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the Hall, and not turning its rump towards the King, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered backwards, and at his retreat the spectators clapped,

a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew-fair doings. He had twenty démélés, and came out of none creditably. He had taken away the table of the Knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the others in the Court of Requests. Sir William Stanhope said, "We are ill-treated, for some of us are gentlemen." Beckford told the Earl, it was hard to refuse a table to the city of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the King, and that his lordship would repent it, if they had not a table in the Hall; they had. To the barons of the Cinque-ports, who made the same complaint, he said, "If you come to me as Lord Steward, I tell you, it is impossible; if as Lord Talbot, I am a match for any of you," and then he said to Lord Bute, "If I were a minister, thus I would talk to France, to Spain, to the Dutch—none of your half measures." He had not much more dignity than the figure of General Monk in the Abbey. . . .

Well, it was all delightful, but not half so charming as its being over.

The coronation of George IV was the most magnificent and expensive in modern times. To make up for the unpopularity which his conduct had caused, George gave orders that there should be no stinting to provide the populace with a sight to arouse their enthusiasm. A sum estimated at £238,000 was expended. He succeeded in producing the most lavish spectacle that the people of his day could imagine. Nevertheless, he failed to inspire the loyalty which he sought.

The minds of his subjects that day were centred not so much upon the ceremonial in the streets, and the ritual in the Abbey, upon the King and the magnificent figures of the officers of state, as upon the neglected person of his consort, Queen Caroline.

Over a period of years the differences between George and his wife had been exhibited to the public eye. From the very day of their marriage, which George had passed in an increasing degree of intoxication, Caroline had been treated by her husband with indifference, contempt, and slights. She ceased to live with him, and went on a tour of Europe, during which the extravagances of her conduct gave her husband grounds for taking proceedings for divorce. His infidelities were well known, and the evidence which was tendered before the House of Lords increased public

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feeling against him. The proceedings were exploited by his political opponents, and the case of Caroline roused angry passions.

George failed to get his divorce. He decided that though Caroline might remain his wife, she should never participate in the coronation as his queen. In the ceremonial drawn up there was no mention of the Queen. George wished an order to be given for her to be excluded from entering the Abbey. The Cabinet were divided, and as the great day approached the question on every lip was: would the Queen defy her husband and bring discomfiture upon him by entering the Abbey?

At four o'clock on Coronation Day the Queen entered her coach and drove down to Westminster, being greeted on all sides with loud cheers. At length her state coach, drawn by six bay horses, drew up before the Abbey entrance, and Lord Hood, the Queen's Champion, went up to demand admission for the Queen. The door-keeper replied that his instructions were to admit no persons without a peer's ticket. Lord Hood expostulated at this. "This is your Queen", he said. "Did you ever hear of a queen being asked for a ticket before?" The janitor gave the servant's inevitable explanation that he was only carrying out orders. The Queen herself then demanded entrance.

I take the following account of the conclusion of the scene from the contemporary record in the Annual Register:

The door-keeper repeated that his orders were peremptory—and said, however reluctant he might be, he could not suffer her Majesty to pass without a ticket.

Lord Hood: "I have a ticket."

Door-keeper: "Upon presenting it, I will permit you to pass."

Lord Hood then took from his pocket one ticket for the Abbey, for a Mr. Wellington, which he tendered to the door-keeper.

The door-keeper said that would admit but one individual.

Lord Hood then asked her Majesty, if she would enter alone. Her Majesty hesitated—upon which Lord Hood asked, whether there had not been some preparation made for her Majesty's reception. The door-keeper answered in the negative.

Lord Hood: "Then I am to understand you refuse your Queen admittance to Westminster Abbey?"

The door-keeper said he was ready to admit her Majesty with a ticket, but not without.

After a short consultation with her Majesty, whether she would go into the Abbey alone, or not—her Majesty declined—and it was resolved that she should return to her carriage.

As she was quitting the spot, some persons in the door-way burst into a vulgar laugh of derision. Her Majesty looked at them contemptuously, and turning about, passed through a group of fashionable women who were going to the Abbey with tickets, but who did not take the slightest notice of her. She was followed by a crowd to the platform, some of whom were approving, and some disapproving of her conduct. On entering her carriage, there was considerable disapprobation, intermingled with cries of "Shame, shame", "Off, off", while other parts of the populace repeated the cries of "The Queen, the Queen", with great enthusiasm.

The knowledge of her Majesty's presence drew forth many of the persons who had assembled to take part in the procession. The grotesqueness of their dresses, as they appeared on the leads of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, had a most singular appearance. Some of them joined in the cries of "Shame" against her Majesty.

The coronation of King William IV was in complete contrast with that of his predecessor. George had attempted to win popular favour by ostentation and a lavish display. When William IV came to the throne retrenchment and reform were the catchwords of the day; and so he sought to win popular favour by curtailing the previous extravagances. He even went to the length of corresponding with his ministers on the subject of discontinuing the coronation entirely. I doubt if that was ever seriously intended, but economy ruled the day. Parliament was asked to vote a sum of no more than £50,000. The ritual in the Abbey was abridged; the coronation banquet at Westminster Hall was abandoned. For the first time for centuries no Dymock threw down his gauntlet as King's Champion against all comers.

X

"HOW I WAS CROWNED", BY QUEEN VICTORIA

"HOW I WAS CROWNED", BY QUEEN VICTORIA

How they brought the news to the girl sovereign. "I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country." The Queen's own narrative of the events of her coronation day, June 28, 1838

NOW wish you to read an account of a coronation written by the principal figure in the ceremony, none other than Queen Victoria herself.

Throughout the years of her long reign, the Queen kept a diary in which she made her entries with a regularity that must be at once the envy and surprise of the many who have tried to keep a daily record of their lives but have ignominiously failed.

You will remember the romantic scene in which Victoria, a girl of no more than nineteen years, was awakened from her sleep to be informed that she had become the Queen of England. It was at twelve minutes past two o'clock that King William IV breathed his last. Thereupon Lord Conyngham, being the Lord Chamberlain, and Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, drove from Windsor Castle to Kensington Palace, where Victoria had her home.

It was five o'clock when they reached Kensington. They had some difficulty in gaining admittance to the Palace, and even when they had entered they were kept waiting, for Victoria was asleep. At six o'clock the Duchess of Kent was induced to awaken her daughter.

Victoria hastily put a dressing-gown over her shoulders and went into her sitting-room, where the two messengers of state were standing. Lord Conyngham knelt and kissed her hand and told her that her uncle was dead, and that she was now sovereign of the land. That night the young Queen wrote in her diary:

Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this situation I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country; I am very young and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real goodwill and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have.

Despite her preoccupations with the cares of state, Victoria had to find time to give attention to the preparations for her coronation. It took place on Thursday, June 28, 1838, amidst rejoicings which showed the great feeling of affection the people had for their girl sovereign. There is no need to give any further account of the time-honoured ceremonial by way of preface to the following description which the Queen wrote in her Journal that evening:

Thursday, 28th June, 1838.

I was awoke at four o'clock by the guns in the Park, and could not get much sleep afterwards on account of the noise of the people, bands, etc., etc. Got up at seven, feeling strong and well; the Park presented a curious spectacle, crowds of people up to Constitution Hill, soldiers, bands, etc. I dressed, having taken a little breakfast before I dressed, and a little after.

At half past 9 I went into the next room, dressed exactly in my House of Lords costume, and met Uncle Ernest,* Charles,† and Feodore‡ (who had come a few minutes before into my dressing-room), Lady Lansdowne, Lady Normanby, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Barham, all in their robes.

^{*} King of Hanover.
† Prince Charles of Leiningen, the Queen's half-brother, by the first marriage of her mother, Duchess of Kent, to the Prince of Leiningen. † Princess Feodore, the Queen's half-sister.

At 10 I got into the State Coach with the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Albemarle and we began our Progress.

It was a fine day, and the crowds of people exceeded what I have ever seen; many as there were the day I went to the City, it was nothing, nothing to the multitudes, the millions of my loyal subjects, who were assembled in every spot to witness the Procession. Their good humour and excessive loyalty was beyond everything, and I really cannot say how proud I feel to be the Queen of such a Nation. I was alarmed at times for fear that the people would be crushed and squeezed on account of the tremendous rush and pressure.

I reached the Abbey amid deafening cheers at a little after half past eleven; I first went into a robing-room quite close to the entrance where I found my eight train-bearers: Lady Caroline Lennox, Lady Adelaide Paget, Lady Mary Talbot, Lady Fanny Cowper, Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, Lady Anne Fitzwilliam, Lady Mary Grimston, and Lady Louisa Jenkinson—all dressed alike and beautifully in white satin and silver tissue with wreaths of silver corn-ears in front, and a small one of pink roses round the plait behind, and pink roses in the trimming of the dresses.

After putting on my mantle, and the young ladies having properly got hold of it and Lord Conyngham holding the end of it, I left the robing-room and the Procession began. The sight was splendid, the bank of Peeresses quite beautiful all in their robes, and the Peers on the other side. My young train-bearers were always near me, and helped me whenever I wanted anything. The Bishop of Durham* stood on the side near me, but he was, as Lord Melbourne† told me, remarkably maladroit, and never could tell me what was to take place. At the beginning of the Anthem I retired to St. Edward's Chapel, a dark small place immediately behind the Altar, with my ladies and train-bearers—took off my crimson robe and kirtle, and put on the supertunica of cloth of gold, also in the shape of a kirtle, which was

^{*} Edward Maltby, 1770-1859. † The Prime Minister.

put over a singular sort of little gown of linen trimmed with lace. I also took off my circlet of diamonds and then proceeded bareheaded into the Abbey; I was then seated upon St. Edward's chair, where the Dalmatic robe was clasped round me by the Lord Great Chamberlain. Then followed all the various things, and last (of those things) the Crown being placed on my head—which was, I must own, a most beautiful impressive moment—all the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets at the same instant.

My excellent Lord Melbourne, who stood very close to me throughout the whole ceremony, was completely overcome at this moment, and very much affected; he gave me such a kind, and I may say, fatherly look. The shouts, which were very great, the drums, the trumpets, the firing of the guns, all at the same instant, rendered the spectacle most imposing.

The Enthronization and the Homage of, first, all the Bishops, and then my Uncles, and lastly of all the Peers, in their respective order was very fine. The Duke of Norfolk (holding for me the Sceptre with a Cross) with Lord Melbourne stood close to me on my right, and the Duke of Richmond with the other Sceptre on my left, etc., etc. All my train-bearers, etc., standing behind the Throne.

Poor old Lord Rolle, who is 82, and dreadfully infirm, in attempting to ascend the steps fell and rolled quite down, but was not the least hurt; when he attempted to re-ascend them I got up and advanced to the end of the steps, in order to prevent another fall. When Lord Melbourne's turn to do Homage came, there was loud cheering; they also cheered Lord Grey and the Duke of Wellington; it's a pretty ceremony; they first all touch the Crown, and then kiss my hand.

When my good Lord Melbourne knelt down and kissed my hand, he pressed my hand and I grasped his with all my heart, at which he looked up with his eyes filled with tears and seemed much touched, as he was, I observed, throughout the whole ceremony.

After the Homage was concluded I left the Throne, took off my Crown and received the Sacrament; I then put on my Crown again, and re-ascended the Throne, leaning on Lord Melbourne's arm. At the commencement of the Anthem I descended from the Throne, and went into St. Edward's Chapel with my ladies, train-bearers, and Lord Willoughby, where I took off the Dalmatic robe, supertunica, etc., and put on the Purple Velvet Kirtle and Mantle, and proceeded again to the Throne, which I ascended leaning on Lord Melbourne's hand.

There was another most dear Being present at this ceremony, in the box immediately above the royal box, and who witnessed all; it was my dearly beloved angelic Lehzen,* whose eyes I caught when on the Throne, and we exchanged smiles. She and Späth,† Lady John Russell, and Mr. Murray saw me leave the Palace, arrive at the Abbey, leave the Abbey and again return to the Palace.

I then again descended from the Throne, and repaired with all the Peers bearing the Regalia, my ladies and trainbearers, to St. Edward's Chapel, as it is called; but which, as Lord Melbourne said, was more unlike a Chapel than anything he had ever seen; for what was called an Altar was covered with sandwiches, bottles of wine, etc., etc. The Archbishop came in and ought to have delivered the Orb to me, but I had already got it, and he (as usual) was so confused and puzzled and knew nothing, and-went away. Here we waited some minutes. Lord Melbourne took a glass of wine, for he seemed completely tired.

The Procession being formed, I replaced my Crown (which I had taken off for a few minutes), took the Orb in my left hand and the Sceptre in my right, and thus loaded, proceeded through the Abbey—which resounded with cheers -to the first robing-room, where I found the Duchess of Gloucester, Mamma, and the Duchess of Cambridge with

^{*} Louise Lehzen, Victoria's governess.
† Baroness Späth, Lady-in-Waiting to Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent.

their ladies. And here we waited for at least an hour, with all my ladies and train-bearers; the Princesses went away about half an hour before I did.

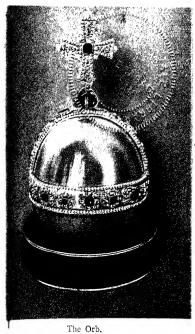
The Archbishop had (most awkwardly) put the ring on the wrong finger, and the consequence was that I had the greatest difficulty to take it off again, which I at last did with great pain.

Lady Fanny, Lady Wilhelmina, and Lady Mary Grimston looked quite beautiful.

At about half past four I re-entered my carriage, the Crown on my head, and the Sceptre and Orb in my hands, and we proceeded the same way as we came—the crowds if possible having increased. The enthusiasm, affection, and loyalty were really touching, and I shall ever remember this day as the Proudest of my life! I came home at a little after six, really not feeling tired.

At eight we dined. Besides we thirteen—my Uncles, sister, brother, Späth, and the Duke's gentlemen—my excellent Lord Melbourne and Lord Surrey dined here. Lord Melbourne came up to me and said: "I must congratulate you on this most brilliant day," and that all had gone off so well. He said he was not tired, and was in high spirits. I sat between Uncle Ernest and Lord Melbourne, and Lord Melbourne between me and Feodore, whom he had led in. My kind Lord Melbourne was much affected in speaking of the whole ceremony. He asked kindly if I was tired, said the Sword he carried (the first, the Sword of State) was excessively heavy. I said that the Crown hurt me a good deal. He was so much amused at Uncle Ernest's being astonished at our still having the Litany.

We agreed that the whole thing was a very fine sight. He thought the robes, and particularly the Dalmatic, "looked remarkably well". "And you did it all so well—excellent!" said he, with tears in his eyes. He said he thought I looked rather pale and "moved by all the people" when I arrived; "and that's natural; and that's better".

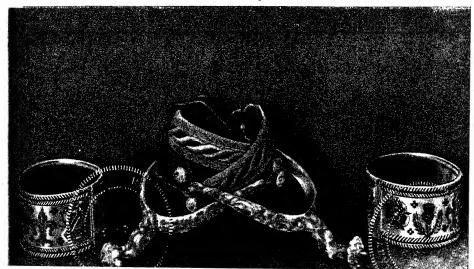




Ampulla, which contains the oil for the anointing.

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The Archbishop's and Dean's copes, which were remarkably handsome, were from James the Second's time; the very same that were worn at his Coronation, Lord Melbourne told me. Spoke of the Bishop of Durham's awkwardness, Lord Rolle's fall, etc. Of the Duc de Nemours* being like his father in face; of the young ladies' (train-bearers') dresses; which he thought beautiful; and he said he thought the Duchess of Richmond (who had ordered the make of the dresses, etc., and had been much condemned by some of the young ladies for it) quite right. She said to him: "One thing I was determined about: that I would have no discussion with their Mammas about it."

Spoke of Talleyrand and Soult having been very much struck by the ceremony of the Coronation; of the English being far too generous not to be kind to Soult. LordMelbourne went home the night before, and slept very deeply till he was woke at six in the morning. I said I did not sleep well. Spoke of the illuminations and Uncle Ernest's wish to see them.

After dinner, before we sat down, we (that is Charles, Lord Melbourne, and I) spoke of the numbers of Peers at the Coronation, which, Lord Melbourne said, with the tears in his eyes, was unprecedented. I observed that there were very few Viscounts; he said: "There are very few Viscounts," that they were an odd sort of title and not really English; that they came from Vice-Comités; that Dukes and Barons were the only real English titles; that Marquises were likewise not English; and that they made people Marquises when they did not wish to make them Dukes.

Spoke of Lord Audley, who came as the First Baron, and who Lord Melbourne said was a very odd young man, but of a very old family; his ancestor was a Sir Something Audley in the time of the Black Prince, who, with Chandos, gained the Battle of Poictiers.

I then sat on the sofa for a little while with Lady Barham

^{*} Son of Louis Philippe, King of France.

and then with Charles; Lord Melbourne sitting near me the whole evening. Mamma and Feodore remaind to see the illuminations and only came in later, and Mamma went away before I did. Uncle Ernest drove out to see the illuminations.

I said to Lord Melbourne when I first sat down that I felt a little tired on my feet. "You must be very tired," he said. Spoke of the weight of the Robes, etc., etc., the Coronets; and he turned round to me with the tears in his eyes, and said so kindly: "And you did it beautifully—every part of it, with so much taste; it's a thing that you can't give a person advice upon; it must be left to a person." To hear this, from this kind, impartial friend, gave me great and real pleasure. Mamma and Feodore came back just after he said this.

Spoke of the Bishops' Copes, about which he was very funny; of the Pages who were such a nice set of boys, and who were so handy. Lord Melbourne said that they kept them the whole time. Little Lord Stafford and Slane (Lord Mountcharles) were pages to their fathers and looked lovely; Lord Paget (not a fine boy) was Lord Melbourne's page and remarkably handy, he said. Spoke again of the young ladies' dresses, about which he was very amusing; he waited for his carriage with Lady Mary Talbot and Lady Wilhelmina; he thinks Lady Fanny does not make as much show as other girls, which I would not allow.

He set off for the Abbey from his house at half past eight, and was there long before anybody else; he only got home at half past six and had to go round by Kensington. He said there was a large breakfast in the Jerusalem Chamber where they met before all began; he said, laughing, that whenever the Clergy, or a Dean and Chapter, had anything to do with anything, there's sure to be plenty to eat.

Spoke of my intending to go to bed, etc.; he said, "You may depend upon it, you are more tired than you think you are." I said I had slept badly the night before; he said that

was my mind, that nothing kept people more awake than any consciousness of a great event going to take place, and being agitated. He was not sure if he was not going to the Duke of Wellington's.

Stayed in the dining-room till twenty minutes past eleven, but remained on Mamma's balcony looking at the fireworks in Green Park, which were quite beautiful. Uncle Ernest, Charles, Feodore, and the Ladies and Gentlemen (like Lehzen, etc.) saw me leave the Palace, arrive at the Abbey, leave the Abbey, and return to the Palace.

Got a long letter from Aunt Louise.*

^{*} Princess Louise Marie, eldest daughter of King Louis Philippe of France, who married Victoria's uncle, Leopold, first King of the Belgians.

XI THE ROYAL GEORGES OF ENGLAND

XI

THE ROYAL GEORGES OF ENGLAND

I-THE BEGINNINGS OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

Importance of the first four Georges. The Hanoverians come to England.

The 'Fifteen Rising suppressed. Bursting of the South Sea

Bubble. Death in Hanover.

THE name of George is an honoured one in our history. St. George and England! It is a cry that has inspired men of our race to deeds of heroism on many fields. George, killer of the dragon, is our patron, and his flag our national emblem that

... comes from the misty ages,
The banner of England's might,
The blood-red cross of the brave St. George,
That burns on a field of white!

Perhaps it is a little strange that we should have had to wait for so many centuries before the name was borne by one of our kings. Edwards and Henrys were the great kings of olden times, with a William and an Elizabeth to add to the lustre of our royal roll of fame.

Not until six centuries had passed from the Norman conquest was the name of our patron saint borne by our sovereign. And then the age of the Georges began.

From 1714—the year of the accession of the House of Hanover—to 1937 is 223 years, and in that period there have been only eighty-one years in which a George has not reigned over us. It is continuity which neither Henrys nor Edwards can surpass.

No period in our history has been of more importance than the

reigns of the first four Georges. Those were the years which saw the development of the England and the Empire in which we live today.

Under the Georges the Cabinet system of Government emerged and evolved. Under the Georges the Empire's foundations were laid in the East and West and in the lands of the Antipodes. Under the Georges was formed the structure of the industrial and commercial system which today provides the livelihood of millions of our people in the home country and overseas.

It is one of the curiosities of history that the Electors of a modest German principality should have become inheritors of the throne of England. Had James II not been a fanatical Roman Catholic; had not William and Mary died without leaving a child to succeed; had not the six children of Queen Anne died before their mother, we might never have had a George upon the English throne.

But this succession of circumstances did occur, and it brought over the Hanoverians to become heirs to the Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts.

For two generations the people of England were ruled by kings of German birth.

According to the experts who delve into genealogies and draw up family trees, not a sixtieth part of the blood of George I was English. He was linked with England's royal line through his mother, the Electress Sophia, grand-daughter of James I. James's daughter Elizabeth married Frederick, Elector Palatine, and their child Sophia married Ernest August, Elector of Hanover.

These Hanoverians trace their descent back to the tenth century to a certain Wolf of Bavaria, a German marcher lord who was connected with the estates of Ferrara. Through various Dukes of Saxony, Brunswick, and Hanover, his line continued down to George I.

It is told in the history-books how Parliament decided to exclude Roman Catholics from the throne after the troubles of James II's reign. The Act of Settlement was passed to ensure that the sovereign should be a member of the Church of England.

Ultimate succession to the Crown was accorded to the heirs of the Electress Sophia, whose Protestantism was beyond dispute.

So it came about in the year 1714, when Queen Anne died, that George I came over from Hanover to begin the dynasty of the Georges.

Parliament might arrange for the succession, but when Queen Anne breathed her last there was for a time a prospect that the House of Hanover might not reign for long.

Despite their failings, the Stuarts had a measure of popularity amongst the English people. They had reigned for a hundred years. In that time traditions and affection had gathered round them. There were many who did not like to think that the old race of English kings was to be put aside and a German-born, German-speaking sovereign placed on the throne. So when on August 1, 1714, Queen Anne died in an apoplectic fit there were many in the country who would have preferred the son of James II to reign over them than the strange princeling from Germany.

George arrived in England from Hanover six weeks after the Queen's death, and was crowned on October 20. He came over from Hanover without his wife, who for some years had been locked up in a castle because her husband said she had fallen in love with somebody else, which she denied. To console himself for her absence, George brought with him a number of German ladies, who did not increase his popularity with his new subjects. They had neither wit nor good looks, but they did have considerable talents in the acquisition of wealth.

In one way and another there was a certain amount of opposition to England's new sovereign. The late summer of the year 1715 saw the King's opponents raising the standard of revolt. On September 6 the Old Pretender was proclaimed James VIII of Scotland and James III of England at Kirkmichael in Braemar. John Erskine, Earl of Mar—Bobbing John, they called him because he changed sides in politics—was the Old Pretender's champion in Scotland, the Earl of Derwentwater in England.

There was plenty of enthusiasm behind the revolt, but little enough brains. The rising was ill-timed. Its direction was illmanaged. The zeal of the Highlanders was unquestionable, but their discipline made their leaders despair. Help from France had been relied upon, but no help came.

The Government acted with decision, and the rising was suppressed. The Pretender had to fly. Soon the fine roads the Government constructed in the Highlands so that the loyal forces might march easily to keep the clans in order were the only memorials of the 'Fifteen that remained.

The other main event of George I's reign was the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. No Eldorado ever inspired such extravagant expectations as the South Sea Company, formed to carry on trade with the lands newly discovered overseas. Prices for shares rose to ridiculous heights as investors bid against one another, inspired by visions of a fortune in no time. At last the Bubble burst. Prices for shares began to slump. The bottom dropped out of the market. There were losses on all sides. Many were completely ruined. Even more serious was the damage to public credit and the revelations of the swindling practices which had enriched the unscrupulous at the expense of the credulous.

The scandal did not touch the King. In fact, he secured one advantage from it—the return to power of his old friend Walpole. He had been loath to part with this Prime Minister, whose successor, Stanhope, was discredited when the South Sea Bubble burst. So Walpole came back to power, to the infinite satisfaction of his sovereign. "I parted from him once against my inclination," said the King, "but I will never part with him again."

The King's relations with his ministers were unlike those of any of his predecessors. He was, in fact, our first constitutional king. He set a pattern strange in his day, but now the model of a constitutional monarch. This, indeed, was the foremost consequence of the succession of the Hanoverians to the English throne.

It is not too much to say that it was this change of dynasty which gave England and the world the conception of constitu-

tional government as it exists today. Cabinet government might in any case have been evolved, but it can scarcely be imagined that its development would have proceeded on the lines that we know.

It has all been due to the fact that the first of the Georges was a German who spoke German, and who could not speak English. His predecessors had themselves been accustomed to preside over the councils of their ministers. George could neither understand what his ministers said nor, without recourse to dog Latin, make them understand him. He came over determined that he would not antagonize the "king-killers", as he called them—Whig leaders to whom he owed his throne. He resolved to put himself in the hands of his ministers and make them completely answerable for all the affairs of the country.

This was an act of considerable self-renunciation on the part of an Elector who was supreme in his own principality. So autocratic a man as the first of the Georges might have been tempted to waver in his determination during the course of his thirteen years reign, but the bar of language was there to act as a permanent deterrent. It is not easy to argue with your ministers and over-persuade them when you have to talk to them in dog Latin, and if you do not attend their meetings, because of the impediment of language, it becomes more difficult still.

So the King interfered little in affairs. The Whigs had it their own way. They, and not the King, ruled the country. Things were not done by the King, but in the name of the King, and when things went wrong it was the ministers and not the King who had to take the blame. This seems commonplace today, but it was a startling innovation in a world which was accustomed to the theory of the divine right of kings.

Freed from the responsibility of affairs of State, George passed the time diverted by the company of his German ladies and quarrelling with his son and heir George, Prince of Wales. At intervals he visited his native Hanover. There was a difficulty about that at first, because the Act of Settlement had laid it down that the King should not leave the country without the consent of

Parliament. George, however, had this clause repealed, and was able, when the tedium of affairs in England became too great, to find solace in his beloved Hanover.

He was fifty-four when he came over to begin his reign. Thirteen years later, in June 1727, he was paying a visit to Hanover when he had an apoplectic seizure, caused by eating melons after a bad sea crossing. He insisted, however, on continuing his journey, and died in his coach on June 12. We may be sure that his spirit was happy in that he was allowed to find his last and permanent resting-place in Hanover, in which he was born, and which he loved.

II-GEORGE II-TRANQUILLITY AND COURAGE

His wife's political judgment. Walpole's watchword—"Tranquillity".

George II's valour at Dettingen. The Jacobites rise again.

Birth-years of the Empire. Buried in Westminster Abbey.

The passing of George I did not bring any pronounced change in affairs. The second of the Georges was strikingly similar to the first. Hanoverian born, he spoke English with difficulty. The quarrels his father had with him were repeated in the quarrels of even greater bitterness he had with his own eldest son. George I had locked up his wife in Hanover, and had had affairs with a succession of ladies. George II brought his wife with him, but the ladies were there just the same. And the Government of the country continued as before on the new constitutional model. The new King intervened almost as little as the old. There was, however, a difference, because the new King had a wife.

Despite his pleasure in the society of other women, George II had a deep affection for Queen Caroline (of Anspach), and, what is more, he had an unbounded confidence in her political judgment and sagacity. He was quite content to be guided by her, and she

gave her confidence to Walpole. So this great statesman continued to direct the affairs of England.

Walpole's motto anticipated the choice Mr. Baldwin made for his election campaign in 1929. "Tranquillity" was Mr. Baldwin's diagnosis of the country's need. Tranquillity was Walpole's conception of England's need 200 years ago. He saw that after the civil wars at home, and the campaigns abroad, the country needed a breathing-space in which to recover her strength for new efforts. Walpole gave England peace; prosperity was soon to follow.

Tranquillity was all to the mind of the King, who according to his Minister was "as great a coward as ever wore a crown and as much afraid to lose it". So long as he was suffered to keep to the regular pattern of his life he cared nothing about the satires of the wits:

> You may strut, dapper George, But 'twill all be in vain; We know 'tis Queen Caroline, Not you that reign.

The wits may have their fun; the King had his tranquillity.

You must not think from Walpole's strictures that he was a cowardly King. It was only in politics that his courage was lacking. When it came to fighting, this sovereign, who swore by his army, was as brave as any of them.

There is his conduct at the Battle of Dettingen to attest his valour. Dettingen is in Bavaria on the Maine, and in 1743 George took command of the English and Austrian troops against the French. Early in the action his horse ran away, so he dismounted. Drawing his sword, he put himself at the head of his infantry, crying: "Now, boys, now for the honour of England; fire and behave bravely and the French will soon turn." The French did turn, and George's coolness made him the nation's hero of the hour. When he came home he was greeted by a Te Deum composed in his honour by Handel. It was the last time an English

sovereign stood on a battlefield until King George V made his visits to the trenches in France.

A couple of years later his native coolness and courage stood him in good stead during a greater danger. Thirty years had passed since the 'Fifteen rising. The Old Pretender was dead. But the English once their loyalty is given are true. There still remained a number of Diehards who raised their glasses to the King over the Water—to the Young Pretender, the Jacobite darling, Bonnie Prince Charlie.

In 1745 the Jacobites again rose in revolt. There seemed better prospects for the success of Charles Edward Stuart than his father had had. He landed in Scotland and marched to Edinburgh. The first engagement was a victory for him. Sir John Cope defeated at Prestonpans, he marched south. Through the North he was unopposed. He reached the Midlands. London was in a panic.

The King was not depressed by the timidity around him. He was in Hanover when the Pretender landed in Scotland and returned home. His confidence put a new spirit into the waverers. When they hinted that the "revolt might succeed" he rebuked them. "Don't talk to me of such stuff; whatever you may say I am determined to die King of England." And so he did.

The Pretender reached Derby, but came no farther. The great advance became the great retreat. Culloden put the seal to the Pretender's hopes. The 'Forty-five ended like the 'Fifteen, and the penalties inflicted on the rebels were even more severe. It was not for nothing that the Duke of Cumberland was given the title of Butcher of Culloden.

Tranquillity was the keynote of the opening years of the reign. It ended in a blaze of conflict and of glory.

We were at war with France—the Seven Years War. We won victories on land and sea. What was more important, we acquired territories in Asia and America. Clive gained the victory of Plassey, and we became secure in India. Quebec was captured by Wolfe, and Canada was added to our possessions.

Imperialists of today look back with feelings akin to venera-

tion to those birth-years of the Empire. George II, however, felt more restrained enthusiasm for the victories which were won. He was growing old. He was immersed in the routine of a daily life ordered to rule. The society of his women friends and meditation or means to effect economies—he was probably the most avaricious of our kings—occupied much of his time. Pitt the elder, the great commoner, might have his victories, but the King had always detested Pitt.

As he grew older the King's eyesight failed. On October 25, 1760, he burst a blood-vessel and died at Kensington. Seventy-seven years of age, he had been on the throne for thirty-three years. He directed that his remains should be mingled with those of Queen Caroline. The wish was respected. His coffin was placed alongside hers, and the sides that touched were removed. Both coffins were placed in a sarcophagus which was buried in the Royal Vault of Henry VII's Chapel. George II was the last sovereign of England to find burial in Westminster Abbey.

Had his eldest son survived to reign, England might have had a King Frederick, but the son died nine years before the father, having been injured while playing cricket at Windsor. So George II was succeeded by his grandson, and the rule of the Georges continued.

III-GEORGE III-THE DESPOT

A fascinating character. Revival of autocratic kingship. A reign which brought forth great Englishmen. The longest span of any King. Pitt at the head of affairs. Retirement at Windsor Castle. Death at eighty-one.

George III has often been represented as a dull man whose life was lacking in human interest. Those who regard him in this light must themselves be lacking in imagination. For my part I find George III one of the most fascinating characters in the

entire line of English kings. He had not the flamboyant touches that impress the mind satisfied by the obvious. He had none of the vigour of the great Edwards. He had little of the graces of Henry VIII or Charles I, but there is something strangely interesting in the character of this sovereign.

When he came to the throne at the age of twenty-two he was a shy young man with little knowledge of affairs. He remained always limited in his intellectual grasp. He lived a life of piety, he was frugal, chaste, and temperate. Precedence and etiquette were matters in which he became an expert.

Yet it was this king, with his limitations, who in the eighteenth century revived, and revived for the last time, the autocratic kingship which had appeared to go out with the Stuarts. It was this sovereign who found in the recesses of his character strength to fight, and to defeat, the all-powerful Whig magnates who had ruled the country for half a century.

You may say that George III was not a great king—it depends upon your definition of greatness—but there is no question that he had a great reign. It was a reign of great events. It was a reign of great advances in the Empire, in the development of the modern industrial system, and in man's knowledge of the world in which he lives.

It was a reign of great Englishmen. Among the statesmen there were the two Pitts, Burke, and Fox. It was a reign of great warriors, among whom Nelson and Wellington stand pre-eminent. A patron of arts and letters might be hard put to it to decide whether he would rather have lived in the England of Queen Anne or in the England of George III. The literary court over which Dr. Johnson presided included some of the most distinguished national figures—little Goldsmith, Reynolds, and the rest. There were those inimitable letter-writers Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole. When was there such a blaze of poetry as in the years of Gray, Collins, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, and Walter Scott? Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett founded the English novel. Gainsborough, Romney, and Wilson gained new laurels for British art.

It was an age of giants and of genius. I should rank

George III's as one of the greatest reigns in English history. During the past 400 years there have been only three others to compare with it—those of Elizabeth, Victoria, and George V. The third George ruled for fifty-nine years—the longest span of any king, although his length of reign was exceeded by Queen Victoria's sixty-three years. At the outset George III had one great point in his favour. He was, as he proclaimed in his speech at his accession, "born and bred a Briton". This counted for a great deal to people who for half a century had been ruled by Germanborn, German-speaking sovereigns. He was unmarried when his father died—the next unmarried king to succeed was King Edward VIII—but a fortnight before the coronation he was married to Charlotte Sophia, daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

The phrase which gives the clue to his conduct as sovereign is that of his mother: "George, be a king." This became the dominating idea of his life. He set out to recover the power that had been lost by the sovereign under his immediate predecessors. First he contrived, in the words of a later generation, "to dish the Whigs". Soon he was taking an active part in the management of the House of Commons and in the direction of policy. The patronage and favours by which the Whigs had maintained themselves in power were now managed by the King to keep them out of it. He incurred heavy debts, which Parliament had ultimately to pay, in providing means for the manipulation of politicians. Year by year he advanced towards absolute government.

He might have succeeded in his aims had he given at least a semblance of power to the Tories. After fifty years in the political wilderness they had looked with the utmost satisfaction upon the discomfiture of the Whigs, but when it proved that there was little comfort to be derived for themselves, they had not the same enthusiasm for their royal master. The King indeed ranged too many forces against himself. The loss of the American colonies brought final discredit on his government. The House of Commons asserted its independence sufficiently to carry a resolution that "the power of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought

to be diminished". At last Lord North, the King's Minister, would carry on no longer. The Whigs had to be recalled.

You might think that having suffered this indignity the King would have given up the struggle. He was a man of greater character than that. He was one of those who "fall to rise and are baffled to fight better". For a while he suffered the Whigs to continue in office. Then, all of a sudden, he dismissed the ministry and placed young Pitt, then only twenty-four, in office as Premier. For the next sixteen years Pitt was at the head of affairs, a strong Minister. Since the King could no longer rule in person, he preferred Pitt to the Whigs.

I shall not even attempt to summarize the events of this fiftynine years reign. It would be only a bald recital of battles lost and won, of the leading events in the French Revolution, of the rise and fall of Napoleon and of the long struggle which Britain waged against the Dictator of the Continent.

During much of the time these historic events were proceeding, George III was suffering from mental trouble. Like his two predecessors he was distressed by the conduct of his eldest son. His dull Court was avoided by the leaders of society. The King, in his middle life, was unpopular with his people. He lived a life of extreme abstention and exhausted himself by laborious attention to business. The troubles of his family, the turmoil of international affairs, became too much for him. He suffered from successive attacks of insanity. His sight was in danger, and he became infirm. At last he went into perpetual retirement at Windsor Castle, a pitiable figure. For the last ten years of his life the Prince of Wales took over the control of the Government as Prince Regent. The King, imbecile and decrepit, spent the long months at Windsor playing on the harp and singing prayers. For eight years Queen Caroline took care of him, and when she died the duty of devotion passed to his second son, the Duke of York. At last, on January 29, 1820, George III died. He was eighty-one, and had reigned for fifty-nine years.

IV-GEORGE IV

The verdict of history. "First Gentleman in Europe." The years of the Regency. Laudanum and cherry brandy. At Windsor Castle.

An inappropriate epitaph: "Serene and most excellent".

"History", wrote one of our more satirical authors, "has failed to do justice to George IV." This seems to me to be an equivocal observation. On its face value you might suppose this suggestion to mean that perhaps the blemishes in the character of the fourth George had been over-emphasized. But it can be read in the opposite sense, in which case the author must have intended a most severe condemnation, for history has found little good to say about George III's successor.

Adopting the conventional line of judgment, I do not see that any other conclusion could be arrived at. Judged by conventional standards, George IV, in his private life, can deserve little but censure. As King the censure must be complete.

No king judged by the standards of kingship can escape censure who brings his high office into disrepute. There is no question that George IV by the scandal of his private life brought kingship into greater disrepute than had been produced by the worst of his predecessors.

This is no place to recall the scandals of his life—his women, his debts, his gaming, his extravagances, his conduct to his father and his Queen. In his treatment of Mrs. Fitzherbert you must either conclude that he practised the worst of deceptions that could delude a woman when he went through a form of marriage with her, or else you must pronounce that when he went to the altar with Caroline of Brunswick he committed bigamy. How the archbishop of the day reconciled it with his conscience to place the crown of England on the head of this Lord's anointed seems in our age difficult to explain.

Yet there are other sides to this King's character which the

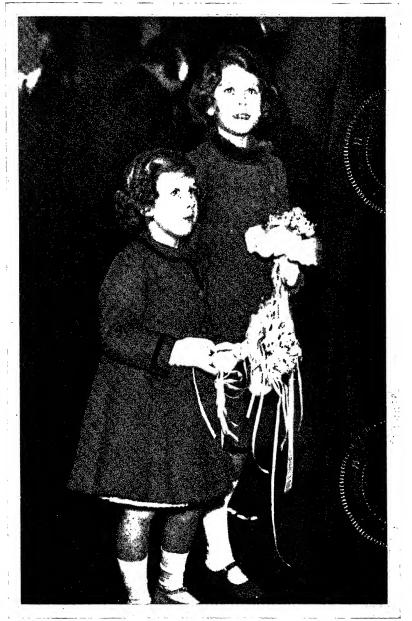
defenders of George IV have dwelt upon. There was a charm of manner about him, a kingly presence. A Hanoverian at last was seen to possess some of the graces that made Charles II stand out amongst the Stuarts. George was a man of taste. It was not for nothing that he was termed the First Gentleman in Europe. If Brighton had enough character about it to be capable of such sentiments, it would hold this King's name in the highest veneration. The patronage of George IV was the principal factor in transforming the fishing-village of Brighthelmstone into the so-terribly-conscious-of-its-own-pre-eminence watering-place that it is today.

His life-story must be epitomized. He was born at St. James's Palace, the first son of George III and Queen Charlotte, on August 12, 1762. Five days later he was created Prince of Wales. He married Caroline of Brunswick on April 8, 1795. Because of the incapacity of his father he was appointed Prince Regent on February 5, 1811. He ascended the throne on January 29, 1820, and he died ten years later, on June 26, 1830. By his wife he had one child, Princess Charlotte, who did not survive to succeed him, but died at Esher in giving birth to a stillborn child.

George made a greater impression as Prince Regent than as King. During the years of his regency he played a considerable part in the country's life. After his accession to the throne his health did not permit him to make many appearances in public. He suffered from dropsy, gout, and stone, and was partly blind. Like his father, he withdrew to the privacy of Windsor Castle, where for days he would lie in bed sustained by large quantities of laudanum and cherry brandy.

For his epitaph when he died they chose the words "serene and most excellent". "Serene", of all adjectives, seems to be the one most inappropriate to his life. There is a memorial to him in Trafalgar Square. The Pavilion at Brighton commemorates his fame, and so does Regent's Park—park of the Prince Regent.

THE HEIR TO THE THRONE



[Press Portrait Bureau

Princess Elizabeth with Princess Margaret Rose caught by the camera as they arrived to see the circus at Olympia.

MADE MAN AND WIFE



[Sport & General

Before the altar of Westminster Abbey, where they will receive their crowns, the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon were married on April 26, 1923. To their right stand King George, Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra and the Dean of Westminster. The late Bishop Ryle stands before the royal couple, obscuring the view of Archbishop of Canterbury, the late Lord Davidson. Archbishop Lang can be seen in the background.

V—GEORGE V—CONSTITUTIONALIST

What part in national affairs does the Sovereign play? The case of Ireland. Mr. Baldwin and the crisis. Passing of a revered King.

What a change to turn from the nineteenth century to the twentieth—from George IV to George V! A period of eighty years separated the death of one and the accession of the other. It is no more than the span of life of an aged man. Yet in that eighty years there had been a transformation in the constitutional scene. There was a transformation, too, in the attitude of the people towards their sovereign. George IV, by the scandals of his life, had left a tarnished crown to his successor. George V inherited a crown from which the tarnish had been long removed. A new loyalty had sprung up among the people. By his life George V added to the lustre of the crown, and the loyalty of his subjects became unbounded affection.

George V stands for us, and will stand for all time, as the perfect example of the constitutional monarch. In that difficult role he established a greatness which it will be difficult for any of his successors to surpass. It was said of King Edward VII that son métier était roi. The same tribute could be paid to his son and successor, but in the case of the son the remark would have to be understood with a difference.

The qualities of George V as king were not those of his father. He had not that same urbanity. He was not to the same degree a man of the world. He did not play the part of his father as diplomatist-extraordinary. His influence did not have the same effect on the course of international affairs.

The excellence of George V was to be found in the skill and delicacy with which he discharged his responsibilities as constitutional sovereign. He succeeded in finding just that mean between action and inaction which enables a constitutional sovereign to influence the course of events and yet to avoid even

the semblance of appearance of intervention in regions which properly belong to his Ministers. Influence, not action—that seems to sum up the conception of the role of constitutional sovereign as fulfilled by our late King.

Events which ended in the abdication of his son have stimulated our interest in this question of the position of the king under a constitutional monarchy. Previous to the events of December 1936 we had imagined, I suppose, that we knew exactly what constitutional sovereignty means. In reality, I fancy, we knew nothing of the kind. We had taken things for granted. We had not bothered to inquire. At times we had looked upon our sovereign as a person who was no more than the decorative head of the State, whose duties were to entertain a few distinguished visitors from time to time, to declare open exhibitions and conferences, to read a number of speeches which were most carefully written to say nothing of vital consequence. At other times we were satisfied that our king intervened in political affairs to considerable purpose, and we ridiculed the notion that he was an ornamental doing-nothing-that-mattered king. Between these two conceptions our minds oscillated, and I doubt if the majority of us were ever impelled to decide which sort of king we had, or which we wanted.

The circumstance of the abdication of King Edward VIII, however, raised problems which we had suffered ourselves to ignore, and brought, too, the realization that we did not all think exactly alike.

Of course, we had always taken it for granted that there was a minority who never wished to have a king at all, members of the party who look upon kingship as one of the props of an order of society which they wish to destroy. But otherwise kingship seemed to be generally accepted as desirable. The republicanism of mid-Victorian times seemed to have perished as completely as the dodo.

When the abdication led us to talk about the role the king should fulfil, it came as something of a shock to find that the ideas of Dilke and Chamberlain in their left-wing days still survived in Radical repositories, to emerge strangely in the changed political atmosphere of the twentieth century. They appeared to be politics so hopelessly out of date.

By the majority of his subjects it was agreed, I think, that the King today should not be a do-nothing, decorative sovereign—no mere rubber stamp. In this, as in many other of our notions, Mr. Bernard Shaw has had a considerable influence upon the opinions of our generation. His Apple Cart left us with the clear impression that the king in the modern world is not, and should not be, a mere figurehead. As King Magnus told the demogogue Boanerges, "The india-rubber stamp theory will not work. The old divine theory worked because there is a divine spark in us all, but the india-rubber stamp theory breaks down in every real emergency because no king or minister is the very least bit like a stamp. He is a living soul."

Even under a constitutional monarchy there is a place for the king, as the first of the three estates of the realm, to exercise a certain influence. He must not rule. That is the responsibility of his ministers. He can, however, advise those who are nominally his advisers. As his experience and his wisdom grow with the length of his reign the advice of the king, a permanent figure among ministries that change and pass, become increasingly valuable. The public service could show no better or more qualified adviser-in-chief. Beyond that, the life of King George V shows—or perhaps I should say, is likely to show, when the full facts are known—that the king may become a spur for his ministers, and that there are times when he may, and indeed must, take action which will have a decisive effect on the course of history.

There are three examples which spring to the mind from King George's twenty-five years reign. The first concerns the settlement of the Irish dispute, which had perplexed statesmen for generations, and which, at the end of the Great War, had reached a stage of bitterness and tragedy not previously seen even in the long drawn-out misery of Anglo-Irish history.

We do not know precisely how far King George acted upon his own initiative, but we are left with the impression that it was his personal influence—I might say intervention—which led to the negotiations and the final settlement. It is public knowledge that in the month of June 1921 he made a speech at the opening of the Northern Ireland Parliament in Belfast, from which those negotiations followed. Looking beyond the frontiers of the six counties, he appealed for peace and forbearance throughout all Ireland. "I speak from a full heart," he said, "when I pray that my coming to Ireland today may prove to be the first step towards an end of strife among her people, whatever their race or creed. In that hope I appeal to all Irishmen to pause, to stretch out the hand of forbearance and conciliation, to overcome and to forget and to join in making for the land which they love a new era of peace, contentment, and good will. It is my desire that in Southern Ireland, too, there may, ere long, take place a parallel to what is now passing in this hall, that there a similar action may present itself and a similar ceremony be performed."

Whether these words were his own suggestion has never been publicly disclosed, but there is an impression that on this occasion the King was a spur unto his ministers. To have set in motion the discussions leading to the end of a situation that had embittered relations between England and Ireland for generations is an achievement of which any king might feel proud.

The second instance I should like to give of decisive action by King George is that of the choice of Mr. Baldwin to become Prime Minister when Mr. Bonar Law had to resign owing to his ill health. Here we are on no uncertain ground. We know that Mr. Baldwin was his personal choice. It was, beyond that, an unexpected choice. When Mr. Bonar Law made it known that he could no longer carry on his responsibilities, it had been generally assumed that Marquis Curzon would succeed to the head of the Ministry. His long and distinguished service to the State, his pre-eminence in the counsels of the Conservative Party, appeared to indicate him as certain successor. Mr. Baldwin, on the other hand, was a personality then almost unknown. The King, however, decided to appoint the unknown man rather than

the peer who had behind him so illustrious a record of service. The King's decision was taken on the ground that with the Socialist Party coming to the fore it was improper that the head of the Government should be a member of the House of Lords, the chamber in which the Socialists were insignificantly represented. The choice of Mr. Baldwin has had an incalculable effect on our destinies. He has set an example which has kept the national temper under control during years of storm and stress. That we have come through these difficult years with our democratic institutions unimperilled is due to my mind in no small extent to his mollifying influence, and it was the choice of King George which put Mr. Baldwin at the head of affairs.

My third illustration of King George's intervention is the decision to form a National Government when the Socialists resigned from office during the international crisis of 1931. In the natural course of events the resignation of the Socialists would have been followed by the appointment of a Conservative administration. When Mr. Ramsay MacDonald surrendered the seals, Mr. Baldwin might have been expected to be entrusted with them. The King, however, gave Mr. MacDonald a commission to form a National Government. The course of political events at home, and we may believe of events in the international sphere, has been decisively affected by the formation of the administration of all parties which since then has continued to direct our affairs.

From these three examples you can gain some indication of the manner in which a constitutional sovereign can, and does, intervene in the affairs of the realm. As the history of our times is revealed other incidents will doubtless be disclosed, but I think these three decisions will remain as the principal contributions of King George towards moulding the events of his reign.

King George's life-story has been frequently told during these last two years. I must content myself here with mentioning only the outstanding facts. He was born at Marlborough House on June 3, 1865, the second son of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. At the age of fourteen he became a naval cadet and

began a long association with the Senior Service which was to gain for him the title of the "Sailor King".

The death, in 1892, of his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, brought him into direct line of succession to the throne, and put an end to the career at sea to which he was devoted. In 1893 he married Princess Victoria Mary, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, whom we now know as that gracious lady Queen Mary. For eight years he held the title—like his son who now rules over us—of Duke of York, and then, with the death in 1901 of Queen Victoria and the accession of King Edward VII, he was created Prince of Wales.

Nine years later his father died, and King George V succeeded him. To his Accession Council he said that it would be his endeavour "to follow in my father's footsteps, and at the same time to uphold the constitutional government of these realms". He was crowned amidst scenes of national rejoicing on June 25, 1911, and later in the year sailed for India to hold a coronation durbar on December 12.

During the anxious years of the Great War the King gave to the nation an example of quiet confidence and devotion to duty which was an inspiration and an encouragement. In the year of victory and peace he was present at all the important ceremonies, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in the City of London Guildhall, and elsewhere, maintaining the character, to which his years were adding a greater dignity, of father of his people.

His children grew up and married and founded families of their own, first Princess Mary, the Princess Royal that is now, and then his second son Albert, our present King George. In 1928 the King was stricken with an illness which brought him perilously near to death. It provided the occasion for a manifestation of the affection which he had inspired among his subjects. Few who lived in London in those days will forget the scenes outside Buckingham Palace, where a daily pilgrimage, continued throughout the period of illness, showed how acute was the anxiety which the nation felt for a beloved sovereign.

A few years later came the Silver Jubilee to demonstrate once

again, and in happier key, the love of the widespread family of British people for their head. He was accorded, through a memorable week, a succession of testimonies that gave him a full reward for the long and anxious labours of his reign of twenty-five years.

The glorious Jubilee year came to its close. On Christmas Day 1935 his people in many lands heard the familiar voice of King George over the wireless in his last address to the members of his great family. They heard during that moving broadcast a cough which roused in many minds a feeling of momentary anxiety.

Three weeks later the forebodings of anxiety were proved to have been only too well founded. On Friday, the seventeenth day of January, it became known that King George had a cold and was staying indoors at Sandringham. Then came a bulletin which stated: "The bronchial catarrh from which his Majesty is suffering is not severe, but there have appeared signs of cardiac weakness which must be regarded with disquiet."

The week-end passed with public anxiety greatly increased. On the Sunday the Archbishop of Canterbury said: "It would be foolish to deny that there are grounds for anxiety, but there are also good grounds for hope in the King's proved powers of recovery, and in the knowledge, experience, and skill of his doctors and nurses."

Crowds gathered outside Buckingham Palace to read the bulletins; prayers were offered in churches; the universal topic of conversation was: "Will King George pull through?"

On this Sunday the Prince of Wales flew from Sandringham to London to see the Prime Minister, returning by air the following day. At noon on Monday, January 20, King George performed his last act of state by appointing Counsellors of State to act for him. Here is the official description of the historic and tragic occasion:

His Majesty the King at a Council held at Sandringham this morning appointed Counsellors of State. Those so appointed are:

Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of York, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, and H.R.H. the Duke of Kent.

There were present at the Council the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Hailsham), the Lord President of the Council (Mr. Ramsay MacDonald), Lord Dawson of Penn, Lord Wigram, and the Home Secretary (Sir John Simon). Sir Maurice Hankey was in attendance as Clerk of the Council.

The Counsellors were appointed at a meeting of the Privy Council. This meeting assembled in a room opening on to King George's sick-room, the door between the rooms being thrown open. The Archbishop of Canterbury's moving description of this scene, this last glimpse of King George working even as death was stealing over him, must be given here. King George was propped up in bed. Then:

To the order constituting a Council of State he gave in his old clear voice the familiar "Approved". He was asked whether he wished to sign the order with his own hand.

"Yes, I have always signed myself."

But his hands could not grasp the pen. For several minutes they moved to and fro across the paper; and then, with a most moving act of his old courtesy, he turned to his Council, and said: "I am very sorry to keep you so long." After a pause, he added, "You see, I cannot concentrate."

For some minutes more the hands renewed attempts, most gallant and pathetic, to sign. At last he was content to make a mark, and then, with his old kindly, kingly smile, he bade his Council farewell.

The short January day drew to its close, and a feeling of hopelessness settled like a pall over Britain when, in the evening, the announcement was made that the condition of King George showed diminishing strength. All hope vanished with the bulletin issued at 9.25 at night: "The King's life is moving peacefully towards its close." These words are said to have been chosen by Queen Mary; one need say no more than that they were an inspiration.

At 11.55 on the night of January 20, 1936, King George

THE ROYAL GEORGES OF ENGLAND 201 died in the presence of Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princess Royal, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent. The Duchess of York and the Duke of Gloucester were both too ill in London to be present at the last.

His remains were brought to London to rest for a while in the historic Westminster Hall for the Lying-in-State. Hundreds of thousands of people passed through the hall to pay their last tribute of homage and respect. Then on January 28 the coffin was borne in procession through the streets of London, followed by King Edward VIII and other members of the Royal Family, to be taken to Windsor, where King George was laid to rest by the side of his ancestors in the Royal Vault.

XII THE KING WHO WAS NOT CROWNED

XII

THE KING WHO WAS NOT CROWNED

I-BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD

The shortest English reign for 453 years. Four generations and four British monarchs. Investiture as Prince of Wales. Hard work and hard play at Oxford. Escapes from death in the War. Ambassador of Empire.

WITH the abdication of King Edward VIII, on December 11, 1936, the shortest English reign for 453 years—a reign of but 325 days—came to a dramatic close. Since the Norman conquest the only shorter reign was that of Edward V, who, with his brother, was murdered in the Tower in 1483, after being on the throne for little more than two months.

In the roll of English history the reigns of four previous kings ended otherwise than by their deaths. Edward II was deposed by Parliament on January 7, 1327. Richard II, when a prisoner in the Tower, gave a written renunciation of the crown—he was the only king other than Edward VIII whose formal abdication went before Parliament. When Edward IV seized power in 1461, the reign of Henry VI virtually ceased. Lastly, James II was declared by a convention of both Houses of Parliament to have "abdicated the government" when he fled abroad in 1688.

The eldest son of King George V was born on June 23, 1894; his investiture as Prince of Wales occurred on July 13, 1911, at Caernarvon Castle; on January 21, 1936, he became Edward VIII, King of Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India; he abdicated on December 11; and by the first act of King

George VI on succeeding to the throne became his Royal Highness the Duke of Windsor.

Any account of the life of the Duke of Windsor must necessarily make sad reading now: sad because those qualities of mind and heart discernible in his career first as Prince of Wales and then as King are lost to the nation. But the people he served can recall with pride that his achievements were many and remarkable: his work can never be completed, but what he had done was magnificently done.

It would appear inevitable that the most-photographed man in the world should have made an early appearance before the camera. He did so within a month of his birth, when the famous "four generations" picture was taken at his christening. Four generations and four British monarchs! Queen Victoria sits nursing her great-grandson; behind her stand her son, later Edward VII ("Bertie" in her Journal), and her grandson, later George V ("Georgie"). The christening took place in the drawing-room of White Lodge, Richmond Park, in which house the boy was born. (All five other children of King George V and Queen Mary were born at York Cottage, Sandringham.)

Queen Victoria showed her joy in the occasion by describing the ceremony in her Journal. The "dear fine baby" received the names Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David. "The child", she added, "was very good." So the Duke of Windsor made his first appearance on the stage of history.

As a naval cadet at Osborne, which he entered when he was thirteen, the Duke of Windsor was known as "Sardine" on account of his slim build. (His father, I may mention, had been nick-named "Herring" by his shipmates.) From Osborne he went to Dartmouth College. Then, on July 13, 1911, came his investiture as Prince of Wales at Caernarvon Castle. The first stage of his life had closed.

The story runs that King Edward I, from the Queen's Gate of the Castle, presented the first English Prince of Wales to the Welsh people. More than 600 years elapsed before once more from the Queen's Gate a Prince of Wales was presented by his

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father. For the first time an English prince addressed the Welsh in their own tongue.

The Great War came when he was twenty and in his third year at Oxford. His desire was the identical desire of tens of thousands of young men of his age: to enlist at once. It was his earnest wish to make the best possible use of his experiences in the Oxford University Officers' Training Corps, in which his rank was corporal; so within a few days of the outbreak of war he applied for service with the British Expeditionary Force.

On August 8, 1914, he was gazetted second-lieutenant in the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, and two days later he joined the battalion at Warley barracks.

In November 1914 he became aide-de-camp to Sir John French, Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F. French's headquarters were at St. Omer, and accordingly his A.D.C. crossed to France and was soon immersed in his duties and leading a life which fascinated him.

There were no celebrations of the Duke of Windsor's twenty-first birthday at the time. He was in France, and he requested that the celebrations should be deferred until victory was secure. In the second year of the War he was promoted to captain and became attached to the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force going to Egypt. Later he visited the Italian military headquarters and was a guest of the Royal Family of Italy.

The last months of the War dragged on. The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month arrived—the Armistice. War-weary nations everywhere relaxed with a sigh and then—among the victors at least—promptly gave themselves over to rejoicing.

Yet there was no relaxation for the Duke of Windsor. His next three or four months were spent abroad with the troops. He renewed his acquaintance with the Australians and the New Zealanders; he visited the Americans, the Scots, and the Welsh. When he did return to England those about him found him to be, in the familiar phrase, a changed man. He had gone out a boy, and, like many other boys at the time, he had grown up with the knowledge that death was always just round the corner.

As he said on May 29, 1919, when he received the Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall: "The part I played in the War was, I fear, a very insignificant one, but from one point of view I shall never regret my periods of service overseas. In those four years I mixed with men. In those four years I found my manhood. When I think of the future and the heavy responsibilities which may fall to my lot, I feel that the experience gained since 1914 will stand me in good stead." "I found my manhood"—It was true.

In July 1919 the heir to the throne went to live at York House—and almost immediately said farewell to his new establishment for a lengthy period. For on August 5 of that year he left in H.M.S. *Renown* for a visit to Canada and, as it proved, America.

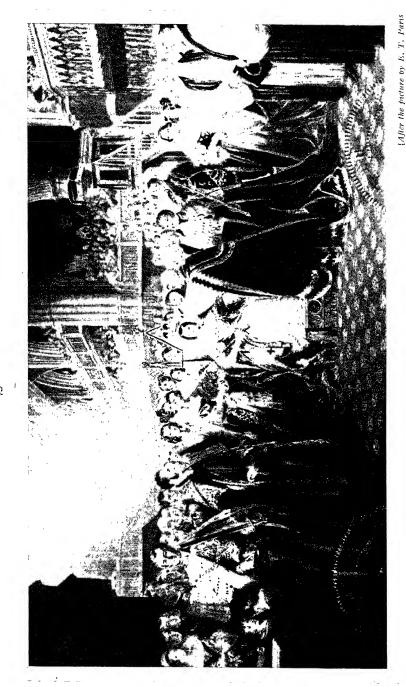
This was the first of his historic Empire tours. He was away for four months, and during this time he travelled more than 16,000 miles: across Canada, over the United States frontier to Washington, and then on to New York. So thoroughly did he enjoy himself on the ranches of Canada that he later became a ranch-owner himself, buying a property near Calgary, which was named the E. P. Ranch.

The North American tour made history; and when it ended and he was safely home again, King George V congratulated his son in these words: "You have played up from beginning to end. You have shown the highest sense of duty. Your speeches have been excellent and your own personal charm and your smile have won all hearts. Both your mother and I are very proud of you."

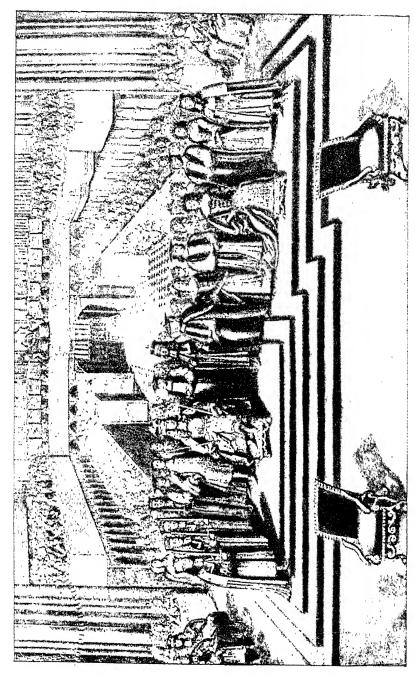
This was in December 1919. By March 1920 the Duke of Windsor was off in the *Renown* again—this time bound for New Zealand and Australia by way of the West Indies, the Panama Canal, San Diego, California, Honolulu, and Fiji.

He passed a strenuous but delightful month in New Zealand, where in a picturesque ceremony he was made chief of a Maori tribe. (In Canada he had been given the title Chief Morning Star by Stony Creek Indians.)

A GIRL QUEEN'S CROWNING



"A most beautiful and impressive moment," was Queen Victoria's own description of the ceremony shown above—the placing of the Crown upon her head by the aged Primate, Archbishop Howley. For the first time members of the House of Commons were given a part in the Coronation, raising nine hearty cheers after the homage of the Peers.



The act of inthronization

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His most important action in Australia—at least, "officially" important—was the laying of the foundation-stone of Canberra, Australia's new capital.

The Duke of Windsor travelled 45,000 miles on his Empire trip of 1920. Yet once more in the following year H.M.S. Renown bore the heir to the throne off on a long voyage. It was to India this time, and India at a moment when the political situation was threatening. But happily no grave incident took place, despite the efforts of agitators.

From India he went to Singapore, Hong Kong, and Japan. On May 9 he left Japan for Manila, and returned by way of Borneo, Penang, and Cairo. So ended another great tour. It had taken over eight months, and he landed at Plymouth on June 20, 1922.

Following his invaluable work for the British Empire Exhibition, he accepted an invitation from President Coolidge to visit the United States once more. He sailed in the *Berengaria* in August 1924, landed in New York, hurried to Washington, lunched at the White House with the President and his wife, and after fulfilling various engagements lost no time in making for Alberta and the simple life on his haven of refuge—the ranch.

Still the tale of his travels is by no means complete. He had long desired to visit South and West Africa, and early in 1925 he seized the opportunity. When he landed from H.M.S. Repulse at Bathurst, on the Gold Coast, the natives were waiting for him. He was the spectator of ages-old barbaric dances and the recipient of messages of goodwill chanted by native chiefs.

After visits to Sekondi and Accra, he reached Cape Town at the end of April, and was received with a warmth which was startling even to one who was used to amazing welcomes.

He arrived back in England in October 1925. A little more than a month later Queen Alexandra, his beloved grandmother, died at Sandringham on the eve of her eighty-first birthday. The bonds between them were very close, for as a child he had spent long periods with her.

We come now to the year 1927, when he again visited Canada

and the United States, accompanied by Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, and the Duke of Kent, then Prince George. On this occasion he opened the Peace Bridge between Buffalo, in the United States, and Fort Erie in Canada, and was a guest at the jubilee of the Canadian Federation.

In September of the following year came the famous big-game trip to East Africa in the company of his brother the Duke of Gloucester—a tour that was dramatically interrupted by the grave illness of his father. At first there seemed no cause for alarm, but the increasing seriousness of the illness was revealed. It is not generally known that by his dash from Dar-es-Salaam to England—6500 miles in ten days—the Duke of Windsor set up a record for land-and-sea travel.

King George V, as all the world knows, recovered. And in 1930 the heir to the throne went to Africa again. On this tour he visited Kenya Colony, the Belgian Congo, and Egypt. He went on safari again, adding to his collection of trophies and photographs of big game; he played golf; he danced; and, inevitably, he fulfilled a hundred and one engagements.

The British Empire Exhibition at Buenos Aires next claimed the attention of the Ambassador Prince. He had already done sterling work for improving trade relations with the Argentine. Here, in this exhibition, he perceived a notable chance of extending those relations.

The double significance of his journeys must not be overlooked. On the one hand there were his unremitting labours for Empire unity; on the other hand, and, of course, allied to this, was his work in opening up markets for British goods.

Despite the long absences which his tours entailed, the Duke of Windsor found time, in the period between his return to public life at the end of the War and his accession to the throne, to make a series of visits throughout the British Isles which gave him a breadth of knowledge of our country which few possess.

Of his life as King there is little, so tragically little, to be written. We had looked upon the period which was to separate accession and coronation as no more than the prelude to the

coming reign—and yet the reign was cut short even before the prelude was complete. Let me epitomize the events of those three hundred days.

He succeeded to the throne on January 20, 1936. On the day following he met the Accession Council to which he declared his determination to "follow in my father's footsteps, to work as he did throughout his life for the happiness and welfare for all classes of my subjects". In the weeks following he was concerned in gathering the reins of kingship within his grasp. In June he made an aerial inspection of Royal Air Force stations. In July he crossed to France and on historic Vimy Ridge unveiled Canada's memorial to her fallen.

In August he set out on a holiday cruise in Lady Yule's yacht, *Nahlin*. On November 3 he opened his first Parliament. On the twelfth he inspected the Home Fleet at Portland.

Then on November 18 he began his three days' tour of the distressed areas of South Wales—his last public appearance as King.

It was fitting that it should be in Wales, the Principality which gave him the title by which he is best known. It is fitting, too, that his last public engagement as Sovereign should have focussed public attention on the misery of lives which seemed doomed at birth to penury and want. His visit brought hope where disillusion had prevailed. In the valleys of distress it came as an assurance that there was some break in the general complacency which seemed to accept the desolation of the depressed areas as one of the inevitable circumstances of our industrial development.

"Something will be done." The words inspired high hopes. They were almost the last public utterance of the reign before King Edward handed over his trust to King George. A reign may end and another begin, but the responsibilities of the past continue into the future. "Something will be done"—it is a call to the people to see to it that someone shall honour his pledge.

II.-THE ABDICATION

How King Edward decided to surrender his throne was disclosed to Parliament and the world by Mr. Baldwin. Edward of Windsor's farewell.

"I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love."

Great Britain will not easily forget these words from the valedictory message of King Edward VIII. Therein lies the reason why a monarch whose reign promised to be among the most glorious in Britain's history abdicated on December 11, 1936, only ten months and twenty-one days after his accession to the throne.

King Edward's farewell was broadcast from a room in the Augusta Tower of Windsor Castle at 10 p.m. on Friday, December 11, 1936. Within a few hours of the close of the broadcast he had boarded the destroyer Fury at Portsmouth, bound first for Boulogne and then for Austria. When that warship moved away into the fog in the small hours of the raw morning of December 12, there closed a chapter of history which will ever be remembered.

This is no place to attempt to write a full account of the abdication. Nor have I any wish to follow into the realms of imaginativeness in which the press of America excel. My record, however, cannot be complete unless I give some account of the course of what was termed the "constitutional crisis"—although in point of fact such a crisis did not exist. First then let me shortly state the facts about the lady without whose help and support King Edward found it impossible to discharge his duties—"as I would wish to do".

In 1931 the Prince of Wales met Mrs. Simpson for the first time. She was then 35, and had been married for three years to Mr. Ernest Aldrich Simpson, the son of a shipbroker of New York and London. Mrs. Simpson was born Bessie Wallis Warfield, daughter of a relative of Governor Warfield of Maryland. At the age of three or thereabouts she found herself fatherless. When she was in her early teens a wealthy uncle, Mr. Solomon Davies Warfield, of Baltimore, Maryland, made himself responsible for her upbringing, and the girl, in the familiar phrase, "came out" at the age of eighteen. When she was twenty, she married Lieutenant Earl Wingfield Spencer, a U.S. Navy flying-instructor.

In 1927 she was granted a divorce from Lieutenant Spencer. Her marriage to Mr. Ernest Simpson took place in London on July 28, 1928. Mr. Simpson, whose father was an Englishman married to an American lady, left Harvard University in 1918 to obtain a commission in the Coldstream Guards, returning to graduate after the War.

The acquaintance of King Edward and Mrs. Simpson, begun in 1931, developed into a close friendship. During the summer and autumn of 1936 the American press published, daily, sensational reports concerning the King and Mrs. Simpson, but the British public was uninformed because of the self-imposed censorship observed by our press. Even when Mrs. Simpson was granted a decree nisi of divorce at Ipswich on October 20, readers of the newspapers were in the main unaware of the significance of the report. Knowledge, however, came in full measure in the first days of December, some chance words of a bishop on the subject of grace, precipitating publication and a national crisis. For ten days the country remained on the rack of suspense, while King Edward was making up his mind in the dilemma in which he was placed between the irreconcilable claims of his public and his personal obligations. His decision, final and irrevocable, was made known on the tenth day of December in statements in Parliament. They unfold the tragic drama as no words of mine could do, and I leave them to tell the story.

It was in a crowded and overawed House of Commons that Mr. Baldwin walked from the Bar of the House to the Table. bowing, as tradition demands, three times on the way. To the Speaker, Captain Fitzroy, he said: "A message from his Majesty the King, signed by his Majesty's own hand." The Speaker thereupon took the message—three typewritten sheets stamped with a red seal—and read these words to the House:

"After long and anxious consideration, I have determined to renounce the Throne to which I succeeded on the death of my Father, and I am now communicating this my final and irrevocable decision. Realizing as I do the gravity of this step, I can only hope that I shall have the understanding of my people in the decision I have taken and the reasons which have led me to take it.

"I will not enter now into my private feelings, but I would beg that it should be remembered that the burden which constantly rests upon the shoulders of a sovereign is so heavy that it can only be borne in circumstances different from those in which I now find myself.

"I conceive that I am not overlooking the duty that rests on me to place in the forefront the public interest when I declare that I am conscious that I can no longer discharge this heavy task with efficiency or with satisfaction to myself. I have accordingly this morning executed an instrument of abdication in the terms following:

"I, Edward VIII, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, Emperor of India, do hereby declare my irrevocable determination to renounce the Throne for myself and for my descendants and my desire that effect should be given to this instrument of abdication immediately.

"In token whereof I have hereunto set my hand this 10th day of December, 1936, in the presence of the witnesses whose signatures are subscribed.

"(Signed) EDWARD R.I.

"My execution of this instrument has been witnessed by my three brothers, their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent.

"I deeply appreciate the spirit which has actuated the appeals which have been made to me to take a different decision, and I have, before reaching my final determination, most fully pondered over them. But my mind is made up. Moreover, further delay cannot but be most injurious to the peoples whom I have tried to serve as Prince of Wales and as King and whose future happiness and prosperity are the constant wish of my heart.

"I take my leave of them in the confident hope that the course

which I have thought it right to follow is that which is best for the stability of the Throne and Empire and the happiness of my peoples. I am deeply sensible of the consideration which they have always extended to me, both before and after my accession to the Throne, and which I know they will extend in full measure to my successor.

"I am most anxious that there should be no delay of any kind in giving effect to the instrument which I have executed, and that all necessary steps should be taken immediately to secure that my lawful successor, my brother, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, should ascend the Throne.

"EDWARD R.I."

Towards the end of the reading the Speaker's voice faltered with emotion, while the deeply moved House sat motionless. Mr. Baldwin then rose, and in an address lasting for forty minutes, an address which created a profound impression on all who heard it, told in full the circumstances which had lead to King Edward's abdication. Here is the address:

"No more grave message has ever been received by Parliament, and no more difficult, I may almost say repugnant, task has ever been imposed upon a Prime Minister. I would ask the House, which I know will not be without sympathy for me in my position today, to remember that in this last week I have had but little time in which to compose a speech for delivery today, so I must tell what I have to tell truthfully, sincerely, and plainly, with no attempt to dress up or to adorn. I shall have little or nothing to say in the way of comment or criticism, or of praise or of blame. I think my best course today, and the one that the House would desire, is to tell them, so far as I can, what has passed between his Majesty and myself, and what led up to the present situation.

"I should like to say at the start that his Majesty, as Prince of Wales, has honoured me for many years with a friendship which I value, and I know that he would agree with me in saying to you that it was not only a friendship but, between man and man, a friendship of affection. I would like to tell the House that when we said 'Good-bye' on Tuesday night at Fort Belvedere we both knew, and felt, and said to each other that that friendship, so far from being impaired by the discussions of this last week, bound us more closely together than ever, and would last for life.

"Now, Sir, the House will want to know how it was that I had my first interview with his Majesty. I may say that his Majesty has been most generous in allowing me to tell the House the pertinent parts of the discussions which took place between us. As the House is aware, I had been ordered in August and September a complete rest which, owing to the kindness of my staff and the considerations of all my colleagues, I was able to enjoy to the full, and when October came, although I had been ordered to take a rest in that month, I felt that I could not in fairness to my work take a further holiday, and I came, as it were, on half-time before the middle of October and, for the first time since the beginning of August, was in a position to look in to things.

"There were two things that disquieted me at that moment. There was coming to my office a vast volume of correspondence, mainly at that time from British subjects and American citizens of British origin in the United States of America, from some of the Dominions, and from this country, all expressing perturbation and uneasiness at what was then appearing in the American Press. I was aware also that there was, in the near future, a divorce case coming on, the results of which made me realize that possibly a difficult situation might arise later, and I felt that it was essential that someone should see his Majesty and warn him of the difficult situation that might arise later if occasion was given for a continuation of this kind of gossip and of criticism, and the danger that might come if that gossip and that criticism spread from the other side of the Atlantic to this country.

"I felt that in the circumstances there was only one man who could speak to him and talk the matter over with him, and that man was the Prime Minister. I felt doubly bound to do it by my duty, as I conceived it, to the country, and my duty to him not only as a counsellor, but as a friend. I consulted, I am ashamed to say—and they have forgiven me—none of my colleagues.

"I happened to be staying in the neighbourhood of Fort Belvedere about the middle of October, and I ascertained that his Majesty was leaving his house on Sunday, October 18, to entertain a small shooting-party at Sandringham, and that he was leaving on the Sunday afternoon. I telephoned from my friend's house on the Sunday morning, and found that he had left earlier than was expected. In those circumstances I communicated with him through his secretary, and stated that I desired to see him—this is the first and only occasion on which I was the one who asked for an interview—that I desired to see him, that the matter was urgent. I told him what it was. I expressed my willingness to come to Sandringham on Tuesday, the 20th, but I said that I thought it wiser, if his Majesty thought fit, to see me at Fort Belvedere, for I was anxious

that no one at that time should know of my visit, and that at any rate our first talk should be in complete privacy. The reply came from his Majesty that he would motor back on the Monday, October 19, to Fort Belvedere, and he would see me on the Tuesday morning. And on the Tuesday morning I saw him.

"Sir, I may say, before I proceed to the details of the conversation, that an adviser to the Crown can be of no possible service to his master unless he tells him at all times the truth as he sees it, whether that truth be welcome or not. And let me say here, as I may say several times before I finish, that during those talks, when I look back, there is nothing I have not told his Majesty of which I felt he ought to be aware—nothing. His Majesty's attitude all through has been——Let me put it in this way: Never has he shown any sign of offence, of being hurt at anything I have said to him. The whole of our discussions have been carried out, as I have said, with an increase, if possible, of that mutual respect and regard in which we stood. I told his Majesty that I had two great anxieties—one the effect of a continuance of the kind of criticism that at that time was proceeding in the American Press, the effect it would have in the Dominions, and particularly in Canada, where it was widespread, the effect it would have in this country.

"That was the first anxiety. And then I reminded him of what I had often told him and his brothers in years past. The British Monarchy is a unique institution. The Crown in this country through the centuries has been deprived of many of its prerogatives, but today, while that is true, it stands for far more than it ever has done in its history. The importance of its integrity is, beyond all question, far greater than it has ever been, being as it is not only the last link of Empire that is left, but the guarantee in this country, so long as it exists in that integrity, against many evils that have affected and afflicted other countries. There is no man in this country, to whatever party he may belong, who would not subscribe to that. But while this feeling largely depends on the respect that has grown up in the last three generations for the Monarchy, it might not take so long, in face of the kind of criticisms to which it was being exposed, to lose that power far more rapidly than it was built up, and once lost, I doubt if anything could restore it.

"That was the basis of my talk on that aspect, and I expressed my anxiety and desire that such criticism should not have cause to go on. I said that, in my view, no popularity in the long run would be weighed against the effect of such criticism. I told his Majesty that I for one had looked forward to his reign being a great reign in a new age—he has so many of the qualities necessary—and that I hoped we should be able to see our hopes realized. I told him I had come—naturally, I was his Prime

Minister—but I wanted to talk it over with him as a friend to see if I could help him in this matter. Perhaps I am saying what I should not say here; I have not asked him whether I might say this, but I will say it because I do not think he would mind, and I think it illustrates the basis on which our talks proceeded. He said to me, not once, but many times during those many, many hours we have had together, and especially towards the end, 'You and I must settle this matter together; I will not have anyone interfering.'

"I then pointed out the danger of the divorce proceedings, that if a verdict was given in that case that left the matter in suspense for some time, that period of suspense might be dangerous, because then everyone would be talking, and when once the Press began, as it must begin some time in this country, a most difficult situation would arise for me, for him, and there might well be a danger which both he and I had seen all through this—I shall come to that later—and it was one of the reasons why he wanted to take this action quickly—that is, that there might be sides taken and factions grow up in this country in a matter where no faction ought ever to exist.

"It was on that aspect of the question that we talked for an hour, and I went away glad that the ice had been broken, because I knew that it had to be broken. For some little time we had no further meetings. I begged his Majesty to consider all that I had said. I said that I pressed him for no kind of answer, but would he consider everything I had said? The next time I saw him was on Monday, November 16. That was at Buckingham Palace. By that date the decree nisi had been pronounced in the divorce case. His Majesty had sent for me on that occasion. I had meant to see him later in the week, but he had sent for me first. I felt it my duty to begin the conversation, and I spoke to him for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes on the question of marriage.

"Again, we must remember that the Cabinet had not been in this at all—I had reported to about four of my senior colleagues the conversation at Fort Belvedere.

"I saw the King on Monday, November 16, and I began by giving him my view of a possible marriage. I told him that I did not think that a particular marriage was one that would receive the approbation of the country. That marriage would have involved the lady becoming Queen. I did tell his Majesty once that I might be a remnant of the old Victorians, but that my worst enemy would not say of me that I did not know what the reaction of the English people would be to any particular course of action, and I told him that so far as they went I was certain that that would be impracticable.

"I cannot go further into the details, but that was the substance.

I pointed out to him that the position of the king's wife was different from the position of the wife of any other citizen in the country; it was part of the price which the king has to pay. His wife becomes queen; the queen becomes the queen of the country; and, therefore, in the choice of a queen the voice of the people must be heard. It is the truth expressed in those lines that may come to your minds:

"His will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth,
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole State. 1

"Then his Majesty said to me—I have his permission to state this—that he wanted to tell me something that he had long wanted to tell me. He said, 'I am going to marry Mrs. Simpson, and I am prepared to go.' I said, 'Sir, that is most grievous news, and it is impossible for me to make any comment on it today.' He told the Queen that night; he told the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester the next day, and the Duke of Kent, who was out of London, either on the Wednesday or the Thursday; and for the rest of the week, so far as I know, he was considering that point.

"He sent for me again on Wednesday, November 25. In the meantime a suggestion had been made to me that a possible compromise might be arranged to avoid those two possibilities that had been seen. first in the distance, and then approaching nearer and nearer. The compromise was that the King should marry, that Parliament should pass an Act enabling the lady to be the King's wife without the position of Queen; and when I saw his Majesty on November 25 he asked me whether that proposition had been put to me, and I said yes. He asked me what I thought of it. I told him that I had not considered it. I said, 'I can give you no considered opinion.' If he asked me my first reaction informally, my first reaction was that Parliament would never pass such a Bill. But I said that if he desired it I would examine it formally. He said he did so desire. Then I said, 'It will mean my putting that formally before the whole Cabinet, and communicating with the Prime Ministers of all Dominions, and was that his wish?' He told me that it was. I said that I would do it.

"On December 2 the King asked me to go and see him. Again I had intended asking for an audience later that week, because such inquiries as I thought proper to make I had not completed. The inquiries had

gone far enough to show that neither in the Dominions nor here would there be any prospect of such legislation being accepted. His Majesty asked me if I could answer his question. I gave him the reply—that I was afraid it was impracticable for those reasons. I do want the House to realize this: his Majesty said he was not surprised at that answer. He took my answer with no question, and he never recurred to it again. I want the House to realize—because if you can put yourself in his Majesty's place, and you know what his Majesty's feelings are, and you know how glad you would have been had this been possible-that he behaved there as a great gentleman; he said no more about it. The matter was closed. I never heard another word about it from him. That decision was, of course, a formal decision, and that was the only formal decision of any kind taken by the Cabinet until I come to the history of yesterday. When we had finished that conversation, I pointed out that the possible alternatives had been narrowed, and that it really had brought him into the position that he would be placed in a grievous situation between two conflicting loyalties in his own heart-either complete abandonment of the project on which his heart was set, and remaining as King, or doing as he intimated to me that he was prepared to do, in the talk which I have reported, going, and later on contracting that marriage, if it were possible. During the last days, from that day until now, that has been the struggle in which his Majesty has been engaged. We had many talks, and always on the various aspects of this limited problem.

"The House must remember—it is difficult to realize—that his Majesty is not a boy, although he looks so young. We have all thought of him as our Prince, but he is a mature man, with wide and great experience of life and the world, and he always had before him three, nay, four things, which in these conversations, at all hours, he repeated again and again: That if he went, he would go with dignity. He would not allow a situation to arise in which he could not do that. He wanted to go with as little disturbance of his ministers and his people as possible. He wished to go in circumstances that would make the succession of his brother as little difficult for his brother as possible; and I may say that any idea to him of what might be called a King's party was abhorrent. He stayed down at Fort Belvedere because he said that he was not coming to London while these things were in dispute, because of the cheering crowds. I honour and respect him for the way in which he behaved at that time.

"I have something here which, I think, will touch the House. It is a pencilled note, sent to me by his Majesty this morning, and I have his authority for reading it. It is just scribbled in pencil:

"Duke of York. He and the King have always been on the best of terms as brothers, and the King is confident that the Duke deserves and will receive the support of the whole Empire.

"I would say a word or two on the King's position. The King cannot speak for himself. The King has told us that he cannot carry, and does not see his way to carry, these almost intolerable burdens of kingship without a woman at his side, and we know that. This crisis, if I may use the word, has arisen now rather than later from that very frankness of his Majesty's character, which is one of his many attractions. It would have been perfectly possible for his Majesty not to have told me of this at the date when he did, and not to have told me for some months to come. But he realized the damage that might be done in the interval by gossip, rumours, and talk, and he made that declaration to me, when he did, on purpose to avoid what he felt might be dangerous, not only here, but throughout the Empire, to the moral force of the Crown which we are all determined to sustain.

"He told me his intentions, and he has never wavered from them. I want the House to understand that. He felt it his duty to take into his anxious consideration all the representations that his advisers might give him, and not until he had fully considered them did he make public his decision. There has been no kind of conflict in this matter. My efforts during these last days have been directed, as have the efforts of those most closely round him, in trying to help him to make the choice which he has not made; and we have failed. The King has made his decision to take this moment to send this Gracious Message because of his confident hope that by that he will preserve the unity of this country, and of the whole Empire, and avoid those factious differences which might so easily have arisen.

"It is impossible, unfortunately, to avoid talking to some extent today about one's self. These last days have been days of great strain, but it was a great comfort to me, and I hope it will be to the House, when I was assured before I left him on Tuesday night, by that intimate circle that was with him at the Fort that evening, that I had left nothing undone that I could have done to move him from the decision at which he had arrived, and which he has communicated to us. While there is not a soul among us who will not regret this from the bottom of his heart, there is not a soul here today that wants to judge. We are not judges. He has announced his decision. He has told us what he wants us to do, and I think we must close our ranks, and do it.

"At a later stage this evening I shall ask leave to bring in the necessary Bill so that it may be read the first time, printed, and made

available to Members. It will be available in the Vote Office as soon as the House has ordered the Bill to be printed. The House will meet tomorrow at the usual time, eleven o'clock, when we shall take the second reading and the remaining stages of the Bill. It is very important that it should be passed into law tomorrow, and I shall put on the Order Paper tomorrow a motion to take Private Members' time, and to suspend the Four O'clock Rule.

"I have only two other things to say. The House will forgive me for saying now something which I should have said a few minutes ago. I have told them of the circumstances under which I am speaking, and they have been very generous and sympathetic. Yesterday morning, when the Cabinet received the King's final and definite answer officially, they passed a Minute, and in accordance with it I sent a message to his Majesty, which he has been good enough to permit me to read to the House, with his reply.

"Mr. Baldwin, with his humble duty to the King.

"This morning Mr. Baldwin reported to the Cabinet his interview with Your Majesty yesterday, and informed his colleagues that Your Majesty then communicated to him informally Your firm and definite intention to renounce the Throne.

"The Cabinet received this statement of Your Majesty's intention with profound regret, and wished Mr. Baldwin to convey to Your Majesty immediately the unanimous feeling of Your Majesty's servants.

"Ministers are reluctant to believe that Your Majesty's resolve is irrevocable, and still venture to hope that before Your Majesty pronounces any formal decision Your Majesty may be pleased to reconsider an intention which must so deeply distress and so vitally affect all Your Majesty's subjects.

"Mr. Baldwin is at once communicating with the Dominion Prime Ministers for the purpose of letting them know that Your Majesty has now made to him the informal intimation of Your Majesty's intention.

"His Majesty's reply was received last night.

"The King has received the Prime Minister's letter of the 9th December, 1936, informing him of the views of the Cabinet.

"His Majesty has given the matter his further consideration, but regrets that he is unable to alter his decision.

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"My last words on that subject are that I am convinced that where I have failed no one could have succeeded. His mind was made up, and those who know his Majesty best will know what that means.

"This House today is a theatre which is being watched by the whole world. Let us conduct ourselves with that dignity which his Majesty is showing in this hour of his trial. Whatever our regret at the contents of the message, let us fulfil his wish, do what he asks, and do it with speed. Let no word be spoken today that the utterer of that word may regret in days to come, let no word be spoken that causes pain to any soul, and let us not forget today the revered and beloved figure of Queen Mary, what all this time has meant to her, and think of her when we have to speak, if speak we must, during this debate. We have, after all, as the guardians of democracy in this little island, to see that we do our work to maintain the integrity of that democracy, and of the monarchy which, as I said at the beginning of my speech, is now the sole link of our whole Empire, and the guardian of our freedom. Let us look forward and remember our country and the trust reposed by our country in this, the House of Commons, and let us rally behind the new King-(Hon. MEMBERS: 'Hear hear')—stand behind him, and help him; and let us hope that, whatever the country may have suffered by what we are passing through, it may soon be repaired, and that we may take what steps we can in trying to make this country a better country for all the people in it."

That evening the Abdication Bill, to give effect to King Edward's declaration, was given a first reading in the House of Commons. Next day it passed through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament, receiving the Royal Assent at 1.52 p.m. This was the last document to which King Edward attached the signature "Edward R.I."

On that same evening—Friday, Decembrr 11, 1936—Edward of Windsor, king no longer, said farewell to his peoples in a broadcast message. At ten o'clock Sir John Reith, Director-General of the B.B.C., announced: "This is Windsor Castle: his Royal Highness Prince Edward." The world waited. Then this noble leave-taking was heard:

[&]quot;At long last I am able to say a few words of my own.

[&]quot;I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.

[&]quot;A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor,

and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him.

"This I do with all my heart.

"You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne, but I want you to understand that in making up my mind I did not forget the country or the Empire, which as Prince of Wales and lately as King I have for twenty-five years tried to serve.

"But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love.

"And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course.

"I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon a single thought—of what would in the end be best for all.

"This decision has been made less difficult to me by the sheer knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the Empire.

"And he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you, and not bestowed on me—a happy home with his wife and children.

"During these hard days I have been comforted by her Majesty my mother, and by my family. The ministers of the Crown, and in particular Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, have always treated me with full consideration. There never has been any constitutional difference between me and them, and between me and Parliament.

"Bred in the constitutional traditions by my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise. Ever since I was Prince of Wales, and later on when I occupied the throne, I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of people, wherever I have lived or journeyed throughout the Empire. For that I am very grateful.

"I now quit altogether public affairs, and I lay down my burden. It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and Empire with profound interest, and if at any time in the future I can be found of service to his Majesty in a private station I shall not fail.

"And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all. God Save the King!"

THE KING WHO WAS NOT CROWNED 225

On Saturday, December 12, the Duke of York took the Accession Oath as the new King at a special meeting of the Accession Council held at St. James's Palace at 11 a.m. The heralds proclaimed him king. The guns in the Park boomed out in salute. A new reign had begun.

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XIII THE KING WHO WILL BE CROWNED

XIII

THE KING WHO WILL BE CROWNED

I-THE KING'S EARLY DAYS

In the nursery and the schoolroom. Osborne and Dartmouth as a naval cadet. Cruise to the West Indies and Canada. Mentioned in despatches at Jutland. Undergraduate days. Created Duke of York.

KING GEORGE VI was born on December 14, 1895. His great-grandmother was still on the throne, the nation had reached the peak of nineteenth-century power and prosperity, and the monarchy, after the vicissitudes of the first quarter of the century, had achieved a position of solid prestige enjoyed by no other such institution in Europe.

The child destined to maintain that prestige first saw the light of day at York Cottage, Sandringham, a royal property for which he has preserved great affection. He was eighteen months younger than the future Edward VIII, and sixteen months older than the Princess Royal. He received the names of Albert Frederick Arthur George—four compared with the seven of his elder brother—and became known as Prince Albert.

The first few years of his life were passed, with his brother and sister, in that placid routine of nursery and schoolroom—and as much open air as possible—which is familiar to all upper-class children. It was not long, however, before the Prince of Wales and his brother—two future kings—began the carefully worked out course of training and teaching which was designed to make them fit for the responsibilities and tasks which they would have to shoulder as the servants and symbols of the British Empire. King Edward VII and his son, the Duke of Cornwall and York,

later George V, were above all determined that the boys should be moulded into the pattern of the English gentleman.

And so the first fourteen years of the future King's life passed happily and usefully. Throughout that care-free halcyon period, however, Prince Albert was constantly assimilating the great lesson which his grandfather and father were determined that he should learn—the realization that his life was not his own but his country's, and that duty, far above all his recreations and pleasures as an English gentleman, was his job, to be done to the utmost of his capacity.

Then, in 1909, Prince Albert entered upon that phase of his career which was to make him, like his father, a real "sailor king". The British monarchy has from time to time in its long history especially identified itself with the sea—as is fitting for the rulers of a maritime nation. To go no farther back, Henry VIII was a lover of the sea and built the navy which was, under his daughter, to smash the Spanish Armada. Charles II, despite the reproach that he allowed the Dutch to sail up the Thames—it was really his parsimonious Parliament that was responsible—was a passionately keen yachtsman and never happier than when he was on the water.

James II was a great fighting naval commander, and William IV was first and foremost a sailor. George V was for many years a serving naval officer and George VI fought in the Battle of Jutland.

Soon after his fourteenth birthday Prince Albert entered Osborne as an ordinary cadet with no special privileges. The life of a naval cadet and midshipman is no cotton-wool affair, but he enjoyed it thoroughly.

For eight years—four of which were spent at Osborne and Dartmouth—he worked hard to become a thoroughly efficient naval officer. All the time he had to contend against gastric trouble, which he fought with dogged courage. He showed a great aptitude for his career and particularly for the engineering side of it—a fact which was to prove vastly useful for the King of a people which still leads the world in engineering.

In December 1912 the Prince passed out of Dartmouth and joined the training-ship Cumberland. Four months later the Cumberland set out on a long cruise to the West Indies and Canada. After that he was gazetted midshipman in the battleship Collingwood, cruising with her for two months in the Mediterranean. Throughout this period he lived the life of an ordinary midshipman, helping in the coaling and all the other onerous duties of his kind. Unassuming and hard-working, he was popular with his fellow-midshipmen and highly thought of by his superior officers. He was usually known on board as "Mr. Johnston", a style

of address which he himself infinitely preferred to his royal

Then came the war, in which Prince Albert looked forward to serving in earnest. But the gastric trouble he had endured for years laid him low in September 1914. He was operated on for appendicitis, but although he did his best to get back to active service afloat as speedily as possible, his doctors would not permit this until February 1915, when he rejoined the Collingwood and went to Scapa Flow. For nine months the Fleet stayed there, waiting for the German High Seas Fleet to leave its retreat at Kiel. Throughout those months the Prince was fighting against a return of his illness.

Eventually it forced him to go ashore again, but in May 1916 he was well enough to return to his ship. That was only a few weeks before the Battle of Jutland. In that great action the Collingwood came to grips with two German cruisers and a number of destroyers.

Prince Albert was serving in one of the gun-turrets during the engagements. He was afterwards mentioned in despatches for his conduct under fire. The ensign flown by the Collingwood during the battle is one of his most treasured souvenirs.

Back at Scapa Flow, and with the Germans not venturing into the open sea again, he once more was compelled to give in to his ill-health and to go ashore. After serving for a time on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth he went to sea again in the battleship Malaya, but it was not long before he fell ill once more. In November 1917 his doctors decided to operate for duodenal ulcer.

This operation marked the end of Prince Albert's active career in the Navy. He was not strong enough for some time to undergo the full rigours of the calling which he had so eagerly embraced. But although the Navy was for him no more, he demanded, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered, that he should be found other work. At the beginning of 1918 he joined the Naval Air Service, being stationed at Cranwell, Lincolnshire. When the R.N.A.S. and the R.F.C. were merged as the R.A.F., he took the rank of captain, and a few weeks before the Armistice he went to France, where he served on the staff at Nancy.

Then came the Armistice and, for the Prince, as for thousands of other young men, the start of a new life, strange to them after the four years of war which had filled their early manhood.

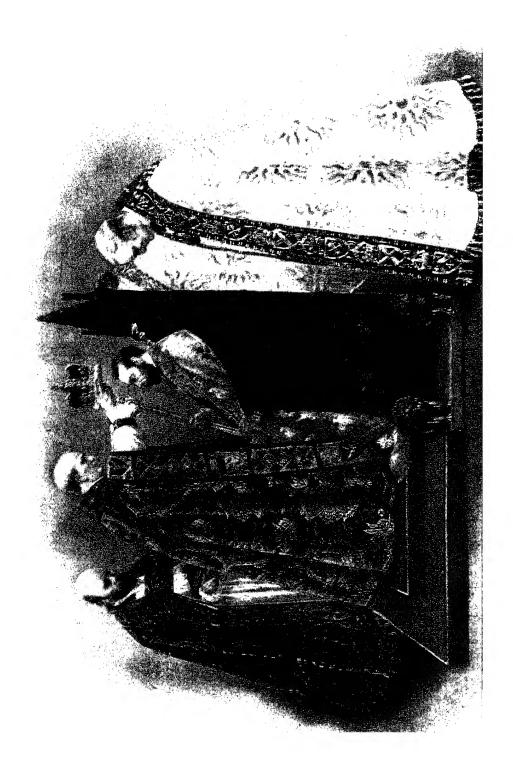
Prince Albert went up to Trinity College in 1920, and was there for two years as an undergraduate. He is still a member of the College.

Some amusing stories are told of his time there. Once he was chased by a "bulldog" sent to bring him before the Proctor for smoking a pipe while wearing a cap and gown. The Prince was caught, after a vain attempt at escape, and brought before Mr. T. R. Glover, of St. John's, now the Public Orator. He was fined 6s. 8d. When the "bulldog", Mr. Lavis, called to collect his fine, the Prince stood him a drink.

On another occasion he was nearly "progged" after leaving an inter-Varsity boxing-match. He was not wearing academic dress and was viewed suspiciously by the Proctors, but it was eventually presumed that he was one of the boxers, and he was allowed to proceed on his way unchallenged.

Prince Albert studied history, economics, and political science—and studied earnestly. Both he and his brother regularly attended the debates at the Union, gaining a useful insight into the methods in microcosm of the Parliament which is an essential and integral part of the British monarchy.

The Prince played as well as worked and developed no mean



The moment of climax of the Coronation Service is illustrated in this picture, which shows King George V receiving the Crown from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the late Lord Davidson. To the right is the late Dean of Westminster and to the left the Bishop of Bath and Wells. (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Hudson & Kearns.)

skill at lawn tennis, spending many a happy summer hour on the courts at Fenners. Nor was social life neglected. His Majesty is a life-member of many University clubs, including the Hawks and the Union, and last year he succeeded his father as Patron of the A.D.C.

In the midst of his varied activities at the University he was unable to escape the duties of Royalty. With the Prince of Wales abroad earning his title of "Ambassador of Empire", many public functions devolved on his next brother.

His public career continued uninterruptedly when he went down from Cambridge. By that time he had been created Duke of York, at the age of 24, and he took his seat in the House of Lords on June 23, 1920. He was already a Knight of the Garter.

II-THE QUEEN'S ROMANCE

Friendship with the Princess Royal. A visit to Glamis—and the sequel. Betrothed to the Duke. King George's "great pleasure". Married in Westminster Abbey. The training of a queen.

It was soon after the Duke had finished his University career that his name began to be seriously linked with that of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. The Strathmore family had, during the Middle Ages, married into Scottish Royalty, but it was never dreamed that a girl of that house would become the wife of the second son of the King of England-still less that she would one day become Queen.

One of a family of ten, with several brothers, Lady Elizabeth was born at her father's house, St. Paul's Waldenbury, Hertfordshire, where she spent the greater part of her childhood. With annual visits to the historic family seat of Glamis Castle, in Forfarshire, and visits to friends' houses, London, and her grandmother in Italy, her youth passed happily and serenely until

the War.

Her school career was short—two terms at a day-school—her education being carried out at home by governesses. Lady Elizabeth was fourteen when the War broke out, and she played a true woman's part, devoting many hours to cheering the wounded who went to Glamis Castle, converted into a hospital.

After the War Lady Elizabeth began to play her fitting part in social affairs, and it was not long before she was at the very hub of social life. Even at that early age, however, she showed a serious and public-spirited side to her nature, being a keen leader of the Girl Guide movement, among other activities of the kind.

In the spring of 1921 the Duke was invited to Glamis Castle, where Lady Elizabeth was acting as hostess during the illness of her mother. During this visit friendship deepened into love.

The Duke proposed on January 13, 1923, while walking with Lady Elizabeth in the woods near St. Paul's Waldenbury. It was a Sunday, and they had missed church to take this fateful walk together. Next day the Duke went to Sandringham to announce his betrothal. Then on January 16 the *Court Circular* published this announcement:

It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their beloved son, the Duke of York, to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore to which the King has gladly given his consent.

This news was received with enthusiasm everywhere. The carefree girl in a day became a national figure. Her smile became famous. A week after the announcement of the engagement Lady Elizabeth went with the Duke to stay at Sandringham. The Duke was twenty-seven and Lady Elizabeth twenty-three.

The public welcomed the royal betrothal of 1923 with unstinted approval, and huge crowds assembled for the wedding in Westminster Abbey on April 26. The marriage of the King's son to a British subject was regarded as typical of the close relations built up by George V between his monarchy and the people. The fact that it was a union of love and not of political

expediency appealed to the profound, though not ostentatiously displayed, sentimentality of the British public.

It was, perhaps, also typical of the essentially British character which the Royal House had assumed that the honeymoon was spent in the United Kingdom and not abroad. It was passed at Polesden Lacey, Glamis Castle, and Frogmore, near Windsor. On returning to London the Duke and Duchess took up their residence at White Lodge, Richmond Park, where the Prince of Wales, later Edward VIII, was born, and where Queen Mary lived as a child with her mother, the Duchess of Teck.

For the next two years the royal couple played a full and arduous part in the manifold activities of Royalty. One of the most characteristic and the most valuable of the Duke's contributions to our national life was the Duke of York's Camp, where every summer boys from the public schools and from the factories and mines of the industrial areas mingle and learn to understand one another.

The Duke, who himself originated the idea and put it into practice, spent several days in camp with the boys each year, joining in their games, bathing with them, and entering fully into all their everyday activities. This innovation bears adequate witness to the social sympathies of King George VI and his sincere interest in his people of all classes.

This, however, was only one of countless activities. The newly married couple were flooded with invitations for social and public engagements. The Duchess soon found that she had entered upon a strenuous existence. She became patroness of many societies, laid foundation-stones, opened bazaars. In common with her husband, she took a genuine interest in welfare work. She went everywhere with the Duke on his numerous visits to industrial centres.

III-EMPIRE TOURS AND WORK AT HOME

Their East African tour. Journey down the White Nile. From White Lodge to Bruton Street and 145 Piccadilly. Birth of the Princess Elizabeth. Tour of Australia and New Zealand. "I return a thorough optimist." Princess Margaret Rose born at Glamis Castle. Italy, Belgium, and France. The Duke of York's Camp. Apprenticeship to kingship. And the future.

The autumn of 1924 was crowded with the usual engagements and preparations for a considerable East African tour at the end of the year—the Duke's first essay at following in his elder brother's steps as an "Ambassador of Empire". While the Duke was already an experienced traveller, the Duchess had never made a long voyage.

Travelling as ordinary passengers in the liner *Mulbera* with a very small staff, the Duke and Duchess arrived at Mombasa, the port of Kenya, on December 21, 1924, leaving there almost at once for Nairobi.

There they spent Christmas before setting off on their first safari. In the course of his initial experience of big-game hunting the Duke, with his hunter, was at close quarters with two rhinoceroses, one of which was shot, and with a lioness, which was also bagged when she charged to within about twenty yards of the Duke. The party hunted throughout January, covering a great deal of ground. The Duke and the Duchess thrived on the rough life, sleeping in tents, mud huts, or whatever was available.

In February they returned to Nairobi and left for Uganda. Crossing Lake Victoria by steamer they visited the native capital of Uganda, Kampala, and were received by the paramount chief, Dandi Chwa, who staged in their honour a great review of his warriors. Leaving Kampala, the Duke and Duchess motored 200 miles to Fort Portal, and from there to the Semlike Valley for another interlude of hunting.

This sporting relaxation ended, they embarked on the journey down the White Nile, a journey which lasted for two days. On the Sudan frontier they again took to motor-cars, driving 100 miles or more across to the Nile proper, where began a five-weeks' river trip, interrupted by short periods ashore for some shooting and for brief inspections of life in the Sudan under British administration.

Eventually, leaving the river, they went by train to Khartoum, and from there to Port Sudan, where they embarked for homes They had been away from England for more than three month. and had learnt a great deal about one part of the Empire over which they were destined, so unexpectedly, to reign.

That summer their Highnesses made a tour of the industrial North. Although there was little prosperity there at that time, they were received with genuine loyalty and affection.

When they returned to London they moved from White Lodge, Richmond Park, to No. 17 Bruton Street, London home of Lord and Lady Strathmore. This was a comparatively quiet period, for the sudden death of Queen Alexandra and Court mourning interrupted normal activities.

The spring of 1926 saw the birth of the present heir to the throne. On April 21 of that year the world learnt that the Duke and Duchess had a daughter. The Empire rejoiced and took to its heart the fourth lady in the land, as she then was. Princess Elizabeth's first months were spent at Bruton Street and Glamis. Then it was decided to move to 145 Piccadilly. The summer and autumn brought their usual endless series of engagements, and in the last months of the year there were preparations to make for an important event. This was the tour of Australia, in the course of which the Duke opened the new Federal Parliament building at Canberra. Before leaving England the Duke met a number of Dominion Premiers and Colonial notabilities who were in London for the Imperial Conference.

At length the time came for the royal couple to leave on their voyage across the world for the great Empire tour, for which the African trip had been a small-scale prelude. On January 6, 1927,

they left Portsmouth in the battle-cruiser Renown. The second day out the Renown ran into an Atlantic gale; but neither the Duke nor the Duchess succumbed to the heavy rolling. The first call was at Las Palmas, Canary Islands. From there they steamed across the Atlantic to the West Indies, reaching Jamaica on January 20, and sailing on from there through the Panama Canal into the Pacific.

The long voyage across the great ocean was interrupted to visit the lonely Marquesas Islands, where the Duke and Duchess witnessed the primitive dances of a people once great and powerful, but now threatened with extinction. They also met a cannibal survivor of the bad old days. From the Marquesas the *Renown* went on to Fiji, where the Duke was presented by the islanders with the whale's tooth, symbolizing his status as a great chief. The Duchess also received the homage of the Fijian women, the ceremony being concluded with the drinking of raw native kava.

New Zealand was reached on February 22, when the people of Auckland gave the royal visitors a tremendous welcome. In the Dominion the Duke and Duchess carried out a strenuous programme of official functions, with only the briefest respite for fishing and other sport. One of the most interesting events of the tour was the visit to the Maori country, where they watched these survivors of a mysterious race and heirs to a fascinating civilization perform their ritual dances.

For three weeks the Duke and Duchess travelled through North Island, listening to more than fifty loyal addresses and shaking hands with numberless local celebrities. What might have been a dreary formality was, however, relieved by the refusal of the royal visitors to confine themselves to merely formal activities and their zest in getting below the surface.

The strain, however, proved too great for the Duchess. Her health temporarily gave way, and the Duke had to tour South Island alone. Even without his wife the tour was a triumphant success, the Duke being the centre of amazing demonstrations of mass loyalty during his week's visit.

The Australian tour was even more strenuous than the New

Zealand tour. There were immense distances to be travelled from place to place, and a full programme at each halt. Little opportunity for sport or relaxation occurred, but the Duke did find time to see a rodeo and an aboriginal display, and also to take part in a little cow-punching. He joined also in a kangaroo-hunt. For the most part, however, it was hard work and no play.

Four days were spent at Melbourne. Then came Adelaide a brief visit. There followed a journey of more than two days by fast train to Canberra for the opening of the Federal Parliament House—the main object of the tour. It was, as he recalled, a day of happy memories, for that very ninth day of May twenty-six years previously his father had declared open the first Federal Parliament in Australia's history. A statue of King George V was unveiled by the Royal visitor in the King's Hall of the new Parliament building. In the course of the programme of events at the new capital of the Commonwealth, the Duke reviewed 3000 representatives of Australia's Citizen Army, then about 100,000 strong.

After visiting Western Australia, the Duke and Duchess embarked for home at Fremantle, where the Renown was awaiting them. A few days out at sea, when the warship was 1000 miles from land and off the regular steamship route, fire broke out in the oil-bunkers. Fortunately, the blaze was prevented from spreading, but for a time, as the ship was well stocked with explosives, there was real danger.

After calls at Mauritius, Malta, and Gibraltar, the Renown reached Portsmouth five months after leaving England. An enormous crowd assembled to welcome them at Victoria Station. The Duchess's parents were there to greet her, along with many other notable people.

Throngs stood in the pouring rain outside the station, along the route to Buckingham Palace, and in front of the Palace. On arrival there the Duchess found her little daughter awaiting her. With the baby in her arms, the Duchess, with the Duke at her side, stepped out on to the balcony to greet the crowds. They received a great ovation and, for the first time, Princess Elizabeth waved her hand to the people—a gesture to become familiar to Londoners.

Summing up the tour later at a Guildhall banquet, the Duke said: "I return to London a thorough optimist. If we hold together we shall pull through."

The royal couple now took up residence at 145 Piccadilly, their home until a sudden turn of Fortune's wheel destined them to move down Constitution Hill and occupy Buckingham Palace.

In the following year their Royal Highnesses again went abroad, this time for a short visit to Norway to attend the wedding of Crown Prince Olaf to Princess Martha of Sweden. On their way they stopped at Berlin, being the first members of the Royal Family to visit the German capital since before the War. Although the visit was purely private, the Duke paid a courtesy call on President Hindenburg before devoting his day to sightseeing.

One event stands out prominently among the many activities of the Duke and Duchess during this period—the appointment of the Duke as the King's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which he opened on May 21, 1929. This was a memorable occasion, as it marked the ending of the long rivalry between the two great branches of the Church of Scotland.

The royal couple arrived at Holyrood on October 1. The next day they drove from there to Edinburgh along "the Royal Mile". There was no dourness about the Scots welcome.

Princess Margaret Rose was born on August 21, 1930, at Glamis Castle, the ancient seat of her mother's family, and was thus the first royal child in the direct line of succession to be born in Scotland since Charles I.

The neighbourhood realized the significance of the event, bells and beacons announcing the news for miles around. The nation, too, hailed the news with delight, and the number of little girls christened Margaret during the ensuing year is sufficient evidence of the interest which the people took in the new royal baby. After the anxiety which he had inevitably undergone during the preceding weeks, the Duke took a short holiday that autumn,

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shooting with his father-in-law, the Earl of Strathmore, and spending some time at Balmoral with the King and Queen.

A few weeks later the Duke and his family returned to London for the christening in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace. There had been some friendly controversy over the name, but the Duchess insisted that her second daughter should bear a name as Scottish as Elizabeth is English. Margaret had, indeed, been a family name of the Strathmores for centuries. It was, moreover, the name of three Queens of Scotland. Rose was chosen as a second name to mark the Duchess's affection for her elder sister—Lady Rose Leveson-Gower.

Princess Elizabeth was delighted to have a little sister, and the following years of childhood have been happy and engrossing for both children. Adored by the whole Royal Family and idolized by the public, they might have been in danger of becoming spoiled had not their mother exercised a careful watch on their training.

In the summer of 1935 the Duke and Duchess renewed their acquaintance with the Belgian capital when they flew there—it was the Duchess's first flight—to visit the International Exhibition. That was a joyous occasion for Belgium. Two months later the Duke again flew to Brussels on a very different errand—to represent his father at the funeral of Queen Astrid, consort of Leopold of the Belgians, who was killed in circumstances of such tragic desolation for her husband, himself driver of the car at the time of the disaster in which she met her death.

But by far the greater part of his time during this period was spent in the British Isles and, during the years of quiet but invaluable activity which filled the time between the birth of his second child and the momentous events of 1936, he worked hard on his favourite subject—industrial welfare—particularly as applied to the North of the country.

As President of the Industrial Welfare Society he was no mere figurehead, but a tireless worker, bringing to his work a ready human sympathy and understanding of the wider aspects of the industrial workers' life as well as a strong grasp of the technical

side of industry. His interest in providing facilities for the worker to enjoy a healthy and well-spent leisure was as great as his eagerness to grasp every detail with an important bearing on the hours of labour of the worker.

In work of this nature the years passed, bringing him to the threshold of the throne and the opportunity to influence the destiny of his people.

During King George's last illness the Duke was constantly in attendance on his mother. When the King died he flew from Sandringham to London with King Edward to take up his heavy duties as heir-presumptive. With his brothers he kept the vigil at the Lying-in-State in Westminster Hall.

The following months were filled with strenuous work. Continuing his welfare activities, he carried out an extensive tour of the industrial Midlands, and later he visited Tyneside. Many of the duties which his elder brother, as Prince of Wales, had performed now fell upon him, and his days were fuller than ever before.

Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth have come to the throne well equipped by fourteen years of exacting experience together in the duties of Royalty. Together they have travelled the length and breadth of the British Isles, have talked to their subjects of all classes at work, at play, and at home, and together they have voyaged across the world to the farthest of their Dominions. Together they have won the respect and love of their peoples.

XIV ROYAL HOMES OF ENGLAND

XIV

ROYAL HOMES OF ENGLAND

I-BUCKINGHAM PALACE

How Henry VIII took the first step towards the transformation of the old fenland into the site of the King's Palace in chief-From silkworms to tea-gardens. Buckingham of Buckingham House. George IV the great mansion-builder

BUCKINGHAM PALACE! The London home of our King! How many of us have watched and waited at those imposing gates, anxiously, jubilantly, fearfully, when some crisis in our history has turned all thoughts inevitably to a beloved sovereign.

Perhaps it was during the South African War—the Relief of Ladysmith or of Mafeking, when Queen Victoria was reigning over us; or maybe, on that fateful night of August 4, 1914, when the dreaded word "War" was on every lip; perhaps it was four years later when the Great War had ended and peace once again prevailed. Or perhaps we stood in front of those wrought-iron gates with fluttering heart to read the bulletins telling of the fight King George was making for his life. Those of us who assembled there for the Jubilee Celebrations, two years ago, and had the privilege or seeing King George and Queen Mary step on to the balcony of the floodlit Palace to acknowledge the acclamations of the vast crowds of loyal subjects, will never forget that demonstration of loyalty and affection.

Have you ever thought of the origin of the name? Or thought about Buckingham of Buckingham Palace?

The name commemorates a duke who was one of the leading figures in Restoration days, friend of Charles II, devoted servant of James II, favourite of Queen Anne. But the history of the place does not begin with him, for many men made their contribution to the development of our most famous palace.

King Henry VIII was the first, for I do not think we need go back to the Romans. The fact that Watling Street, Roman highway from Dover to Chester, once passed near the site, had nothing to do with the evolution of the Palace. No, it was Bluff King Hal who first saw the potentialities of the spot.

It was marshland in his day, part of Bulunga Fen. He drained the place and formed a park, and he built the first royal home on the site of St. James's Palace.

For the next step towards Buckingham Palace we are indebted to King James, first of England's line of Stuarts. He had the idea of setting up the silk industry in England, as a first step to which he sent out instructions for the planting of innumerable mulberry trees and the purchase of myriads of silkworms. The enterprise came to naught, for with the lack of practical detail which went with James's vision he did not get the right sort of mulberries for the silkworms. The thousands of trees which were planted at his instigation were black mulberries, good for the production of fruit, but not of silkworms, which feed on the leaves of the white mulberry. But that is another story.

What concerns us here is that four acres of ground were taken out of St. James's Park to form a mulberry-garden. When the scheme failed because the trees were producing fruit and not silk, the mulberry-garden became one of the pleasure resorts of the town, a rendezvous for ladies and gallants. It was, Evelyn, the diarist, tells us, "a place of refreshment for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at". I should like to linger in the mulberry-garden, to sit awhile with the poet Dryden, eating tarts in one of the leafy arbours with his actress friend, Madame Reeve, but I must

Forget the mulberry tarts that Dryden loved

and pass on to the first mansion built on the spot. This was Goring House, renamed Arlington House when the Earl of Arlington became tenant in 1666.

Another thirty years or so pass and Buckingham House appears. Arlington's mansion, whose "pleasing ravishment" had excited the wonder of the crowd and the envy of his friends, was pulled down to make way for the new and more massive residence of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

There are not, I suppose, more than a few score persons, amongst the millions to whom the name of the Palace is a household word, who have as much as heard of the Duke, though he was one of the ornaments of Restoration society and a minor poet whose life is told by Dr. Johnson. During five reigns he divided his time between politics and women with equal success. Even in the merry days of the Restoration he stood out as the man with the "pleasantest laugh in the world". Neither his intrigues nor his affairs concern us here, though I cannot omit to mention that when he was a young man he paid court to the Princess whom he served later as Queen Anne. And a pretty row there was when Charles II got to hear that his favourite was making advances to Princess Anne! Charles packed him off on a naval expedition in a ship which was so rotten that it seemed guaranteed to go to the bottom, but fortune smiled, and Buckingham returned to new favours at Court, though not to the forbidden favours of the Princess.

We may perhaps attribute to the interrupted friendship of these early years his advancement when Queen Anne came to the throne. It was she who made him a duke, transforming Sheffield into Buckingham, and thus it is to Queen Anne that we are indebted for the title of Buckingham Palace. The site he purchased, and it was extended by Queen Anne's generosity by a grant of two rods out of St. James's Park. Here was built the first house to bear the name of Buckingham, a mansion those who admired or who envied were alike agreed was the best in London. There was no limit to Buckingham's pride in his new place. He wrote a letter to a brother duke which took 2400 words (about eight pages of this book) to extol its manifold excellencies, though he had the grace to concede that most of his letter seemed "appertaining to parade".

At last, in 1721, he had to exchange his noble mansion for a place in Westminster Abbey. The tomb is in the Henry VII Chapel, and the monument bears an epitaph in Latin he himself composed claiming that "I lived doubtful but not dissolute: I die unresolved, not unresigned." He had a prolonged lying-in-state before he was conveyed with great pomp to the Abbey, so that Atterbury, the Dean, was minded to write to his friend Pope that he was going to pronounce "dust to dust and thus shut up that last scene of pompous vanity". Christian charity was never the distinguishing virtue of Francis Atterbury, though his life requires it of posterity.

The Duke's widow survived for another twenty years to live in Buckingham House in the state which befitted a daughter of James the Second. Though her father might not have married her mother, Jane Sedley, the Duchess always insisted on being treated with royal state, and her Stuart loyalty was such that on the anniversary of the "martyrdom of her grandfather, Charles I, she received Lord Hervey in the great drawing-room of Buckingham House, seated on a chair of state, attended by women in like weeds in memory of the royal martyr".

When her last son, his father's successor in the dukedom, died, she wished to do him every honour as he was borne to the family grave in the Abbey, so she applied to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, for permission to use the funeral coach that had borne the remains of the hero of Blenheim. Marlborough's widow did not allow the fulfilment of the other's pride. "It carried my Lord Marlborough," she replied, "and shall never be profaned by any other corpse"; to which Her Grace of Buckingham, not to be outdone, rejoined, "I have consulted the undertaker and he tells me that I shall have a finer for twenty pounds."

At last the time came when the Duchess had herself to prepare for her last journey from Buckingham House. She determined that the occasion should be in every way worthy of a daughter of the last Stuart king. She summoned Garter King-at-Arms to settle with him all the details of her funeral and, says Walpole, "feared dying before the pomp should come home". "Why don't they send the canopy for me to see?" she asked. "Let them send it though the tassels are not finished." Even to the last her sense of dignity prevailed. She made the ladies of her household promise that "if she should lie senseless they would not sit down in the room before she was dead". Vanity may be vanity, but if gains a certain dignity when it is carried to such imperious lengths.

The mansion in 1761 passed into royal ownership when it was purchased by George III for £21,000. He stripped some of the other palaces to beautify his new home, to which he retired with Queen Charlotte, and their eldest son, George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. In Buckingham House the others of King George's family of fifteen children were born. Here, too, he collected the superb collection of books which afterwards enriched the British Museum, and here, too, he gave the celebrated interview to Dr. Johnson. In 1775 the place was settled upon Queen Charlotte in exchange for Somerset House, which had been made an official residence of the consorts of the kings of England, and for a time Buckingham House became known as Queen's House. Next, the red-brick pile which Buckingham had built was razed to make way for a new building constructed by order of George IV.

The fourth George was lavish in his building. He had spent one not inconsiderable fortune on Carlton House and another on the Pavilion at Brighton, and had expended considerable sums on the restoration of Windsor Castle. In the sixth year of his reign he induced Parliament to authorize the improvement of Queen's House. A sum of £252,690 was estimated for the purpose, and the work was entrusted to Nash, leading architect of the day.

As a creator of the London of yesteryear, Nash is second only to Wren. His was the vision that set out Regent's Park. His were the designs that made the Regent Street that survived until after the War. His were the buildings that inspired the wits to the oft-quoted lines:

Augustus at Rome was for building renowned For of marble he left what of brick he had found. But is not our Nash too a very great master? He finds us all brick and leaves us all plaster. Parliament had authorized the repair and improvement of Buckingham House. The King and Nash set about erecting an entirely new building. Parliament had voted a sum of £252,690 for the work, but this did not go very far when the King and his architect had set their men at work. It was reported to Parliament that to bring the new building to completion a total of £432,926 would have to be expended There was an outcry against the vast expenditure of public funds at a time when the country was passing through a period of distress. The lampoonists seized on the "Palace that Nash Built" as a political grievance to exploit, expressing sympathy with John Bull, taxpayer.

... he's kindly permitted to grumble and gaze, Say and think what he will provided he pays; To rail at the Palace and Triumphal Arch Which, 'tis said, will be probably finished in March.

The Arch was George's own principal contribution to the designs of his new palace. He had borrowed the idea for it from Constantine's triumphal arch at Rome, and it was set up in front of the palace, but the conception which delighted the King proved displeasing to his successors. The Arch today stands a couple of miles from its original site in a position of splendid isolation at the north-east corner of Hyde Park, where Oxford Street merges into Bayswater, near the site of the old gallows of Tyburn. Through the majestic gateway nothing now passes. It provides a circulating-point for the swirling traffic and a name for the Tube-station opposite. What a destiny for the Marble Arch!

George IV did not live to see his palace completed. Indeed, it looked at one time as if it would remain for ever half finished—a monument, as it was said, of the reckless extravagence of its projector. William IV, however, brought to a close the work his brother had begun, but he never occupied it. So Pimlico Palace, or St. George's Palace, or New Palace, as it was variously styled, stood empty, a warren of a place, untenanted, unwanted. It is a wonder that the boards were not put up inviting offers for "this commodious and desirable residence, standing in its own grounds,

in a magnificent situation, five minutes from Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park Corner, ripe for development. All services available". Amateurs of art could make an easy reputation by attacking it. The *cognoscenti* improved upon each other's criticisms. Thus you Raumer:

For my own part, I would not live in it rent free; I should vex myself all the day long with the fantastic mixture of every style of architecture and decoration—the absence of all pure taste—the total want of feeling of measure and proportion. The grand apartments of the principal story are adorned with pillars; but what kind of pillars? Partly red, like raw sausages; partly blue, like starch—bad imitations of marbles which nobody ever saw, standing upon blocks, which art rejects, to support nobody knows what. Then, in the next apartment, not pillars, but pillasters; then pillasters without base or capital; and then with a capital, and with the base preposterously cut away.

In the same apartment, fragments of Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and the Middle Ages, all confusedly mingled together; the doors, windows, and chimney-pieces, in such incorrect proportions, that even the most unpractised eye must be offended. The spaces unskilfully divided, cut up, insulated; the doors sometimes in the centre, sometimes in the corner—nay, in one room there are three doors of different height and breadth; over the doors, in some apartments, bas-reliefs and sculptures, in which pygmies and Brobdignagians are huddled together—people from two to six feet high living in admirable harmony. The smaller figures have such miserable spider legs and arms that one would fancy they had been starved in a time of scarcity and were come to the king's palace to fatten.

So the Palace waited for a tenant and found one at last in Queen Victoria. One of the first decisions the girl Queen had to make was a choice for her official residence. It might have fallen on her childhood home at Kensington, or on the ancient Palace of St. James's. Neither appealed to her. Her decision went in favour of the new building in St. James's Park, for which she decided to revive the former name of Buckingham, and so Buckingham Palace at last found an occupant and the wits could indulge their fancy that this was the cheapest building in the

world, seeing that it was built for one sovereign, finished for another, and furnished for a third.

There was a good deal of alteration to be done to Nash's building to make it suitable for the young Queen, but she moved in on Monday, July 13, 1837. Within ten years the builders were called in again to alter the place. This was the consequence of the needs of the Queen's growing family.

One February day in 1840 the Palace was the scene of the wedding breakfast of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; at the Palace in the following November was born her first child, the princess who later became the consort of Wilhelm I of Germany and mother of the ex-Kaiser; at the Palace a year later took place the birth of her second child and first son, Albert Edward, her successor on the throne. These were the first arrivals of a family of nine children.

The nursery accommodation in the new Palace was not so well arranged as in the old home of the Duke of Buckingham, who had been able to boast that the suite on the top floor was admirably adapted to the "mysteries of Lucina", goddess of children. In February 1835 the Queen sent a note to her Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, drawing attention to the "disgraceful" condition of her home:

Sir Robert [she wrote] is acquainted with the state of the Palace and the total want of accommodation for our little family, which is fast growing up. Any building must necessarily take some years before it can be safely inhabited. If it were to be begun this autumn, it could hardly be occupied before the spring of 1848, when the Prince of Wales would be nearly seven, and the Princess Royal nearly eight years old, and they cannot possibly be kept in the nursery any longer. A provision for this purpose ought, therefore, to be made this year. Independent of this, most parts of the Palace are in a sad state, and will ere long require a further outlay to render them decent for the occupation of the Royal Family or any visitors the Queen may have to receive. A room, capable of containing a larger number of those persons whom the Queen has to invite in the course of the season to balls, concerts, etc., than any of the present apartments can at once hold, is much wanted. Equally so, improved offices and servants' rooms, the want of which puts the departments of the household to great expense yearly. It will be for Sir Robert to consider whether it would not be best to remedy all these deficiencies at once, and to make use of his opportunity to render the exterior of the Palace such as no longer to be a disgrace to the country, which it certainly now is. The Queen thinks the country would be better pleased to have the question of the Sovereign's residence in London finally disposed of, than to have it so repeatedly brought before it.

The Queen had to wait for a year, as the renewal of Income Tax made it an unpropitious moment to spend public money on a palace; but the next year the Treasury received the architect's report that the insufficiency of accommodation had caused "extreme inconvenience to Her Majesty personally and to the juvenile members of the Royal Family". The nursery department was confined to "a few rooms in the attics" and there was the smell of oil and glue from workshops, added to which the kitchen was a "nuisance to the Palace". No less a sum than £150,000 was needed to end the "disgrace".

Buckingham Palace entered upon a period of neglect with the death of Prince Albert in 1861. In her bereavement Queen Victoria withdrew from society, appearing in public only at the most urgent call of duty. She spent a life of seclusion at Windsor, at Osborne, or Balmoral. Buckingham Palace was only occupied for a few days at a time when it was necessary for her to be in her capital for the discharge of official duties.

During the forty years of the Queen's widowhood the interior of the Palace was preserved as unchanged as the unchanging East. It was her wish that everything should be left as it was when her beloved husband was there to share life with her.

So when King Edward succeeded his mother, sweeping changes in every department were needed, from the kitchen to the ballroom. He found, his biographer tells us, that

the majority of the rooms reflected the tastes that were prevalent at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and the standard of comfort, sanitation, lighting and warming was almost equally antiquated. The Palace required not only alteration but internal renovation and cleaning. Even the State Rooms required redecoration, especially the

Entrance Hall, which, owing to the discoloration by age of the imitation-marble walls, had become so dark and mournful that the King had humorously christened it the sepulchre.

One of the first tasks was the break-up of the rooms once occupied by the Prince Consort which had remained untouched since his death. The change was inevitable, as King Edward needed the apartments for his own occupation. With every care the relics of his father were removed to a special room at Windsor Castle, or to Osborne, where his father and mother had spent happy hours amidst their growing family.

Fourteen months passed between King Edward's accession and his removal to the Palace from Marlborough House, where he and Queen Alexandra had lived for forty years. Then did return the splendour which had belonged to Buckingham Palace in the early years of Victoria's reign. It became the centre of the brilliant life of society. Distinguished visitors were received within its walls from every land, kings, emperors and princes, for the Palace was the headquarters of the leading Court in the world.

Nine years ran their course. King Edward fell sick. In his bedroom at the Palace he breathed his last, after uttering those final words of rare courage: "No, I shall not give in; I shall go on; I shall work to the end." He was the first sovereign to die at Buckingham Palace.

Another sovereign came to make the Palace his home, and with another occupant the Palace was altered once again. These changes gave it the familiar appearance that we see today as we stand before it in the Mall. Indeed, for the majority of the subjects of the King, the alterations carried out in 1913 under the guidance of Sir Aston Webb may be said to have made the Buckingham Palace that they know.

They were not extensive, but their effect was to give to the east front a grandeur it had previously lacked. Having looked now for nearly a quarter of a century upon Sir Aston Webb's front, those who are old enough to remember have almost forgotten what the Palace looked like before the change was made. An old

picture will convince you that the former front had nothing of dignity about it.

It had been made by Blore under the direction of the Prince Consort. There were Gothic adornments which failed to adorn and prevented the effect of boldness that comes from simplicity. Caen stone had been used, which could not resist the decaying influences of the London air.

When the Queen Victoria Memorial was erected the shoddiness of the Palace front was intensified, and so in 1913 the order was given for the last improvements to be carried out. Never was a palace refashioned in so quick a time. It was made a condition of the work that it should be completed while the Court was out of residence in August, September, and October.

Three months to refashion the Palace! The plans had to be worked out in detail weeks ahead so that no hitch should occur. A time-table was drawn up so that every task had its appointed hour. The blocks of stone, some weighing as much as five tons, had to be made to measure. Each one had a number so that it could be fitted into its allotted space. A historian of the Palace*says:

The quantity of stone supplied from the Portland quarries amounted to 5757 tons, or 95,000 cubic feet. For working and preparing the stonework in the yards an average of about 270 men were employed. Two weeks were spent in erecting the scaffold, six weeks in fixing the main portion of the stone, and the remainder of the time in pointing and cleaning down.

Six large Scots derricks were erected, five electric hoists, and two electric passenger lifts. The scaffolding was of unusual strength, in its construction 5000 new scaffold poles were used, and from 10,000 to 12,000 boards.

To complete the job in the stipulated time, work was continued day and night, approximately 350 men being employed during the day, and 180 at night. In addition to the workmen a special force of police, firemen, and watchmen were engaged.

To mark his appreciation of the manner in which the work was carried out, King George gave a dinner to the eight hundred workmen.

^{*} The Story of Buckingham Palace. Bruce Graeme. (Hutchinson.)

For twenty-five years Buckingham Palace was the home of King George and Queen Mary. There was a falling-off from the brilliance of the Court that King Edward had kept, but the Palace became more than ever before the place to which the people turned their eyes and thoughts as the home of the head of the great Empire family.

II-ST. JAMES'S PALACE

How a leper hospital became a royal mansion. A prison of the Stuarts and two royal escapes. Why St. James's and not Buckingham Palace is the official Court of England. Princes who were turned out of home

It is a curious circumstance that, although Buckingham Palace is the sovereign's home, it is not his official Court. This honour belongs to St. James's Palace, a royal residence with a longer history behind it than the more magnificent building across the Park.

St. James's may therefore be said to take precedence of its neighbour, though if the matter of first place were to be settled by the mere claims of antiquity the Tower of London would be entitled to the distinction; but it is so long since London's citadel was a royal home that it is not now ranked with our palaces. Let us spare a passing thought for the Tower, which provided a home for our kings and queens from the passing of the Saxon kingdom until the advent of the Tudors. There is a span of over five hundred years' royal occupation, which is more than St. James's can show.

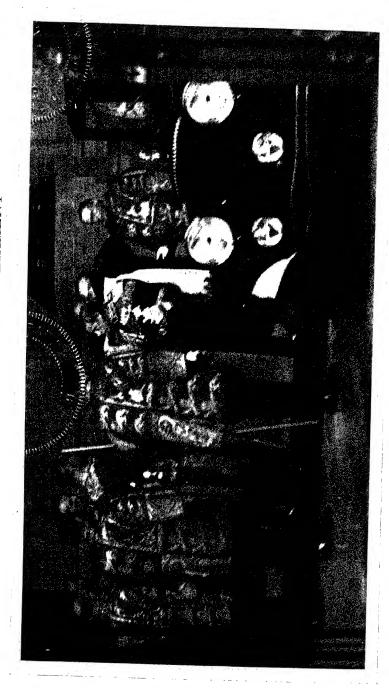
For most of the time that the Tower was the dwelling-place of Royalty, St. James's was a hospital and nunnery. The first building on the site that formed part of the marsh on which the City of Westminster has been built was a leper-house founded not long before the year 1100 by some well-disposed citizens of London. They established the foundation for the reception of

ROYAL PROCESSION INCIDENT



Later, it was established that a man with a grievance had produced a revolver which in a struggle was thrown into the air and fell in the roadway between the King and the troops following. The medent took place in Constitution Hill and the picture shows his Majesty, the first mounted figure, riding on immediately behind the band. In the All the Empire was alarmed by reports that an attempt on his life had been made when King Edward VIII, on July 16, 1936, was riding back at the head of six battalions of the Guards to whom he had presented new Colours in Hyde Fark. foreground a policeman has dismounted to pick up the revolver.

OPENING HIS FIRST PARLIAMENT



Fox Photos King Edward VIII is here seen within the entrance to the Victoria Tower, about to leave after opening his first Parliament as Sovereign on November 3, 1936. He is in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, and has passed between rows of Heralds and Pursuivants. The two whose backs are seen in the foreground are (right) Portculis (Mr. A. R. Wagner), and (left) Rouge Dragon (Mr. E. N. Geijer); facing the camera to his Majesty's left is Rouge Croix (Mr. P. W. Kerr). fourteen leprous maidens and dedicated it to St. James the Less.* Later, eight brethren were added to perform Divine Service. Lands were given to the hospital by other pious benefactors, and Edward I granted the privilege of a fair to be held in aid of the hospital funds on the six days following the Eve of St. Tames's, a circumstance which is commemorated by the use of the name Mayfair for the district in which it used to be held.

At some time in its history the Hospital of St. James's changed its character and was transformed into a convent where sisters lived lives of piety. Such it was when Henry VIII brought its career to a close. The sisters of St. James's were fortunate in that the despoiler of the monks ejected them some years before he benefited the Exchequer by confiscating the property of the religious orders. When Henry dismissed the Westminster sisterhood he pensioned them off and granted them other lands in exchange for those they lost. His purpose was the creation of the Park of St. James's, "making a fair mansion and a park for his greater commodities and pleasure".

This was in the year 1532, a time when the question of the King's divorce was perplexing the statesmen of countries besides our own. In the following year, having ridded himself of his first Queen, Katharine of Aragon, Henry married Anne Boleyn; and it was at the "King's mannor of Westminster", otherwise St. James's, that Anne rested the night before her coronation. It is said that it was for the delight of Anne that Henry had the mansion of St. James's built; certainly when she fell from favour and was sent to the block the King seems to have regarded the place as none for him to live in. First it was granted to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, the King's son by Elizabeth Blount, who lived there only a few weeks before his early death. Next the manor was conferred on Thomas Cromwell, despoiler of the

^{*} It would be pleasant, in passing, to recall the life story of this saint, but he appears to have been so shadowy a figure that his exact identity is a matter for conjecture. He is clearly differentiated from St. James the Greater, last survivor of the Apostles, but it is indeterminate whether the lesser saint was James, the son of Alphaeus, one of the Twelve Apostles, or James, the Lord's brother, Bishop of Jerusalem, or whether both these are merged in the person of the same saint. His festival is observed on the first day of May, and has always been associated with flowers and the return of spring.

monasteries, and brought him no luck, for in 1540 he followed Oueen Anne to the scaffold.

Thereafter St. James's was the scene of an occasional Court function, Privy Council meetings, and investitures. On one occasion the King attended to hold his Maundy there.

So before its founder's death St. James's had been launched in some uncertain fashion as a royal—albeit only occasional—residence. Under his son, the royal patronage was so far continued that it was used for the accommodation of important guests. His eldest daughter, Mary, had a decided preference for the place, regarding it above any of the other palaces. From it she went to Westminster for her crowning and within its walls she breathed her last. In St. James's Chapel she was laid in state "with the usual watch of ladies".

During the reign of Elizabeth, St. James's reverted to its former role of providing an occasional home for the sovereign. One notable occasion on which it was so favoured was during the period of national danger caused by the dispatch of the Armada from Spain. To St. James's Elizabeth hurried from Richmond so that she might be at hand, and at St. James's she received the glad tidings of the Armada's destruction. The earliest description of the palace is in Elizabeth's time from the pen of Norden:

Not far from the glorious hall [Whitehall] another of her Highness's houses descryeth itself, of a quadrate forme, erected of brick, the exterior shape whereof although it appear without any sumptuous or superfluous devices, yet in the plot verie princelye, and the same with art contrived within and without. It standeth from other buildings about two furlongs, having a farme-house opposite to its North gate. But the seituation is pleasant, indued with a good ayre and pleasant prospects, on the East, London offereth itself in view, in the South, the stately buildings of Westminster, with the pleasant park, and the delights thereof, on the North the green fields.

St. James's came into its own with the Stuarts. The first James to rule in England, though he chose to occupy Whitehall, looked with favour upon St. James's Palace, doubtless because it bore his own name. He made it over to the use of his eldest son, Henry, a Prince of Wales, who did not live to succeed to the throne. On Prince Henry's death the mansion passed to Charles, Duke of York, afterwards Charles the First. Of all the royal palaces, St. James's was preferred by Charles's wife, Henrietta Maria, and here were born most of his children, including both his successors, the second Charles and the second James. Of the birth of the first of these two royal children, we are informed that it was accompanied by "a notable accident in the heavens—the star Venus was visible all the day long". The planet of love did not on this occasion shine for an accouchement in vain.

When the No-Monarchy men ruled the land, St. James's Palace was transformed from a royal home to a royal prison. Out of its doors King Charles walked that January morning in 1649 to the scaffold in Whitehall, having previously attended Divine Service in the Chapel. The three royal children, the Duke of York (later James II), the Duke of Gloucester, and Princess Elizabeth,* were prisoners in the Palace, and one of them, the Duke of York, made his escape disguised as a woman.

All things considered, this escape was one of the luckiest incidents in the lives of the Stuarts, upon whom luck did not for the most part show a smiling face. To begin with, there were the clothes to be obtained for him. Anne Lady Halkett made the arrangements. When she gave her tailor the Duke's measure, asking how much mohair would be required to make a petticoat and waistcoat for a young gentlewoman of those measurements, he replied that he had "never made any to such a person in his life before". In that he was right, although he meant it in another sense—that never had he seen a woman of so low a stature with so great a waist.

All things were at last ready and the escape was fixed for the night of April 20, 1648. Lady Halkett has left the following account of the flight:

^{*} This unhappy child of Charles I died from grief during her captivity in Carisbrooke Castle in the following year.

As soon as the Duke had supped, he and those servants that attended His Highness went to a play [game] called hide-and-seek, and sometimes he would hide himself so well that in half an hour's time they could not find him. His Highness had so used them to this, that when he went really away they thought he was but at the usual sport. His Highness went down the privy stairs into the garden, and opened the gate that goes into the park, treble-locking all the doors behind him. And at the garden gate Col. Bampfield waited for His Highness, and putting on a cloak and periwig, hurried him away to the park gate, where a coach waited that carried them to the water side, and, taking the boat that was appointed for that service, they rowed to the stairs next the bridge, where I and Miriam waited in a private house hard by that Col. Bampfield had prepared for dressing His Highness, where all things were in readiness.

I had many fears, for the Colonel had desired me if they came not there precisely by ten o'clock, to shift for myself, for then I might conclude they were discovered, and so my stay there could do no good, but prejudice myself. Yet this did not make me leave the house, though ten o'clock did strike, and he that was entrusted often went to the landing place and saw no boat coming was much discouraged, and asked me what I would do.

I told him I came there with a resolution to serve His Highness, and I was fully determined not to leave that place till I was out of hopes of doing what I came there for, and would take my hazard. He left me to go again to the water side, and while I was fortifying mysel against what might arrive to me, I heard a great noise of many, as I thought, coming up stairs, which I expected to be soldiers to take me, but it was a pleasing disappointment, for the first that came in was the Duke, who with much joy I took in my arms and gave God thanks for his safe arrival.

His Highness called "Quickly, quickly, dress me," and putting off his clothes, I dressed him in the woman's habit that was prepared, which fitted His Highness very well, and was very pretty in it. After he had eaten something I made ready while I was idle, lest His Highness should be hungry, and having sent for a Woodstreet cake (which I knew he loved) to take in the barge, with as much haste as could be His Highness went across the bridge to the stairs where the barge lay, Col. Bampfield leading him. Immediately the boatmen plied the oar so well that they were soon out of sight, having both wind and tide with them. But I afterwards heard the wind changed and was so contrary that the Colonel told me he was terribly afraid they should have been blown back again. And the Duke said "Do anything with me

rather than let me go back again," which put the Colonel to seek help where it was only to be had and after he had most fervently supplicated assistance from God, presently the wind blew fair, and they came safely to their intended landing place.

Even at the last the fugitive was nearly brought back. The barge-master who took the Duke and Colonel Bampfield to Tilbury chanced to look through the cabin window at "Mr. Andrews and his sister". At that precise moment Mr. Andrews was engaged upon tying his "sister's" garter, and the bargeman's suspicions were aroused. He announced that he would turn the boat back to London. However, by threats and entreaties, and no doubt by a judicious administration of inducements, the skipper was persuaded to continue and the Duke reached the Continent and safety.

It was not only as a prison-house that St. James's was made to serve against the Monarchists by the No-Monarchy men. There were also the Royal treasures which could be sold to raise the funds with which the new Commonwealth might be the more effectually established. So the Old Masters were taken down from the walls and sold for what they would fetch. Raphaels were disposed of for £200 apiece, a Da Vinci for £140, and a Tintoretto for £120.

The years passed by Cromwell died. The people grew sick of psalms and penitence. They longed for a king to reign over them, and in the Palace from which the last king had gone to his execution General Monck planned the Restoration.

St. James's Palace shared in the glories (and the scandals) when a king sat on the English throne again. Charles II moved into Whitehall, but many of his courtiers lived at St. James's, and some, too, of his ladies. The Palace was the residence for the next fifteen years of the heir-presumptive to the throne, the same Duke of York who had escaped from his prison in 1648. He took leave of the place only on the night before his coronation as James II. When he succeeded to his brother's Court at Whitehall, he made over St. James's to his Queen, Mary of Modena,

and with it its courtyards, its orchards, and its gardens "to hold for her natural life".

Here took place the birth of the Queen's son, known to history as the Old Pretender, in circumstances which gave rise to the "warming-pan" scandal. The enemies of the unpopular King, and they were many, sought to represent that the child was a foundling which was being passed off as heir. The Queen's bed at the time of the accouchement was unfortunately placed where responsible persons could not witness the birth, and so it was declared that the baby was brought by the back stairs into the apartment in the warming-pan that was employed to heat Her Majesty's bed.

With the fall of James II in 1688, as a consequence of the events which are known as the Glorious Revolution, I come to another royal escape from St. James's. The heroine on this occasion was the King's younger daughter, Anne, afterwards Queen.

For the second time the conduct of a Stuart sovereign had brought the country to a state of revolt, and Princess Anne was forced to the unhappy choice between support of her father or of her sister, consort of William of Orange, to whom the Whigs and Protestants of England looked for delivery from the Catholic King. Anne, like her sister, had been brought up in the Protestant faith, but it was not so much difference of religion as the presence of Sarah Churchill which ranged her against the King, her father. Sarah Churchill, at that time Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess, was the wife of that redoubtable soldier John Churchill, later to be created Duke of Marlborough, one of the supporters of William of Orange.

When Anne decided to join sides with her sister's husband, it was necessary for her to make her escape from St. James's Palace. To this end she had constructed a flight of stairs leading down from her closet to the park. There is a breathless picture of the young Princess stealing down these stairs, out into the torrential rain of a November night, attended by a faithful squire, Lord Dorset:

St. James's Park was a mass of black November mud. The adventurers had not far to walk to the coach, but the Princess, who had not equipped herself for pedestrian exigencies, soon lost one of her fine, high-heeled shoes inextricably in the mud. She was, however, in the highest spirits, and not disposed to be daunted by trifles. She tried to hop forward with one shoe, but Lord Dorset pulled off his embroidered leather gauntlet glove and begged Her Royal Highness to permit him to draw it on her foot, as some defence against the wet. This was done, amidst peals of laughter and many jokes from the whole party.

Thereafter the escape was safely made. A few weeks later the Revolution had been accomplished and the peers of the realm attended at St. James's Palace to voice their thanks to King William III. Princess Anne returned to the complete possession of the Palace, a gift from her brother-in-law. William preferred to live at Whitehall, or farther afield at Kensington or Hampton Court. Nevertheless, though he did not choose to reside there, St. James's Palace came in William's reign to bear the official title of the English Court.

Two fires, the first in 1691 and the second six years later, destroyed the old palace of Whitehall. With the destruction of what had been the official Court since the reign of Henry VIII another place had perforce to be chosen. Kensington and Hampton Court might enjoy William's favour, but they were too far removed from the centre of affairs, and so St. James's was designated for the honour, which it has continued to enjoy ever since. And that is why royal proclamations are dated "from the Court of St. James's", and why it is to the "Court of St. James's" that ambassadors of other countries are accredited. On William's death the Palace became the home as well as the official Court of the sovereign. Queen Anne, who, like her sister Mary, was born at St. James's, had a great affection for the place.

When she died and "George in pudding time came o'er", St. James's continued to enjoy its privileged position. To the Palace, George I brought his German entourage and his German ladies, but no German queen, for Sophia Dorothea had lost her heart to another, so George had locked her up in one of his castles in

Hanover, and she never saw England.

With the first of the Georges came over also his son George, with his wife Caroline, to live in St. James's Palace, until they were turned out of its doors. The trouble was caused over the christening of a baby born to the Princess in 1717. The King wanted the Duke of Newcastle to stand god-parent to the child; his son had a violent dislike of the Duke. With Hanoverian obstinacy father and son refused to yield and passed into truly Hanoverian rage. To such a state of choler were they reduced that the King gave orders for his son to be placed under arrest, whereupon the Princess declared that if her husband was arrested she would be arrested too. And so it was. Prince and Princess of Wales spent the night confined in their apartments by Yeomen of the Guard.

You can imagine the chattering that went on in the Town next day when news of the quarrel got abroad. You can imagine how the gossips titillated when it was further learned that the King proposed to pack his son off to the Tower of London, and was only dissuaded from doing so by the urgent protests of his ministers. Instead, he ordered Prince and Princess with their young baby to clear out of the Palace. He followed up this act of domestic despotism by demanding that the parents should sign a declaration transferring the child's guardianship to him. When they declined he dispossessed them of their honours and notified all Peers, Privy Councillors, and ambassadors that those who received his son would not be received at the Palace. Further to this, he ordered the Prince and Princess to be deprived of their children, even of the newly born baby. Despite the fact that the little Prince began to pine, the King insisted on the execution of his orders, with the result that a few days later his grandchild died.

It was an almost incredible demonstration of royal arrogance, and, incredibly enough, history repeated itself a few years later when George the son ruled as George the Second, and his son Frederick was Prince of Wales.

Antipathy between father and son appears to have been hereditary in the early Hanoverians, and Queen Caroline added to her husband's her own dislike of their first-born. "He is", she proclaimed, "the greatest ass, the greatest liar, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I heartily wish he was out of it." In that event the Queen's favourite child William would have been heir apparent, a circumstance of which Her Majesty was always hopeful—until Frederick announced that a child was about to be born to him and the Princess of Wales. Queen Caroline was incredulous. She demanded that she should be present at the time of the accouchement of her daughter-in-law.

Frederick was determined that this should not be, and when the signs of the impending birth were manifest, he packed his wife into a coach and drove from Hampton Court, where they had been staying with the King and Queen, and drove back post-haste through the night to London and his own home at St. James's. They arrived at ten o'clock. Nothing was prepared for the expectant mother. Frederick would not permit any lights to shine to betray their arrival. Such was the confusion that no sheets could be found for the bed, and table-cloths had to be used instead.

At a quarter to eleven o'clock that night the Princess was safely delivered of a daughter. The King and Queen were furious. They sent instructions to their son that he was to leave St. James's Palace immediately, although George was not quite so peremptory as his father before him, so that the ejection order was to be complied with "when it could be done without prejudice or inconvenience to the Princess".

A month later St. James's Palace, for a second time, saw a Prince of Wales and his family turned out of doors. Nor was Frederick permitted to take a solitary piece of furniture with him. "Poor Fred!" says the ballad of this Prince. His subsequent fate did not complete the parallel with his father's, for an accident on the cricket-field deprived him of the opportunity of succeeding to the throne.

George II was succeeded by his grandson, the third George. With his accession the eclipse of St. James's Palace began. Farmer George had no love for the place, but wished to live his

life free from the formal atmosphere of the official Court, and thus it was that Buckingham House became a royal residence. To St. James's, however, King George would drive every Sunday with the utmost constancy to attend service in the Royal Chapel. His regularity far exceeded the patience of his family. One by one they absented themselves until finally the King, the Royal Chaplain, and the Royal Equerry were left to "freeze it out together".

George IV was born at St. James's, but made his home elsewhere. His brother William, Duke of Clarence, who succeeded him as William IV, had apartments at St. James's, and found them so uncomfortable that he wrote asking that his accommodation might be increased by the making over to him and his wife of a building which was being intended for the Hanoverian Office. In those days the King of England was still Elector of Hanover.

I am confident [wrote the Duke] that His Majesty is fully aware of the inconvenience and unfitness of our present apartments here. They were arranged for me in 1809, when I was a bachelor, and without an idea at that time of my ever being married, since which, now fifteen years, nothing has been done to them, and you well know the dirt and unfitness for the Duchess of our present abode. Under these circumstances I earnestly request, for the sake of the amiable and excellent Duchess, you will, when the King is quite recovered, represent the wretched state and dirt of our apartments and the infinite advantage this building would produce to the convenience and comfort of the Duchess.

You might not have supposed that the experiences of the "dirt" of St. James's would have prejudiced the place in William's favour. However, when he came to the throne he chose to make his Court at the Palace rather than inhabit the "monstrosity" of a place which his brother and Nash between them had made of Buckingham House.

The restoration of St. James's to its former estate ended with William's reign. It is claimed that Queen Victoria, as sovereign,

never spent as much as a single night under its roof. The Royal Chapel was, however, the scene of her confirmation and of her marriage to Prince Albert.

The last in the long line of its royal occupants is the Duke of Windsor. Soon after the War a separate establishment was found for him at York House, which is part of St. James's, and here he made his home in London during the years in which he endeared himself to the people as Prince of Wales. For some months after his accession he remained in residence there.

Forming part of the Palace buildings is Clarence House, now the home of the Duke of Connaught. The name commemorates the Duke of Clarence, to whose complaints against the place I have referred. Many of the buildings of the Palace are now used as the offices of officials of state, including the Lord Chamberlain. Here, too, are the headquarters of the Yeomen of the Guard, the ancient bodyguard of the sovereign formed by Henry VII, who, in their Tudor uniforms, still bring a touch of medieval colour to the drabness of modern life.

III-MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: KENSINGTON PALACE

The home of widowed Queens of England owes its origin to the wife of the hero of Blenheim. Her last interview with Queen Anne.

A palace and gardens for Dutch William. Where Queen Victoria was born

Across the roadway from St. James's Palace is another Royal residence which, though not a palace, must be mentioned as the home, in their widowhood, first of Queen Alexandra and now of Queen Mary. You must go back to the days of Queen Anne to find the origins of the house, which Sir Christopher Wren designed as the home of a queen's confidante, Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough.

In the main block of the building may still be seen the foundation stone bearing the inscription:

Laid by Her Grace
THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
May ye 24th
June ye 4th
1709

Marlborough House is as much the memorial to the Duchess's fall as to her fame. She planned the place while she was still the favourite of Queen Anne, wishing to have a palace of her own but so close to St. James's that she could be near her royal mistress for ever. By the time her wish was fulfilled the Duchess had fallen from her high place, supplanted by her meek-mannered cousin, Abigail Hill. Indeed, the Duchess had some difficulty in securing the grant of land from the Queen at all, but her importunity at last prevailed. The site of the royal pheasantry with a few acres of St. James's Park was made over to her family for fifty years, and thereon she built a house worthy to receive the victor of Blenheim, at a cost of £50,000.

Wren she chose for architect, and the mansion of today is his work, with a third storey and an attic storey added. There was trouble over the building. The laying of the foundations involved the uprooting of a Charles II oak—not the one of Boscobel which gave him shelter after his defeat at the Battle of Worcester, but a descendant thereof, of which the Boscobel acorn had been planted by Charles's own hand. Charles had been over twenty years in his grave, but his memory was still as green as his own oak-leaves, and there was an immediate outcry when his tree was felled.

The great Duke spent the last hours of his life at Marlborough House, and his widow lived on there in befitting state for twenty years, glorying in the fact that she was the neighbour of a king.

It was through Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV, that the royal associations of the place began. It was bought for her and her husband, Prince Leopold, in the year 1817, but the

Princess died in childbirth at Claremont before the deeds were actually signed. The Prince lived there until, in 1831, he left England to rule as first King of the Belgians. Another royal bereavement gave Marlborough House its next occupant—Queen Adelaide, the widowed consort of William IV. With her death in 1849 the mansion was set aside for use by Queen Victoria's eldest son, when he should attain the age of eighteen.

For this the authority of Parliament was necessary. Lord John Russell brought the necessary Bill before the House of Commons, where it was opposed by the Radical historian, Joseph Hume, on the ground of extravagance, seeing that there were at the disposal of the Crown Hampton Court, Kensington, and St. James's Palace, which were only partially tenanted. Only by the narrow majority of eight votes was the Bill carried in the Commons. Some twelve years passed before King Edward took up residence in his London home, to which within a twelvemonth he had brought his bride, Princess Alexandra, Sea King's daughter. For fifty years Marlborough House was the scene of gracious and brilliant hospitality, which was terminated only when, on his mother's death, King Edward moved across the Park to occupy Buckingham Palace. After the reign of nine years was ended Queen Alexandra returned to her first London home to spend there the years of her widowhood.

Now once again, after a lapse of nine years, Marlborough House is again occupied by a dowager queen. For Queen Mary, as for Queen Alexandra, the house was her home while Princess of Wales. King George V was himself born there, and when his father inherited the throne he and Queen Mary succeeded to Marlborough House.

To complete the record of London's palaces, I must mention the royal mansion of Kensington, to the west of Hyde Park, acquired by King William III and now the home of several members of the Royal Family. They include Queen Victoria's last two surviving daughters, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Beatrice; and Queen Mary's only surviving brother, the Earl of Athlone, and his wife, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone.

A London backwater, tucked away in an almost rural setting, Kensington Palace conveys the atmosphere of the more tranquil London that has passed away. The gardens, so prim in their design, are the most fitting memorial there could be of Dutch William.

It was a Speaker of the House of Commons of the time of Charles I, Heneage Finch, who first realized that the site had the advantage of seclusion while being conveniently near to the affairs of the great city. The mansion he built in Kensington Gravel-pit caught the eye of King William when he came over to rule the country with Queen Mary, and he bought it from Finch's grandson, the "Dismal" Earl of Nottingham. Here William and Mary lived a simple life, devoting much time to their flower-gardens and so setting a fashion which made England's gardens famous. In the Palace Queen Mary spent her last hours in simple heroism, forbidding all servants and maids of honour who had not had smallpox to come into her presence, lest they should catch the disease from which she was dying. A few years later William himself died at Kensington from the consequences of a fall from his horse while riding at Hampton Court.

Queen Anne, with her consort, George of Denmark, spent many happy hours at Kensington, and one not so happy when the Duchess of Marlborough had a final interview with the Queen, in whose favour she had been supplanted. Anne had hesitated to grant a farewell meeting, lest Sarah should make a scene; but the Duchess, all humility for once, assured Her Majesty that she only wished to be seen and heard and that there was "no necessity for the Queen to answer". So she was suffered to enter into the royal presence, and it was not long before her passionate nature had carried her into bitter reproaches over the past and warm entreaties for the future. To her plans for the betterment of the position the Queen gave no answer. In vain

her Grace cajoled and wept. "You desired no answer," retorted the Queen firmly, "and you shall have none." To every subsequent appeal the Queen coldly replied, "You desired no answer and shall have none." The wife of the conquering Marlborough had to retire utterly discomfited.

Under the first two Georges the Palace continued in high favour. Society came to admire the gardens. Among the visitors was hunchbacked Pope, who could not look upon trees trimmed into strange figures without venturing upon a touch of satire: "Adam and Eve in yew, Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge, Eve and the serpent very flourishing; a quick-set hog shot up into a porcupine by its being forgot a week in rainy weather; St. George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but it will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April."

George II died at Kensington, and since then no reigning sovereign has lived at the Palace. His grandson, George III, had a dislike of the place where he had lived as Prince of Wales. Neither George IV nor William IV re-established it as the sovereign's residence.

On the twenty-fourth day of May of the year 1819 a highly important birth took place in apartments of the Palace—that of Alexandrina Victoria, who was to become Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of All India. The child was daughter of George III's son, Edward Duke of Kent, who had brought his young wife back just in time for the child to be born on English soil. He had delayed his departure from the Continent so long that it was, in the end, a race against time. The Duke himself was mounted on the box of the carriage that drove the Duchess over the bad roads of Germany and France. The Channel was crossed in safety and London was reached in time.

If a prevision of events to come had been vouchsafed, there would have been a gathering of the notables at Kensington Palace that twenty-fourth of May, but, as the obscurity of the future was not penetrated, the birth of Alexandrina Victoria went by almost unnoticed. Nor were her early years in any way memorable as

she played around the walks and lawns of Dutch William's gardens. Fifty years later the Queen wrote of her childhood memories:

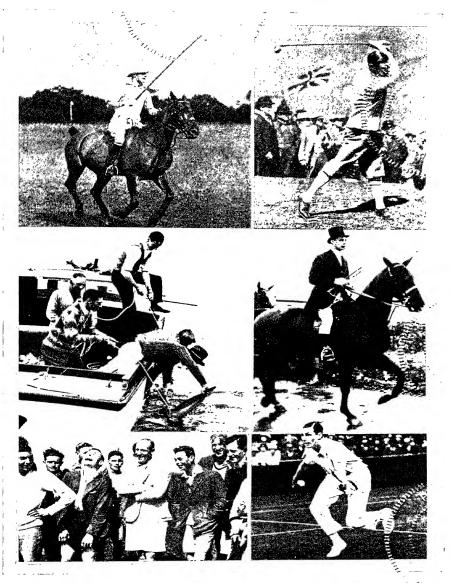
My earliest recollections are connected with Kensington Palace, where I can remember crawling on a yellow carpet spread out for that purpose—and being told that if I cried and was naughty my "Uncle Sussex" would hear me and punish me, for which reason I always screamed when I saw him! I had a great horror of Bishops on account of their wigs and aprons, but recollect this being partially got over in the case of the then Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Fisher, great-uncle to Mr. Fisher, Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales), by his kneeling down and letting me play with his badge of Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. With another Bishop, however, the persuasion of showing him my "pretty shoes" was of no use.

It was at Kensington Palace, as already related,* that Princess Victoria was awakened from her sleep to be informed that she had become the Queen of England. Later that same twentieth of June, in the year 1837, Viscount Melbourne attended at the Palace to kiss his young sovereign's hand. He also read to her the declaration which she was to read to the Accession Council. He had written it himself, and Victoria reckoned it to be "very fine". The Council was held in the red saloon.

I went in of course quite alone and remained seated the whole time. My two uncles, the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, and Lord Melbourne, conducted me. I was not at all nervous and had the satisfaction of hearing that people were satisfied with what I had done and how I had done it.

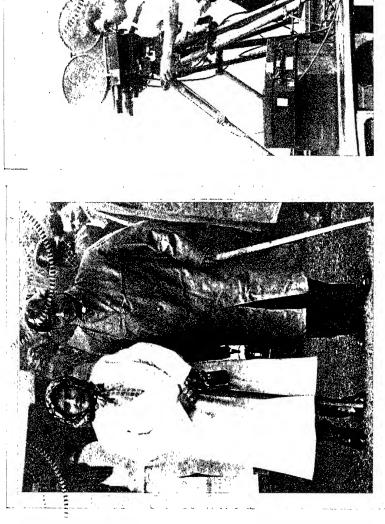
This was one of the great moments in the story of Kensington Palace. Very soon the glory departed with the removal of Victoria with her Court to Buckingham Palace. Life in the seclusion of the backwater reverted to its old placidity. The years have rolled by and left Kensington Palace unchanged in a changing world.

KING GEORGE—SPORTSMAN



These pictures need no description except for the lower two on the left. The first shows his Majesty landing a big game fish in New Zealand and in the second he is seen enjoying a joke with the boys in his camp at Southwold.

TWO UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS



[Fox Photos

For Photos

The King and Queen are shown on the left in the miners' clothes they put on to descend Glamis Colliery, County Durham. On the right the King is seen using a news reel camera while visiting his camp for boys at Southwold, Suffolk, in August 1935.

IV-WINDSOR CASTLE:

A fortress and home which, during a thousand years, has been added to by every great king of England. Many sovereigns sleep their last in its vaults. The Chapel of the Knights of the Garter.

Among all the royal residences in England, Windsor Castle occupies a place apart. Its pre-eminence is beyond dispute. Indeed, in the world today where is there a residence still in royal occupation which can match it?

From the time of the Conqueror down to our own day it has a record of royal occupation. All the great figures among our sovereigns have contributed to its history and to its development. Not even Westminster Abbey itself can show a finer record of royal patronage. Westminster alone can compare with it as the last resting-place of kings.

Within the precincts of the Castle is the royalest of Royal Chapels—St. George's of knightly renown unmatched. Here the spirit of the age of chivalry is enshrined. In its beauty it stands as a memorial not merely to the Garter Knights of old, whose arms are embossed upon its panels, but to the ideas and ideals of the fine old times when

Every morning brought a noble chance, And every chance brought out a noble knight.

At Windsor there is history in every stone—too great a record to encompass in these pages. Let me single out a few corner stones in a brief survey.

Even before the Conqueror came, our Saxon kings had begun Windsor's royal associations. Here they had a hunting-box in the midst of the ancient forest. Part of the land hereabouts the Confessor bestowed upon his new Abbey at Westminster. When Conquering William came, he was attracted by the place, and

having acquired it from the monks by fair exchange of lands he built for himself a castle on the hill.

In the reign of his successor, William Rufus, was begun the use of the Castle as a place of imprisonment, the rebellious Earl of Northumberland and some of his followers being confined there.

The Castle, that looks across the valley of the winding Thames, saw history made when John and his barons engaged in the dispute that gave us Magna Carta. For the negotiations the Castle was proposed as meeting-place, but the barons had no liking for the stronghold. So King and barons met on Runnymede, and the name of an island in the Thames commemorates the conclusion of the great Charter.

Henry III was one of the makers of Windsor, but I must pass over his achievements for those of the third Edward. He drew up plans for the enlargement of the Castle almost to its present extent. And he it was who instituted the Order of the Garter and founded the College of St. George which we call St. George's Chapel. The Order of the Garter has remained through the centuries, but the Chapel which Edward built has gone.

There must have been something defective about the work of his masons, for when Edward IV came to the throne he found it to be in so bad a state that he determined to erect a new and more magnificent structure in its stead. Thus was begun the magnificent Chapel which stands today. The choir was built and roofed, and the Knights' Stalls had been raised within at the time of Edward's death in 1483.

This Edward was buried in Windsor Chapel. Some years later there was brought to rest at St. George's the remains of Henry VI, the King whom Edward fought for the throne. The removal of his body from Chertsey Abbey was ordered by Richard III, whose overthrow and death on Bosworth Field brought to a close the Wars of the Roses. So champion of White Rose and of Red sleep their last sleep within the Windsor walls, at peace after life's turmoil.

The development of Windsor proceeded. Henry VII completed the work started by Edward III on the ward on the eastern side of the Keep. Henry VIII added the great gateway to the lower ward, which still bears his devices and his name. The great Tudor was brought to lie amongst the kings at Windsor, and Jane Seymour, best loved of his queens, lies beside him in the vault.

The Tudor Mary found time, amidst the stress of the bitter feuds of religion, to help forward the Almshouses on the inner side of the castle wall between her father's gateway and the Lieutenants' Tower. To her greater sister is due the construction of the magnificent terrace on the north side, next the Thames. So when next you stand upon the platform in the shadow of the Castle, and look out upon the noble sweep of the river, on the water-meadows beneath, and on the fields and countryside extending to the hills melting in the distance, spare a passing thought of gratitude to Elizabeth for the making of the promenade that affords one of the finest views in the Home Counties.

Windsor has its place in the tragedy of the second of the Stuarts. The Castle was Charles I's last place of imprisonment before he was borne a captive to London to appear before Sergeant Bradshaw. The Christmas of 1648 which he spent at Windsor was his last.

On the ninth day of the following February his embalmed remains were brought back to Windsor for interment. The selection of a last resting-place proved difficult, as the Puritans, zealots in their labours to purge the Chapel of everything that might savour of idolatry, had removed or effaced all the familiar landmarks. A townsman, however, was able to point out the vault of Henry VIII. Within it the coffin was entombed by a few faithful friends in the presence of Juxon, Bishop of London, who, however, by order of the Parliamentary Governor of the Castle, was not suffered to read the burial service. Men did not fail to notice that, as the coffin was borne to the Chapel, snowflakes fell upon the black pall. White for his coronation, white for his funeral—they called him the "White King".

At the Restoration, Parliament voted £70,000 for the removal of the remains to Westminster and the erection of a fitting monument. Neither was done. Some claim, in explanation, that Charles II was anxious that the coffin should not be opened as it did not contain his father's body. It seems questionable that such an idea was ever held, for it was false and proved false in after years, when the coffin was found and opened in the presence of the Prince Regent. Despite the one hundred and sixty years which had then (1813) passed, the features of the face were still plainly recognizable.

During the Commonwealth, Windsor Castle nearly went the way of the Regalia to furnish funds for the Parliamentarians. In 1652 a resolution was carried through the House of Commons directing that "the Castle of Windsor, with all the Houses, Parks, and lands belonging to the State, should be sold for ready money". Happily, however, the vote was afterwards negatived, and though Little Park was sold, it was repurchased by Cromwell.

My Lord Protector left his stone of history at Windsor, the houses of the Poor Knights, called Sir Francis Crane's buildings, being completed by him. The end of the Commonwealth meant a double restoration for Windsor, for the Chapel was restored to its former state of rich decoration. As Charles II made the place his summer residence, a number of extensions were carried out to the Castle, the most extensive since those of Edward III.

The religious troubles which cost James II his throne found their echo at Windsor, where the mob destroyed the Chapel, fitted up for Roman Catholic worship—the allegorical decorations by Verrio, the royal painter, causing intense popular resentment. In the time of King William III the Little Park was added to the Great Park, and the Long Walk, originally begun by Charles II, was completed. Queen Anne made Windsor Castle her residence, and many improvements were carried out.

The first two Georges seem to have done little for the Castle, but George III spent long periods at Windsor. There is that picture of the Farmer King taking part in the electioneering in the Royal Borough, trying to secure the votes of the shopkeepers.

against Keppel, and saying to a silk-merchant, "The Queen wants a gown, wants a gown. No Keppel, no Keppel." The later years of his afflictions were spent principally hidden away at Windsor. He lived in his own apartments, where he played on the harp and sang psalms—a sad spectacle to all who knew him in his madness and in his blindness. He was buried in the vaults beneath St. George's. The remains of his Queen, Charlotte, lie beside him, and those of his sons and successors, George IV and William IV. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort rest in the magnificent mausoleum at Frogmore, but both King Edward VII, with Queen Alexandra, and King George V lie with the early Hanoverians in the royal vault.

The Wolsey Chapel, which stands above the royal vault, was magnificently restored by Queen Victoria as a memorial to her husband. In the centre are two marble cenotaphs. On one is the recumbent figure of the Prince Consort, strangely attired, for such a man of peace, as a warrior in plate and mail armour, while the other cenotaph commemorates the Duke of Albany, eighth child of Queen Victoria and father of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. This chapel had been begun by King Henry VII, who had first intended that it should be his own burial-place. For some reason, however, he changed his mind, and decided that he would be laid to rest to the east of Westminster Abbey, and thus had constructed the Abbey's most western chapel, which bears this King's name. The work of completing Henry's unfinished edifice at Windsor was carried out by Cardinal Wolsey in the days of his ascendancy, and he too made plans to be buried there, but once again the intentions were never carried out. Before Wolsey had erected the sumptuous monument of marble and bronze which was to have been his own memorial, he had fallen from power, and with scant ceremony he was on his death interred at Leicester. Wolsey's sarcophagus was afterwards used for the burial of Nelson, and is now to be seen in the crypt of St. Paul's.

King George IV, the great builder of mansions, carried out extensive renovations at Windsor. By the time the work had been completed, during his successor's reign, a sum of nearly £1,200,000

had been expended. The work transformed the appearance of the Castle and left it very much as we know it today. The first stone of the George IV Gateway, facing the principal entrance to the Quadrangle on the south side, was laid by the King himself in 1824. The restoration plans had at their outset been limited to work on the south and east sides, but as the architect, Wyatt, proceeded, it became evident that the original estimate must be set aside. Centuries had rotted the timbers, frequent alterations had weakened and cracked the walls. Wyatt was accordingly reinstructed to extend the scope of his task, and to do everything "in a substantial manner".

Several of the towers were given an added elevation. Other towers were built. The Round Tower itself, the most ancient part of the fortress, was carried upwards an extra thirty feet, thus rendering Windsor Castle the conspicuous object which it is today when seen from a distance.

Further improvements were carried out when Queen Victoria came to the throne. The Royal Mews were constructed on the west side of the approach from the Long Walk. New fruit and kitchen gardens were formed. Frogmore House and grounds were annexed to the Castle. The model farm was started at Shaw's Estate.

And so the building, the enlargement, and the improvement of Windsor Castle has proceeded down the ages. In our own time St. George's Chapel was found to be in danger of collapse, and renovations on a most extensive scale were carried out to leave this priceless relic safe for centuries to come.

V-OSBORNE: BALMORAL: SANDRINGHAM

Two royal homes which Queen Victoria thought to be perfection, in which she spent many happy hours with her husband and to which she withdrew in her bereavement. How Sandringham became the home of King Edward VII

The principal home of the King of England, his palace and his Court, must inevitably be near the centre of things in his

capital. The Tower of London, the Palace of Westminster, the Palace of Whitehall, Kensington, St. James's, and Buckingham Palace form the line of the residences in chief of the English sovereigns. But nearly every king has had his favourite dwelling-place outside his capital, where he could find relaxation in a change of scene away from the burdens and the calls of affairs of state.

The Plantagenets favoured Eltham, Sheen, and Windsor; the Tudors Richmond, Greenwich, and Windsor. Greenwich and Hampton Court were in favour under the Stuarts. Hampton Court, Kew, and Windsor were visited by the early Hanoverians. You will notice that none of these places is further away from London than could be reached in a day's drive.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne, and the railway gave a new facility to movement, the royal residences outside, London are to be found at a greater distance from the capital.

First of all, in the South of England there was Osborne in the Isle of Wight, a property which Queen Victoria purchased at the suggestion of Sir Robert Peel. We find her writing to her uncle the King of the Belgians, in the year 1845:

You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that we have succeeded in purchasing Osborne, and if we can manage it we shall probably run down there before we return to town for three nights. It sounds so snug and nice to have a place of one's own, quiet and retired and free from all Woods and Forests and other charming Departments who really are the plague of one's life.

The old house of the Manor of Austerbourne was pulled down and the new Osborne was built in the Italian style under the direction of the Prince Consort, for, as Victoria said, the place was "his own creation, his own work, and his own building".

The Queen's delight was unbounded at her new and delightful home. A prettier spot, she thought, could scarcely be imagined—valleys and woods, beautiful anywhere, but perfection itself when the woods grow into the sea. And the sea was so blue and calm in the summer days off the Isle of Wight that Prince Albert thought

it was like Naples. There was the beach which the Queen and her family could have all to themselves, and on the sands and in the woods they could all move about without being followed and being mobbed. So the young Queen and her husband were idyllically happy as they played with their children on the sands and roamed in the woods. In the years of her widowhood, when the Queen lived in retirement from society, Osborne was one of her favourite places, and it was there that she breathed her last. The mansion is no longer a royal residence, for King Edward VII, two years after his mother's death, presented it to the nation as a convalescent home for naval and military officers.

Balmoral Castle, the Scottish retreat of the English sovereigns, was also acquired by Queen Victoria. It was in the year 1848 that she took the lease of Balmoral House, then a smallish place near Braemar in the wilds of Aberdeenshire. Life in the Highlands captivated her so that within four years Balmoral was purchased.

The estate of ten thousand acres, originally belonging to the Farquharsons of Inverey, by whom it was sold to the Earl of Fife, was acquired for a sum of $f_{32,000}$.

The little old house was pulled down and a castle was built to the designs of the Prince Consort, who himself laid the foundation-stone. It was built in the Scotch baronial style, with a hundred-feet-high tower, turrets and castellated gables. Here, indeed, Victoria and her husband found refuge from the oppressive life of London. Every year the Queen's heart became more fixed in "this dear paradise", though Ministers who had to make the long journey to the north to transact affairs of state were not so enchanted.

When Victoria was pleased, the enchantment was complete. From her Journal we gain a glimpse of the ecstasy which the new Castle, now almost finished, inspired when she made her visit in the year 1855:

At a quarter past seven o'clock we arrived at dear Balmoral. Strange, very strange, it seemed to me to drive past—indeed through, the old

house, the connecting part between it and the offices being broken through. The new house looks beautiful. The tower and the rooms in the connecting part are, however, only half finished, and the offices are still incomplete, therefore the gentlemen, except the Minister, live in the old house. There is a long wooden passage which connects the new house with the offices. An old shoe was thrown after us into the house for good luck when we entered the hall. The house is charming; the rooms delightful; the furniture, papers, everything perfection.

In the following year she found the tower finished and the "poor old house gone". The new property was very fine. "Every year my heart becomes more fixed on this dear paradise now that all has become my dear Albert's own creation. His great taste and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere."

Balmoral, like Osborne, was the refuge of Victoria in her widowhood. Here in her bereavement her heart found solace in a place charged with sacred memories. Here from the simple mountaineers she learned many a lesson of resignation. Here she found comfort from the attendance of John Brown, once the gillie of Prince Albert, now her personal attendant, the man in whose honour two gold medals were struck, and to whose memory the tribute of a long obituary notice appeared in the Court Circular.

Balmoral continued to be held in royal favour after the Queen's death. King George in particular shared his grand-mother's appreciation of the Highlands, and the summer visit to Balmoral became a yearly event.

The last of all the royal residences I shall mention is Sandringham, the King's country home in Norfolk. It was acquired by the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, with the encouragement of his father in 1861, a few months before his marriage to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, as his unofficial country residence. The estate was bought for £220,000 out of revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, and there was no acquisition which gave King Edward cause for greater unalloyed satisfaction.

The Prince, a young man of twenty, threw himself whole-heartedly into the pleasures and responsibilities of estate management, and under his personal supervision a sum of £60,000 was expended in putting the place in good order. Seven thousand acres made up the property, to which a further four thousand acres were added at a later date.

Five parishes passed into royal ownership when the Prince became the owner of this Norfolk estate—West Newton, Appleton, Babingley, Wolferton, and Sandringham itself. The property was suffering from neglect and the farms were in decline, but under the wise management of its purchaser, and afterwards of his son, King George V, it has been transformed into a model estate.

Could Spencer Cowper, stepson of Lord Palmerston, revisit today the estate he sold in 1862, it is improbable that he would recognize it. The old house—little more than a shooting-box—has long disappeared. Over the door of the new mansion is an inscription stating that it was built by King Edward and Queen Alexandra in 1870. It is now of red brick and Elizabethan in style. In the surrounding park of two hundred acres is York Cottage, which was occupied by King George and Queen Mary when Prince and Princess of Wales, and here were born our present King, his two brothers the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Kent, and his sister, the Princess Royal.

The village of Sandringham lies on the stretch of the Norfolk coast that faces west. A spectator on the heights can look out over miles of sea and downland. King's Lynn, the nearest town, is seven miles away, and Wolferton, the nearest railway station, is four miles distant. There has been little change in the appearance of the countryside since St. Felix, Apostle of East Anglia, arrived there as a missionary from Rome thirteen hundred years ago. His labours began among the people round about Sandringham, and his first church was built at Babingley, which for hundreds of years has been one of the manors of Sandringham.

About the house are gardens and well-trimmed lawns, leading southwards to the park, in the centre of which is an artificial lake. Close at hand are the houses for officials of the Royal Household.

One of the broad shrubbery walks leads to the stables, which once had boxes for sixty horses. Across the road on the east side of the house are the extensive kitchen gardens and long ranges of glasshouses with rare flowers and fruits, and the orchards, on whose planning King Edward spent much thought. Not far away is the home farm and dairy, which he built for Princess Alexandra of Wales.

Sandringham is rich in game, and one of the best sporting estates in the country. Shooting-parties at Sandringham were one of the chief pleasures in the life of its first Royal owner for a period of fifty years. He made strenuous efforts to perfect the shooting facilities on the estate. Partridges and pheasants multiplied, and the marshy ground and pools attracted snipe, woodcock, and wild duck. Up to the last year of his life, King Edward was devoting himself to developing the demesne, and he was rewarded by the delight it gave him to see "Sandringham improving in appearance every year".

King George V inherited both the affection and care which his father entertained for the place. Among his happiest hours were those he spent in the Norfolk countryside supervising his farms. It was at Sandringham that he was overtaken by his last illness, and here he died on January 20, 1936, in the presence

of his wife and family.



CORONATION DAY

Wednesday, May 12th

The Coronation of King George VI will be the first in the month of May for 738 years.

Only one other sovereign since the Norman Conquest was crowned in this month—John, whose coronation took place on May 27, 1199.

It will be the third coronation on a Wednesday. The previous Wednesday coronations were those of George I (Wednesday, Oct. 20, 1714) and of George II (Wednesday, Oct. 11, 1727).

In the Church's Calendar, May 12 is the day of St. Pancras, after whom the London borough is named. He was a Roman youth who was only fourteen years of age when he suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Diocletian. In Italy, France, and Spain, many churches are dedicated to this saint.

In history, May 12 is remembered as the day:

Of the execution on Tower Hill in the year 1641 of Thomas, Earl of Stafford, favourite of King Charles I;

On which two statesmen took office as Prime Minister. William Pitt, for the second time, in 1804, and the Earl of Liverpool, in 1812;

On which the General Strike came to an end in 1926.

It is the anniversary of the death of Christopher Smart, the poet (1771), and of Sir Charles Barry, architect of the Houses of Parliament (1866).

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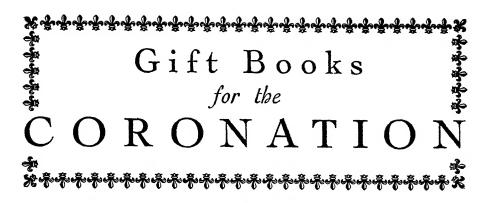
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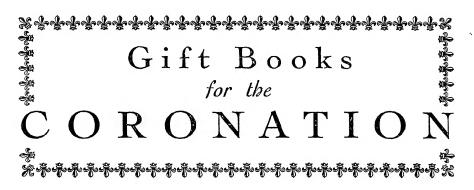
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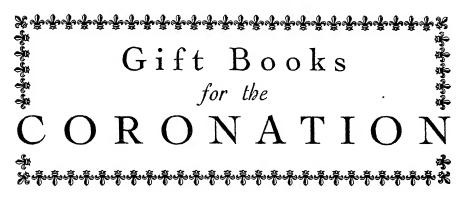
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